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WHAT WE DO IN NYASALAND

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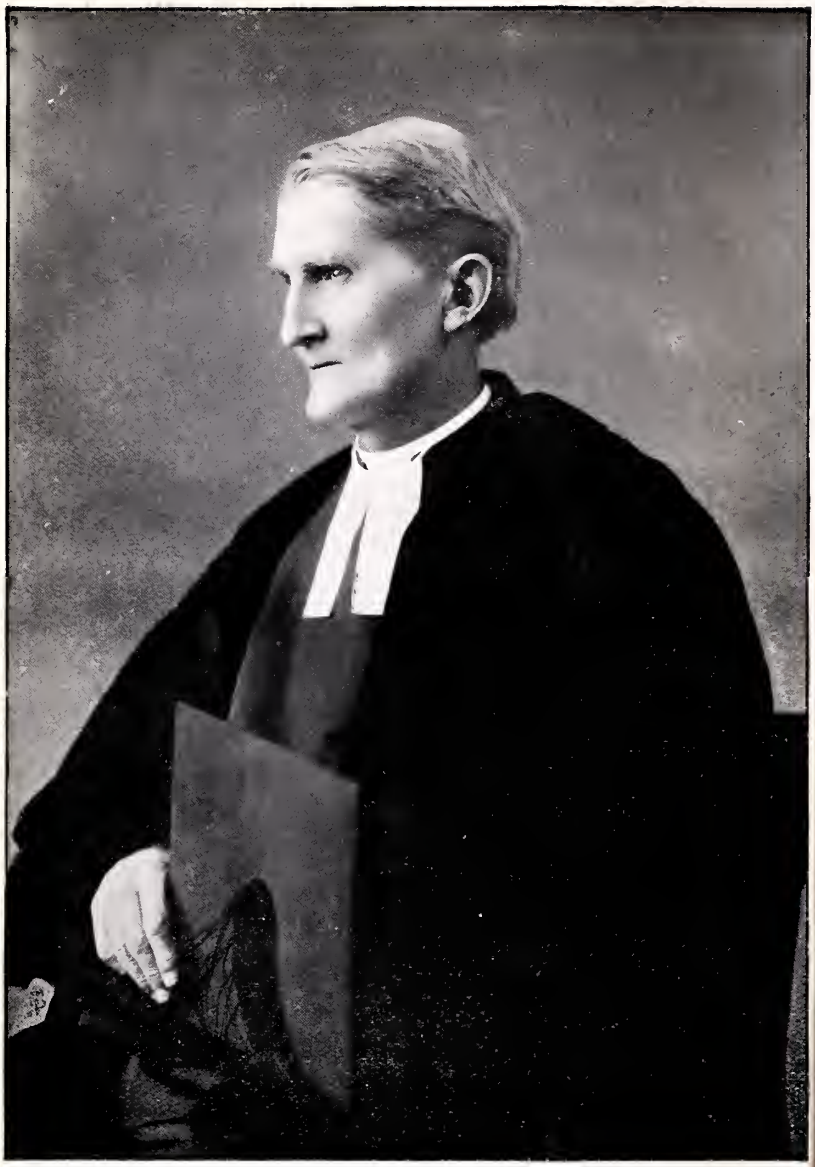

Frontispiece] *Photo—Hills & Saunders*

VEN. ARCHDEACON W. P. JOHNSON, D.D.

WHAT WE DO IN NYASALAND

COMPILED BY DORA S. YARNTON MILLS
AUTHOR OF "WHERE WE LIVE AND WHAT WE DO,"
"IS IT WORTH WHILE," ETC., WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTION

Nyasaland was our first love. It was there that the pioneers of the Universities' Mission set up the Banner of Christ, and though necessity for a time compelled us to move it to another and far distant shore, Nyasaland was the goal to which we always pressed forward with eager longing and ardent hope.

Well I remember the overwhelming sadness which shadowed our hopes when we heard of the death of Charles Janson, and the enthusiasm that greeted every scrap of news from his fellow-worker, William Percival Johnson, when after long delays his letters reached us.

Now at last the goal is ours, and we are back at our starting point on the River Shiré, and we thank God for it. But the work is sadly hampered and curtailed in its development by scarcity of funds and lack of workers. A hard thing to confess, but so it is.

The papers in this book, supplying details of the work which are not to be found in the history of the Mission, have, with a few exceptions, been written for it by members of the Nyasa staff. Naturally they cannot speak of their own work in the terms which others might use. But reading between the lines, they open out before us the record of a long and oft-times weary struggle, triumphantly carried on, a battle fought,

and daily being fought, for the King of kings against the powers of darkness; of thousands of souls won for Christ from one of the darkest lands on earth, but a land which is gradually becoming flooded through and through with the Light of lights. And as we realize this, shall we not all determine to exert every effort and spare no sacrifice to ENSURE the carrying on and further development of this great work, until the day break and the shadows for ever flee away?

D. Y. M.

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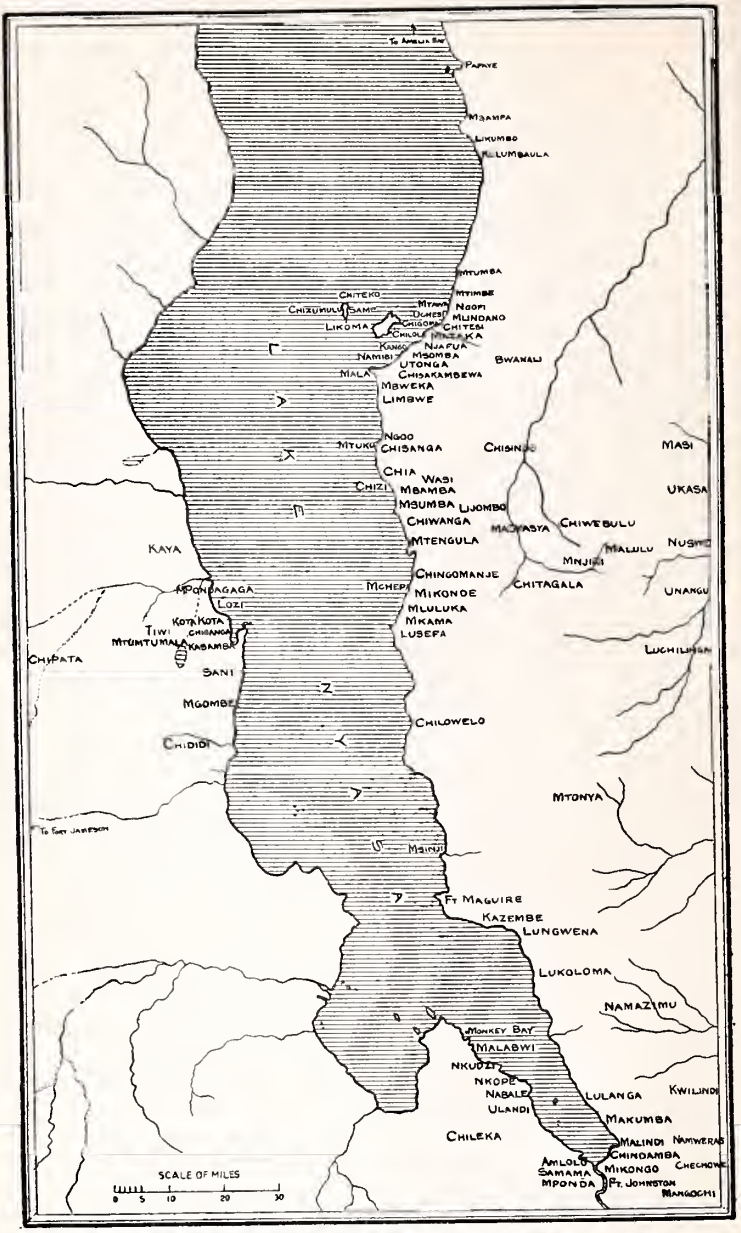


PART OF LAKE NYASA SHOWING 96 MISSION STATIONS IN NYASALAND DIOCESE.

What we do in Nyasaland

I

HOW THE DIOCESE GREW

To understand rightly what we do in Nyasaland (and by what we do I mean all the little everyday details which are so interesting to those at home, but which our missionaries deem too trivial for history, and too obvious or commonplace for a magazine) we must try and get a brief outline of how this diocese grew.

Bishops Mackenzie and Tozer.—Bishop Mackenzie, who arrived at Chibisa's on the river Shiré, June 8, 1861, died at Chiromo, January 31, 1862, and was buried by the riverside. In 1864 Bishop Tozer, who succeeded him, left the Shiré and settled in Zanzibar. To most of those who looked on, this seemed the death-blow to the Central African Mission; few perhaps have ever even tried to realise what that apparent desertion of his post must have cost the Bishop, and how the coolness of supporters, and severe criticisms of those at home, must have cut to the heart one of such an ardent and enthusiastic temperament. It is from these humiliations, these apparent failures, that the Universities' Mission derives its strength.

Bishop Steere.—We know from many of his private letters, as well as his public writings, how Bishop Steere, who succeeded Bishop Tozer, and was consecrated in 1874, always turned with longing eyes to the deserted post; and when in 1875 he accomplished a memorable walk to Mataka's, a Yao chief, whose village, Mwembe, was only seventy miles from Lake Nyasa, he wrote home hopefully of planting a chain of stations which was to stretch from Masasi* to the lake. That was thirty-five years ago.

* Masasi, in the Rovuma district, a freed slave settlement founded by Bishop Steere in 1876.

Mataka's.—Bishop Steere was the second white man to visit Mataka; Livingstone had been the first in 1866. The Bishop stayed at Mwembe two weeks, explaining his plans and wishes to the chief, and speaking of his great work; but though he was welcomed and received with all friendliness, and Mataka was willing, and even wished, to receive a teacher, he was unable to spare one of his scanty staff to take up work in the country till the year 1880, when the Rev. W. P. Johnson,* who had joined the staff in 1876, and who had gained a name among the natives for untiring energy, settled at Mataka's, and for a time occupied the first station in Yaoland. He was able to build a small church and admit a few catechumens, when troubles connected with the Navy and slave caravans made it advisable for him to return to Zanzibar for a time, but with no thought of withdrawing.

Lake Nyasa.—In 1882 Mr. Johnson returned with Charles Janson for his companion, and together they reached the shores of Lake Nyasa. "We passed close to a small bay, its shores diversified by a thick mass of creepers and a kind of grove of baobab trees. Then we pushed on through rocks and tangled grass, and all in a moment we were out on a white pebbly beach, with great waters splashing at our feet. Lake Nyasa was reached at last. A long sit on the beach, a bathe as the sun set across the waters, the line of hills above glowing with its light, ended up a most happy afternoon."†

Death of Charles Janson.—The words above were written on February 9, and on the 21st day of the same month the writer fell asleep, and was buried at Chia‡ on the shores of Lake Nyasa. Mr. Johnson settled at Chiteji's on the lake for his headquarters, and while there paid a visit to the Magwangwara tribe.§

S.s. "Charles Janson."—In November 1883 Mr. Johnson visited England, and laid before the friends of

* Now Archdeacon of Nyasa. † Private letter from Rev. C. Janson.

‡ Sometimes written Pa-chia.

§ At the very time when they were raiding Masasi. See *Memoir of Canon Porter.*

the Mission an urgent appeal for funds to buy a steamer for evangelistic work on the lake. This appeal was so successful, that in October 1884 the *Charles Janson* was sent out in 380 packages, which were put together at Matope, and the steamer was launched and dedicated in September 1885.

Likoma.—Bishop Smythies, who succeeded Bishop Steere in 1883, paid his first visit to Nyasa in 1885, accompanied by the Rev. G. H. and Mrs. Swinny, and the Mission settled at Chipyela, on the island of Likoma, on S. Bartholomew's Day.

The work in Nyasaland had now begun in good earnest, and went forward surely and steadily. In 1886 the Rev. Chauncy Maples took charge of Likoma Island. "We left Masasi,"* he writes, "June 21st, and reached Chiteji's on the mainland, opposite Likoma, July 29th. I am charmed with the prospect of the work before us, so many people and villages all along the shores of the lake for at least a hundred miles of its length. I shall be in charge of all this work on and about the lake, to forward it as best I can. Most of the villages are inhabited by Nyasas, but there are some large Yao towns as well to the south. We have a flourishing school of thirty boarders, many of whom can already read and write, though they have not been under instruction a full year; we ought to have scores and scores of boys before long."†

The *Charles Janson* was at this time moving regularly about on Lake Nyasa, doing her work as a Church ship, carrying the messengers of Christ to and fro along the eastern shores of the lake, and "sowing beside all waters." In 1887 Archdeacon Maples had the happiness of baptizing six boys at Likoma, while several teachers and their wives (who had been trained at Kiunganiǂ) were ready to be sent as teachers to the large towns on

* Where he had been priest-in-charge since 1877.

† Private letter.

ǂ The Training College at Zanzibar.

the shores of the lake, which were already regularly visited by the steamer.

Women Workers.—In 1888 women began work in Nyasaland, Miss Woodward, a teacher, and Miss McLaughlin, a nurse, being the first two to go there. They settled at Likoma, and Archdeacon Maples wrote a humorous letter home on the great relief it was to him to leave the girls in their care, and especially to be free from teaching them to sew!

Chizumulu.—Work was begun on this island in 1889, the Holy Communion being celebrated there for the first time June 6, the octave of the Ascension. The work was carried on by a married teacher and his wife, under the superintendence of Mr. Joseph Williams, a layman. The first baptism was on January 28th, 1890, under rather tragic circumstances, an account of which will be found on page 43.

Twelve members of the Mission were working in Nyasaland at this time, and the Bishop was able to baptize forty people at Likoma during his visit in August, half of whom were women.

The Upper Shiré River.—In January 1890 Mr. Johnson wrote: "This river and its eighty miles, all fairly populated, lies close to our thoughts at all times. There are fifteen catechumens, and hearers at many of the villages, to which our teachers are willing to go by turns. The people are engrossed in their fields, hippo-chasings, war-scares and dances. We go to them to take them what they do *not* know; the catechumens and hearers will be glad to see us unless they have broken their simple Christian rules, and mean to break them more; but, surely that is no reason for leaving them to sink, if one has any pity. Let alone the south, all the north is before us, just enough tried to let us know of tribes and chiefs willing to receive us."

Lake-side Work.—In 1891 the schools under Mr. Johnson's care were Msumba, Chia,* Chisanga, Mataka's, Chiteji's, Ngofi, and Utonga.

* Sometimes written Pa-chia.

An important crisis in the history of Nyasaland now occurred.

Formation into a Diocese.—It was in August 1891 that Bishop Smythies paid his fifth and last visit to this part of his diocese. Even with the remarkable travelling powers which he possessed, the continual visits that the rapid growth of the work entailed began to tell on his strong constitution, and when he came to England in 1892 he felt compelled to ask that a Bishop might be found for Nyasaland, and sufficient funds collected for the endowment of the new diocese. The Bishop's appeal was made on the anniversary of the Mission in June 1892. By October most of the £10,000 needed for the endowment had been given, and on S. Thomas' day the Rev. W. B. Hornby, Vicar of S. Columba's, Sunderland, was consecrated Bishop of Nyasaland.*

In that year Archdeacon Maples wrote: "We are building, building, building, till the whole station looks changed, but *the* building, the Church, waits for a special man, who can spend absolutely his whole time on this particular work as long as it is going on." In November, three months later, there was a disastrous fire at Likoma, and nineteen houses out of thirty were burnt to ashes.

Unangu.—In 1893 Archdeacon Maples and Dr. Hine visited Unangu, a large town in Yaoland, sixty miles from the lake on the eastern side, and about ninety from Likoma, and here they started a station with Dr. Hine† as priest-in-charge. Yohana Abdallah, the son of a Yao chief, ordained deacon in 1894, has worked with much success at Unangu, and was appointed priest-in-charge in 1898. In 1894 Bishop Hornby's health obliged him to resign, after he had only been eight months in his diocese. The Bishopric was offered to and accepted, after much hesitation, by Archdeacon Maples, who was consecrated on June 29th, 1895, but was drowned in Lake Nyasa, September 2nd, before he reached Likoma.

* The title was subsequently changed to Likoma; but in 1909 a return to the old title was made.

† Now Bishop of Northern Rhodesia.

His untimely death leaves us nothing to record of him as Bishop, and we must turn to Kota Kota, a station in the starting of which he took the keenest interest.

Kota Kota.—This native town was opened as a Mission station in 1894, the Rev. A. F. Sim being the first priest-in-charge. There are some 5000 inhabitants, and Mohammedanism has a strong footing in the district, owing to its having been an important Arab capital on the slave-trade route. It was in the chancel of this church that Bishop Maples' body, when recovered, was buried.

Mponda's.—This station was opened in 1896. As the town is on the right bank of the river Shiré, and about two miles from Lake Nyasa, it made a convenient base from which to supply Likoma and Kota Kota with their necessary stores, and at first the station was chiefly used for this purpose. The old chief Mponda was a Mohammedan and had an evil reputation in every way. He consistently so far as he could opposed the white men and their mission, but before his death last year made friends with the Rev. Dennis Victor, and consented for the first time to have a teacher in his chief village. The present Mponda is not the old man's son but one of the same line.

Bishop Hine.—On June 29th, 1896, Dr. Hine was consecrated Bishop of Likoma.

Nkwazi and Malindi.—In 1898 Nkwazi (where later S. Andrew's College was established), at the south end of Likoma island, was made into a separate parish. Also Malindi, eight miles from Mponda's, was started with a view to its being an engineering station for building and repairing the steamers; we say steamers, for after fourteen years' work the *Charles Janson* was found inadequate for carrying on both the evangelistic work, which was her first mission, and supplying with stores the ever increasing number of stations.

The "Chauncy Maples."—And so in answer to Archdeacon Johnson's repeated and vigorous appeals, a second and larger steamer, the *Chauncy Maples*, the floating

Church of Lake Nyasa, was sent out in 1899 in 3481 packages. The different parts were put together at Mponda's and Malindi, and the steamer was launched June 6th, 1901, and dedicated on April 23rd, 1902, Archdeacon Johnson having been the priest in charge of her from the first.

S. Michael's Training College.—A very important educational advance was made in 1900, when a training college for teachers was opened at Msomba, a small hill near Utonga, overlooking Lake Nyasa and opposite Likoma Island. The college was only intended for temporary use, until the *Chauncy Maples* was launched and teachers could be trained on board; but in 1901 it was settled that S. Michael's should be a permanent institution for training Nyasaland boys instead of sending them to Kiungani, as had been done up to this time. The College was dedicated on the feast of S. Michael and All Angels, 1901. The course of training lasts for four years; two of these are passed at the College, one in teaching under European supervision, and then the teacher returns to S. Michael's for a finishing course which lasts another year. It is now always filled to overflowing with the most promising boys from the many stations.

Bishop Trower.—On January 25th, 1902, the Rev. Gerard Trower, Vicar of Christ Church, Sydney, was consecrated Bishop in the room of Dr. Hine, who was translated to Zanzibar diocese. In this year definite mission work was begun at Malindi, which had before been only carried on intermittently. The work here has been very slow and difficult owing to the strong Mohammedan influence all round. It was determined to strike a blow at this in the first instance, by teaching Yao in the school instead of Swahili, this last being the language in which the faith of Islam was taught. The plan appealed somewhat to the people, but it also sharpened up the Mohammedan teachers, who said that their craft was in danger. So the conflict was very keen, but the work has gone ahead, and in 1910 a new

and beautiful stone church was opened to accomodate the overflowing Christian congregation. There are full schools, a hospital, several flourishing out-stations, and women are coming forward to receive Christian instruction.

Likoma Cathedral.—The foundation stone of the Cathedral, which Bishop Steere had said, if it pleased God, should one day be built on the shores of Lake Nyasa, was laid June 29th, 1903; and on September 29th, 1905, this magnificent building was dedicated to S. Peter. The Rev. C. B. Eyre took charge of Mponda's in 1903, and work, which had been interrupted through scarcity of workers, was now vigorously resumed and carried on in the surrounding villages and along the river banks.

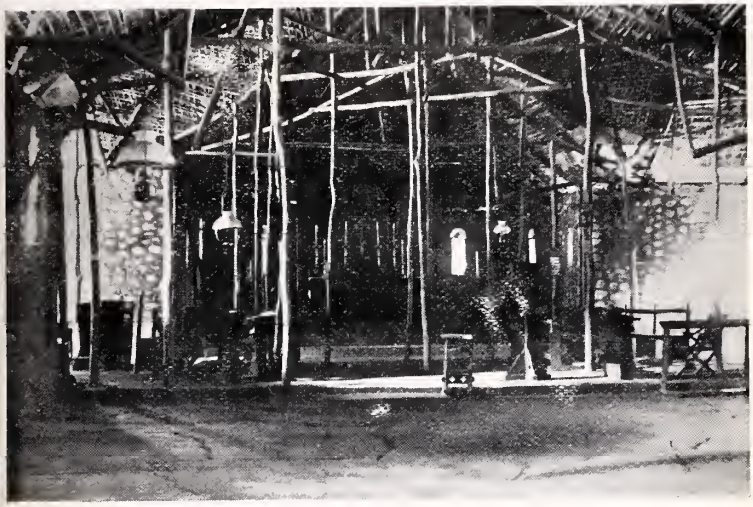
Chowe's and Namwera, out-stations of Malindi, were occupied in 1904. These stations are in Portuguese Yaoland.

In June 1905 a European station was opened at Mtonya in Yaoland, and Mr. Eyre was appointed Archdeacon of that district, Archdeacon Johnson retaining the title of Archdeacon of Nyasa. Of this station Archdeacon Eyre wrote: "The chief and people seem very friendly; a few boys are coming to school, which we hold under the eaves of the house. I hope when we get settled to have a good number from the hamlets and distant villages, and so form a strong centre from which to work the surrounding country, and eventually, by God's help, to advance eastward to Mtarika's on the Lujenda river, and so on round by Mwembe (Mataka's), *till we get in touch* with the outlying district of Masasi."* On October 4th the Theological College of S. Andrew's was opened at Nkwazi† and a small church was consecrated. This year also the school for the Blind was started at Kota Kota.‡

Msumba and Lungwena.—Up to the year 1906 these large villages had been worked from the *Chauncy Maples*; they were now separated and put under the care of the

* In Zanzibar diocese. See p. 2.

† See chap. on "The Native Ministry." ‡ See chap. "Lux Tenebris."



LIKOMA. THE FIRST CHURCH.

THE CATHEDRAL, 1910. [*To face p.* 8

African priests, Revs. Augustine Ambali and Eustace Malisawa. African women trained by the ladies at Likoma began now to take a more active part in the work of the schools, and the first certificates were granted by Bishop Trower to women-teachers.

Mangoche.—In 1906 this station in the Yao hills, so long hoped for, and the subject of many prayers, was opened at last, the hill work comprising besides Mangoche, Namizimu, Mtonya, and Unangu. A European house was also built at Namwera, and it became a semi-independent station.

Mackenzie Memorial Church.—On February 11th, 1907, a church was dedicated to S. Paul at Chiromo, hard by the grave of Bishop Mackenzie. This is the first church to greet anyone approaching Lake Nyasa; it is a church sanctified by the memory of Charles Frederick Mackenzie, the Mission's first Bishop.

The last three years have marked steady advances, and even rapid development, in all directions. At many of the smaller stations the first baptisms have been held, notably at Lozi and Che Litete, and at new stations on the hills behind Kota Kota. The number of villages visited by and worked from the *Chauncy Maples* has largely increased, and her trips now extend north as far as Amelia Bay. This brings about eighty miles of the lake shore, in German territory, under Christian influence; schools have been established here, and candidates presented both for baptism and confirmation; parts of the Prayer-book have been translated and printed in two dialects in this district.

The River Shiré.—Work on the River Shiré comprises schools in twenty-seven of the villages on its banks, each with its school and native teacher, regularly visited in turn by the Rev. A. M. Jenkin. In 1910 the Christians numbered 288 and the adherents at about 500. In both these last-mentioned districts the people have shewn an encouraging readiness to build their own schools.

Bishop Fisher.—In 1910 Bishop Trower was translated to the newly-formed diocese of Perth in North-

Western Australia, and the Rev. Cathrew Fisher was consecrated for Nyasaland on June 24th.

The Meeting of the Dioceses.—In May 1910 the Rev. W. B. Suter crossed from Likoma to the mainland at Kobwe, journeying north-east until he hit the Rovuma at the point where Msinje River enters it. Moving along the Rovuma he reached Mtwara, where, on June 20th he met the Bishop of Zanzibar coming from Lumesule.

Thus for the first time the two dioceses have been brought together, and Bishop Steere's vision has in part been fulfilled.*

Such is a brief summary of the work in Nyasaland, a work which, in spite of many drawbacks and a sad scarcity of workers and funds, goes on growing steadily, and will go on growing. The life of its first Bishop was the good seed sown, which will multiply a hundred-fold, planted by self-sacrifice, watered by God's blessing, sustained by the prayers of the faithful, till the desert shall be glad and blossom as the rose.

For the details of this work we must refer our readers to the following chapters, though the limits of this book will not allow us to give particulars of all the centres, nor any fuller account of S. Michael's College.

D. Y. M.

* See page 2.

II

LIKOMA ISLAND

Likoma, which is the headquarters of the Universities' Mission in Nyasaland, is an island on Lake Nyasa.

Lake Nyasa is the southernmost of all the great equatorial lakes of Africa. The name Nyanja, or Nyasa, simply means a large piece of water, or, as we say, a sea or lake.

The lake is about 350 miles in length, and has an average breadth of 35 miles; the middle is broader than either of the ends. It is about 1400 feet above the sea, and is mostly very deep, being in one part considerably over 200 fathoms. It is liable to heavy storms, and is often swept by boisterous winds, causing waves on the surface which would not discredit the Atlantic. These high seas make the navigation of small boats and steamers both difficult and risky.*

Death of Bishop Maples.—It was in one of these storms, with the south wind blowing up the whole length of the lake, that Bishop Maples lost his life barely three months after his consecration, and before ever he reached Likoma. He and Mr. Joseph Williams were on board

* The Rev. G. H. Wilson tells of a water-spout which he saw on Lake Nyasa in June 1910: "I was on the bridge of the *Chauncy Maples*, as we drew near Bandawe, when I saw what looked like a tiny puff of steam rising from the water. The steam gradually increased, and there was evidently a tremendous turmoil in the water. Then the *capitao* yelled out '*Chinyung'unyu!*' (waterspout). As he spoke I saw what looked like a long white finger reaching down from a black cloud above. Then it joined up into a whirling funnel, reaching up at least 200 or 300 feet. We were then not more than fifty yards away, and we could see the water boiling downwards, down the funnel. Shannon edged the steamer out a bit to avoid it as it passed by. Presently the funnel bent and snapped off in the middle, slowly melting away. Five minutes after the funnel had disappeared we could still see the steam. The natives tell me that these waterspouts will sink a canoe."

the *Sheriff*,* the little steel sailing boat belonging to the Mission. They arrived at Fort Johnston on the afternoon of September 1st, 1895, and slept on board that night, starting the next day at noon. The strong south wind which was blowing† did not abate at sunset as it generally does, and as Bishop Maples hoped it would, but blew fiercer and fiercer, and the skipper wanted to run to the east coast for shelter, but the Bishop, who was a good sailor, thinking of his waiting workers at Kota Kota and Likoma, who were counting the days till he arrived, would not hear of going back, but insisted on "going on."

Then there came an extra heavy squall, and the little boat broached to, while the waves rushed over her, and they were all in the water. The Bishop was a good swimmer, but he was hampered by his cassock, which he had put on for reading the evening prayers and had not discarded; and though the boys who were with him did their utmost to help him, there came a great wave which carried him away, and the crew saw him no more alive.

> "From the Throne above the crystal sea
> A voice like many waters called him home."

Mr. Williams, who was asleep in a temporary grass shelter on deck, went down with the boat.

The shores of the lake have few large bays or inlets, but it has an ever-wavering coast-line, with a number of white rocks. These in rainy season are under water, and are alive with long-necked birds like wild ducks. Reeds, rushes, and flowers, mostly a kind of convolvulus, fringe the shore right down to the waters, and there are stretches of cassava and rice. The lake has no regular tide,‡ but after the rains there is a big rise and gradual

* Called after George Sheriff, who was captain of the Mission-steamer *Charles Janson* for five years, and literally died at his post.

† The Rev. A. G. B. Glossop says that on certain occasions this wind blows night and day for a period of about three days, and he has noted that this generally occurs in September every year.

‡ Bishop Maples. But this is a disputed point; naval authorities say there is a tide.

VIEW OF LIKOMA. [*To face p.* 12

fall. The waters are not salt, and are as clear and blue as those of the Mediterranean. "David Livingstone and Dr. Kirk were the first Englishmen to reach Nyasa and navigate its waters."*

Islands.—The only islands of any size on the lake which are inhabited and cultivated are Likoma and Chizumulu. There are a few rocky islets close to the shore towards the north end, and these were at one time the homes of some poor refugees, who were afraid to live on the mainland on account of the marauding Magwangwara tribe. There are also at the southern end of the lake a few tree-clad islets, some of which rise to a considerable height out of the water, and are inhabited by crocodiles and other smaller animals.

The Island of Likoma is four and a half miles long by two and a half wide. It lies towards the east shore of Lake Nyasa in a large bay. The shortest distance between it and the mainland is about four miles.

The Harbour, called Mbamba, is one of the best on the lake; it is well protected, and has a good anchorage. From the harbour to S. Andrew's College, Nkwazi is about six miles and a half.

Towns.—Exactly opposite to Likoma Island, on the eastern shore, are two large towns ruled by their respective chiefs, Chiteji and Mataka. The lake is very wide near Likoma, so that even from the island's western shore to the west side of the lake the distance is about forty miles. Sailing in a direction west from Likoma the further shore is reached at Bandawe. Going west-north-west, the Scotch Free Church has its principal station of Livingstonia, some miles inland on a splendid mountain-range 4000 feet above the sea.

Name.—The name 'Likoma' means beautiful, pleasant, or desirable. Some say it was so called because of its beautiful appearance, as it lies like a gem set in the deep blue waters of the lake; others that the island got its name from the safe asylum it afforded from the warlike

* Bishop Maples.

invasions of marauding tribes, for Africans are keenly alive to the desirability of a place where war seldom, if ever, approaches.

Soil.—The soil of Likoma is comparatively unproductive, which is a great disadvantage. Firewood, grass, timber, and most of the food for native schoolboys has to be brought from the mainland by boat. Fruit trees grow slowly and bear little; there is one mango tree and a few limes. The people live almost entirely on porridge prepared from the flour of the cassava root, ground-nuts, beans, and fish from the lake.

Fish.—These are often taken in large quantities and considerable variety. The smallest fish is about the size of whitebait, and these are taken in shoals; the largest is a kind of mud-fish weighing between four and five pounds. There is also a very large fish resembling a porpoise, which sometimes gets into the nets, breaking and tearing them in pieces; and, allowing for discount on camp fire-side stories, there must be fish much larger still in the depths of the lake which Europeans have not yet seen.

The Climate of Likoma is pleasant for nine months in the year, but it is hotter than many parts of the mainland. From October to December it is very hot and oppressive; there is little vegetation and the ground is scorched. The average temperature in the cold weather, May to August, is sixty-five to eighty degrees. In the hot season eighty degrees to ninety-eight. Roughly speaking the rainy season lasts from December to April.*

Inhabitants.—We have no idea as to the length of time that the island has been inhabited. At the present time (1910) the population amounts to 2500. Perhaps from one quarter to a third of the people belong to a tribe on the western shore of the lake, known as the Atonga, the rest are all Nyasas or Wa Nyanja. These tribes are also found dwelling in great numbers on both sides of the lake. The islanders may be said to be

* Dr. Howard.

a peaceable people, one village rarely quarrelling with another, though petty disputes between individuals are common enough.

Employments.—The men are chiefly employed in net-making and fishing, and may nearly always be found at one or other of these occupations; if they are not twisting fibre into string, they are either making, mending, or casting nets. These nets are often very large, and belong to the headmen, the fish caught being divided by them among the families in the village when the canoes come in. A few men and numbers of boys are employed in tending the flocks and herds, for every village has its flock of goats, and there are about a hundred head of cattle distributed through two or three herds, while fowls and pigeons are bred in abundance. During the rainy season agriculture monopolizes the time of the men and women, and for the rest of the year the women are busy pot-making, beer-brewing, and performing household duties.

Tobacco is largely used, fathers, mothers, sons and daughters all smoke; and even very young children are not hindered from taking a whiff when the pipe is passed round—if there is enough to spare for them. These pipes are made from gourds half filled with water, to which are fitted clay mouthpieces.

Beer.—The island is happily free from the curse of the European liquor-traffic, but native beer, *moa*, is freely indulged in, both boys and girls have a great love for this liquor, and it is even given to babies before they are fully weaned.

The Language spoken on the island is Chinyanja. It belongs to the Bantu family of tongues; compared with some of the neighbouring languages, such as Yao or Makua, it is an easy one to acquire*.

Religion.—Generally speaking the people know of God's existence, but it does not lead them to worship, love, or obey Him, and they certainly never think of Him as One to Whom the affairs of men are a constant

* See Chap. XXXII.

care. They may say 'God made us,' but there they stop short. There are a few occasions when they pray for God's blessing on their crops, but it is not their practice to invoke Him, or make propitiatory offerings to Him, these being only made to the spirits of departed ancestors. Nearly everyone lives in daily dread of witchcraft.*

The Mission Station.—The site of the Mission station, the harbour, and the right over the island, were bought by the Mission from local chiefs, according to native law, in early days when Archdeacon Johnson first settled there.

Terms of Purchase.

"In making this purchase it was declared to include a right on the part of the Universities' Mission—

"To forbid any new settlers, as the right of the owners of the soil.

"To cut or use trees, stones, etc. on this land, or the island, that did not destroy crops or houses already there.

"To make roads in any direction on a reasonable recompense given to the owners of crops destroyed thereby.

"To build houses anywhere on a slight payment to present occupier.

"That no people should be burnt without these limits."

Purchase ratified.—In 1895, Sir Harry Johnston, who was then Her Majesty's Commissioner for British Central Africa, agreed to acknowledge the two islands of Likoma and Chizumulu as the entire property of the Mission, and summoning all the headmen and mainland chiefs to meet him, he paid an official visit to the island, July 14, 1895, which is thus described by an eye-witness.

"The gunboat *Adventure* came in last night (July 13) with Her Majesty's Commissioner for British Central Africa on board. He had but little time to spare, and arrangements for a meeting were made rather speedily, as he had words to say to the chiefs. After our usual crowded service in church, men began to arrive and plant themselves in a circle under the shade of the preaching tree (see p. 20), and those of the congregation who lived at a distance did not go home but simply waited; others poured in from the villages round, wisely bringing something to amuse themselves with the

* See Chap. XVII.

while. Some asserted their manhood by bringing their spears, others were content with the peaceful art of string-twisting and netting, while some merely smoked their pipes. The Europeans sat on chairs, the posts of honour being reserved for the Commissioner and the Rev. W. P. Johnson* who acted as interpreter; strips of grass matting were brought from the church, and on these the natives squatted, forming a dense ring round a central space under the tree.

"At last the Commissioner appeared under a white umbrella, dressed in grey, and his hat adorned with the Administration colours, white, black, and yellow. After shaking hands with the Europeans he sat down, and business began at once.

"Sir Harry Johnston spoke very clearly and distinctly, so that every word was heard, and at the end of a sentence or two Mr. Johnson interpreted them to the people. He explained that the islands were under the British flag, and he left the control of them to the paternal care of the Mission, except in cases of murder. He said that so long as the people gave no trouble, and did not make it necessary for the Administrator to visit the islands, he should not tax the inhabitants of either of them.

"About half way through the meeting a small stir announced the arrival of Mataka, an important chief on the mainland. He stalked grimly into the circle, draped in a dark blue cloth edged with gaudy stripes of yellow and red,† which was rather in need of washing. He was treated with due deference and a place cleared for him. He asked the Commissioner, 'Why do you English come here at all?—I don't want my land interfered with.'

"The Commissioner tried to explain to him, that if a nation proved itself too weak to keep order, it was an universal law that a stronger nation came and did it for them; that if the English gave up Likoma, the Germans or Portuguese would soon come and take possession of it.

* Now Archdeacon.

† The most expensive *kitambi* made in Muscat.

'If we go away, can you fight the Germans?' he asked. And Mataka had to own that he could not."

The Mission Station.—The site chosen for the Mission station is called Chipyela, *i.e.*, the place of burning. It was here that in old times witches and others who had offended were burned alive. The last case recorded was in 1887, when a man burnt four women to death on a charge of witchcraft before the Mission could intervene; eighteen months later this man was a hearer. The station is built on a beautiful site, ten minutes walk up a gentle slope from the bay in which the steamers anchor. There is a charming view of hills, with the blue water of the bay, and the lake beyond, and a background of high mountains. All the native villages are close to the lake shore, but some are perched on the rocks. There are no native houses in the central hilly part of the island, which at its highest point rises to 540 feet above the lake.

Mission Buildings.—As a visitor walks up from the lake to the Mission station, the first building he comes to on the right is the cathedral.

The Cathedral.—Here, till quite lately, there has always been a busy crowd of workers, women in long processions carrying heavy blocks of *granite*, masons working in the shade of the walls* facing the stones, and groups of white-clad figures with hammers and trowels outlined against the blue sky. At present (1910) there is a lull in the activities, as the stone-work of the cathedral is finished, but the cloisters, chapter-house, and library, which form part of the design for the cathedral buildings, are as yet not begun.

Priest's House.—Directly opposite the cathedral is the house of the priest-in-charge, built of stone, with wide *barazas*.† These are used by the people who come for advice, or to have their disputes settled. Sometimes after a quarrel the injured party is awarded goats in the presence of witnesses, so it is not unusual to see a few

* See p. 21 for account of Cathedral.

† Verandahs.

A LIKOMA BIBLE CLASS.

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE, LIKOMA. [*To face p.* 18

goats tied to a neighbouring tree, waiting for an exchange of masters. But a decree has just gone forth, to the joy of the priest-in-charge, that for the future the responsibility of these disputes between villagers is to rest upon seven of the greater headmen of the island; a house of judgment is being built, in which they will hold their meetings, and the Government authority will be behind them.

The Quadrangle.—Passing the house of the priest you come to the Mission quadrangle, if it may so be called. This is a hilly slope, with houses built irregularly round it. It is intersected by channels marking the course of short-lived torrents which run down when rain storms fall and dry up in half an hour.

Schools and Shops.—On the right are the boys' school, the carpenters' shop, printing office, and various store houses. The infants' school and boys' kitchen are some distance away, nearer the lake.

The Carpenters' Shop.—Woodwork for the cathedral is prepared here, also black-boards, desks for the schools and S. Michael's College, and furniture for the houses of the European missionaries.

The Printers' Office.—This is always plentifully provided with work, the different books of the Bible, prayer, and hymn books; school books both in Chinyanja and Yao, and the *Likoma Quarterly* are among its productions.

Training Boys.—The training of boys in the carpenters' shop and printing office is a very valuable part of the Mission's work, and many good workmen have been turned out. Sir Harry Johnston, writing on the work done by missions, says—"Instead of importing carpenters and printers from England or India we are gradually becoming able to obtain them amongst the natives of the country who are trained in the mission schools, and who having been given simple wholesome local education have not had their heads turned, and are not above their station in life." But though they can get much higher wages under Government employ, the boys often prefer to stay and work nearer home for the Mission.

Store.—A busy trade is done every morning by an African in charge of a small store, where the natives can change brass tokens* for calico or beads.

The Preaching Tree.—In the middle of the station stands the preaching tree, which throws a wide and useful shade. Classes are held under its shadow on Sundays and Thursdays for hearers and catechumens. These classes are often taken by the native teachers. A great deal of indirect mission work also takes place here, and it is a sort of market where small boys come every morning with infinitesimal quantities of milk in jam-tins for sale, and later on women and girls congregate with eggs and vegetables, and it becomes a busy scene of chatter and barter. Very often, too, the fishermen belonging to the Mission bring their enormous net to spread over the road and mend leisurely in the shade. At times the preaching tree is the scene of the trial of a serious case, when the inhabitants of the island stream into the station to hear the speakers on both sides, who are listened to with great attention.

Hospital and Dispensary.—Further to the left are the hospital and dispensary, buildings of the utmost importance on a mission station. The dispensary deals with all kinds of cases, from the tiny cut on a school child's finger to serious accidents. Grave cases are taken to the hospital, where patients are also received from the mainland. Quite lately we have had a number of patients from the almost unexplored districts at the north of the lake, and the influence of the medical work in gaining a hearing for mission teaching can scarcely be over-rated.

The Girls' School.—Besides various other European houses, and the kitchen and dining-room, there is the girls' school, which is right on the outskirts of the station. It is here that the women teachers† are trained, and it was considered a great triumph when one of them was invited to join the staff of the Boys' Infant School.

M. W. B. & D. Y. M.

* Given as payment for wages. † See Chap. XXVII.

III

LIKOMA CATHEDRAL

Imagine if you can, an irregular oblong of reed walls mud-plastered, with a thatched roof, holes for windows, and doorways closed with doors of primitive simplicity, hung on hinges not made of iron, with bare rafters festooned with cobwebs, and the grass of the thatch for ceiling, and you have the usual features of the first Mission churches in Nyasaland. They lasted for some three or four years, by which time white ants and other ravenous destroyers undermined the foundation-posts and eat holes in the roof, and then, sooner or later, the whole building would sit down. Such buildings can be put up in about two weeks or thereabouts, under good supervision and unstinted labour. They cost something like £5.

Likoma *pro*-Cathedral was of the "transition period" between reed houses and permanent buildings; it had stone walls but only a thatched roof, the beams of which were soon riddled through and through with white ants. In its last days it was held up by a whole forest of extra props, through which the choir wended its way with difficulty. In vision, Bishop Steere had often contemplated the Cathedral which was to be built on the shores of Lake Nyasa, and it was seldom far from the thoughts of Bishop Maples. In his letters and writings he constantly mentioned it, and there was a nest-egg of £2000 left by him to begin the work. "We must have a special man who can give his whole time to the work as long as it goes on," he wrote, and so the Mission waited patiently and in faith.

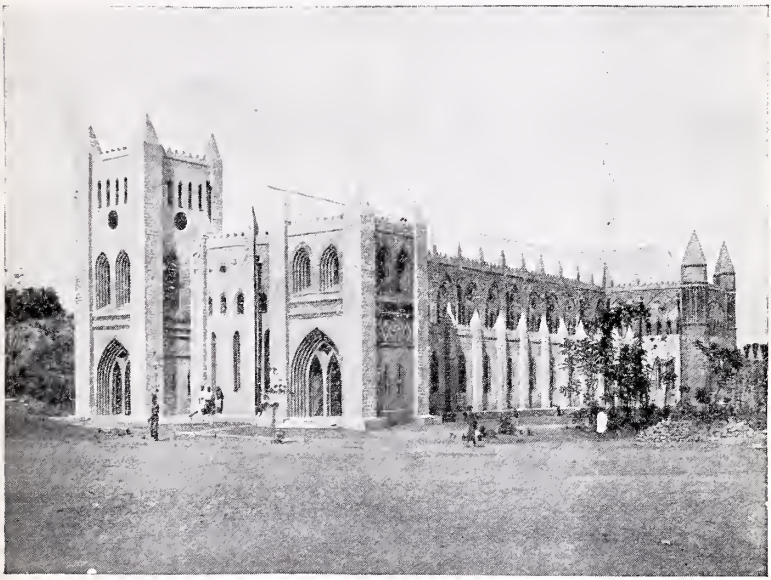
In 1899 the right man came forward, in the person of Mr. Frank George, an experienced surveyor and architect, who joined the Mission staff on October 21

of that year. But it was not till 1903 that Mr. George, who had already built stone churches at Kota Kota and Unangu, brought his carefully trained band of masons and carpenters, mostly Likoma men, and all of them Christians, to the great work of the Cathedral. A site was chosen which takes advantage of the natural slope of the ground to give the east end of the Cathedral an appearance of great height and commanding size as you see it from the lake. Going up from the landing-place to the Mission station the Cathedral stands out an imposing block of buildings on a level surface, which had to be formed by cutting away the side of the hill, and re-distributing it so as to form a platform extending out over the lower slopes of the hillside, up which the path ascends from the lake.

The clearance of the site was a work of great difficulty. The hills seem to be made of great boulders of granite, thrown together by a giant's hand ages ago, and bound together by a sandy soil. These huge boulders required great care; one neither wanted to leave them *in situ*, nor to let them run down the hill at a destructive gallop. The plan which enabled the biggest of them to be removed was heating them with fire, sometimes followed by the pouring on of cold water and then banging them with hammers, and so disintegrating them little by little with the aid of wedges.

It must be remembered that building in Central Africa, and especially building at Likoma, is met by very special difficulties. All material has to be got ready on the spot, stone quarried and shaped, bricks made and baked, lime burnt, trees cut down and prepared. And this had to be done by natives, who, till quite recently, understood by building, erecting a hut of reeds, grass, and mud only. From building crooked walls with the roughest of stone, the Likoma builders gradually improved, till they were competent to build the Church at Kota Kota, which then claimed to be the finest building in British Central Africa. With one or two exceptions these masons could neither read nor write, and they learnt their trade as

CLEARING THE SITE FOR THE CATHEDRAL.



S. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, LIKOMA. [*To face p.* 22

Built by African Christians.

adults; but for all that they have proved themselves none the less capable.

Stone for the building was obtained on the island, and the quarrying was handicapped by the absence of the right tools. The stones were all carried to their places on the heads of women, who worked in several gangs under foremen, or *capitao.* Owing to the hardness of the stones the life of a hammer used in breaking them was very short; they began life with great size and importance, and gradually wore away till they were nothing more than a primitive sort of decoration for the handles on which they still clung. Mortar presented another difficulty; there is no lime at Likoma, but there was a tradition of lime-stone on the road to Unangu, some sixty miles distant, so Mr. George made a prospecting journey there to make arrangements for the burning of the lime on the place where the stone was found.

The local natives did the conveying under their chief, and did it successfully, but finding that it was easier to carry lime when it was wet, these simple people secured themselves against accidents by carrying it slaked instead of quick! Unfortunately this did not suit the plans of the architect, so fresh expeditions had to be made, and great precautions taken against any tampering with the lime for the future. Lime is a latter-day refinement, which came in with the Cathedral, and even then was only used in exceptional places of importance when *only* lime was used and pointing in cement added. The usual mortar was just simple mud, prepared by native women in a puddle of selected earth mixed with water.

Scaffolding.—The supply of suitable poles for temporary scaffolding made it necessary to take distant expeditions to the hills on the mainland opposite for timber, which, when cut down and carried to the shore, was conveyed to Likoma in the Mission boats, the *Charlotte* and the *Ousel* These distant excursions to obtain the primary materials, so necessary in a land where there are no local contractors, often caused the work on the Cathedral to be suspended for weeks.

Planks.—It is generally supposed that scaffolding requires planks, but at Likoma they did without them, using the mid-rib of a palm; these, when bound together side by side in six-foot lengths, made an excellent substitute.

Cement.—One of the imported materials was cement, which was necessary as a precaution against the ravages of the white ants.

White Ants.—Whole volumes might be written on the damage worked by the resistless innumerable armies of these creatures. No one can in any way understand their ingenuity and cunning until he has waged the constant warfare with them that is the necessary condition of preserving anything at all in these regions where they swarm. Mr. George's recipe was cement laid on thick between the ant-infested earth and the building; the floor had a foundation of cement, and the outside walls were pointed with it. But even with all these precautions the white ants managed to find their way in wherever there was the slightest pin-hole crack.

The **Woodwork** for the Cathedral was all prepared by natives from native woods, and as none of them had ever made or seen anything of the kind before, they had to be taught their work from the very beginning, and it speaks well for their capability that they picked up the work wonderfully quickly and soon became expert at it. The trees were brought from the distant mainland.

Bricks.—All the bricks used in the building for facings, and for the pillars of the nave, were made on the mainland from moulds supplied at Likoma; and so a new trade sprang up, which has become a very favourite one along the lake shores opposite Likoma.

Hoes.—The only implement used for digging in Nyasaland is the hoe, which the native much prefers to the imported spade or shovel. Practically all the excavating work for the Cathedral was done with hoes. They have short handles, and it must be back-aching work using them.

Soapstone.—Another material which had to be hunted for over Nyasaland is the soapstone. This cuts very

BUILDING THE WALLS OF THE CATHEDRAL.

CARRYING TIMBER FOR THE CATHEDRAL.

[*To face p.* 24

easily, and was used for ornamentation. In appearance it is very like mottled soap.

Laying the Foundation Stone.—This brings us to the Foundation Stone, which was laid on June 27th, 1903, by Bishop Trower amid great rejoicing. A solemn procession wended its way from the old church to the new site, the choir, numbering eighteen, were followed by such an array of clergy as seldom muster on the shores of the lake. The stone is a soapstone, and the words on it were engraved by an African:

A. M. D. G.
SIKU LA WOYELA PETRO*
1903
UFUMU WAKO UJE.†

The Brick Vaulting.—One detail is especially interesting, and that is, the brick-vaulting in the tower, the first which was ever made in Central Africa. It was put together by the native builders under the architect's instructions, with obedience, but without the least faith. So long as the supporting framework of wood was in place they were happy, but when the head mason was told to take out the framework and leave the finished roof to stand or fall, he said firmly: "I am not such a fool!" and so the architect pulled it down himself, and lives to tell the tale, and now the natives having got over their amazement, are no doubt ready to build another vaulted roof, and to believe in its stability. The architect set the rainy season at defiance by constructing temporary umbrellas of corrugated iron and grass to shelter the rising walls. One of these umbrellas collapsed during work hours; the consequences might have been serious, but only added one patient to the hospital roll. School urchins were anxious to help in the work and earn a piece of cloth by their labours, but a decree from the priest-in-charge put a stop to their energies, save in the holidays, for which Mr. George said "*Ahsante sana*,"‡ and the work went on with increased speed.

* Festival of S. Peter. † Thy Kingdom come.
‡ Thanks many.

There is one more picture in connection with this great work, which we should like to try and present to the minds of our readers. Every stone and timber, piece of iron, drum of cement, and every brick in the building, had to pass to its place carried, for at least part of its journey, on the heads of Africans, generally women. Imagine the huge procession of dusky bearers, each carrying a load of something which was to do its part in the grand whole. A procession that has been going on for more than seven years under the eye of its architect and builder; for though in daily use, the Cathedral is not yet completed. And of this great army of workers *all those* actually employed on the building itself are either Christians or catechumens.

Ever since the work began this prayer has been in use among the natives up and down the lake: "That those engaged in the building may themselves be built up into a spiritual temple," and each day's labour began by a little service on the verandah of the architect's house, he himself starting the work with this keynote of prayer, surrounded by his workers.

Dedication.—The Cathedral was dedicated on September 29th, 1905, the Feast of S. Michael and All Angels, and the congregation filled the great nave, while the voices rose and re-echoed in the roof with a mighty volume of sound.

Gifts.—Now, in 1910, this great work is nearing its completion.* Many gifts from friends in England beautify the interior, especially twenty-two stained glass windows for the apse and choir, a reredos, lectern, carved panels for the roof, and wrought iron chancel gates, while the carving on screen and pulpit was done by Africans.

In an account lately given of the visit of some school girls from other villages to the Cathedral, we are told that one of the things which struck them most was the pictures of women saints in the windows. And this is not to be wondered at when we remember the status

* The Cathedral will not be consecrated till all the work is finished.

of women under Mohammedanism and in the old days of slavery.

The Spiritual Growth.—But better far than the beauty of the material building is the spiritual growth which has been keeping pace with it, and the influence of the character of the architect on his workers. Of this the priest-in-charge wrote: "Greatly as I admire the Cathedral building, and the exceptional abilities displayed by Mr. George, I value most the influence of his character on the gangs of Christian men and women with whom he was brought into such close daily contact during the years that the work was going on; it shows that a layman can effect as much by doing and being, as a priest by preaching and teaching."

When we think of the long white-robed processions of the newly baptized wending up the aisles, numbering as they have of late from sixty to ninety candidates a year, or of the many hundred worshippers at the altar on great Festivals,* we can only lift up our hearts in thanksgiving with the Psalmist saying: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us; but unto Thy Name be the praise."

And surely, when we in imagination picture this result of fifty years' work in Africa, it must rouse our hearts to more burning enthusiasm, and spur us on to stronger efforts towards the ultimate salvation of her people.

* They numbered 900 in 1910.

IV

THE BABY SCHOOL, LIKOMA

In Africa a school building is not absolutely essential to the existence of an Infant School; but as it is a distinct advantage, and as such a building exists on this station, I will begin by describing it and its surroundings.

At Likoma we have a large stone-walled enclosure, or *Kuseli*, within which stand the houses of the women workers and the girls' school and dormitory. The school is in two blocks, the upper and lower school, the former for Christians and catechumens, the latter for heathens, and a few baby Christians. It is this last that I propose to talk about here.

The lower school building is not ostentatious, in fact, it resembles nothing so much as a big barn, or waggon shed, entirely open at one end, with several large gaps in the other walls, to serve as windows. The roof is thatched, and is none too weather-proof when a hard rainfall comes. The furniture inside the school is in keeping with the simplicity of the building. When I was in charge of it last year, absolutely the only things in it were a table and chair for my exclusive use; a cupboard for school-books (*i.e.* a wooden box with a lock affixed), and four soap boxes, one in each corner of the room. There were also four black-boards, not quite the sort our English infants are accustomed to, but old box-lids, planed as smooth as possible, and painted black, generally only on one side. At the time of writing our babies are advancing in splendour of accomodation, for now the two top classes are provided with long planks raised on short round stumps to act as desks. The children sit on the ground and rest their

slates on the planks, and look very business-like and pleased with themselves.

And now for the school routine :—

At 8 a.m. the big station bell rings the warning for school, and girls of all sizes and all shades of brown pour into the *Kuseli* from its three doorways (none of which, by the way, are now in possession of doors which can be shut!). The children go into school, and take their places on the mud floor, grouped round the four soap-boxes which are the teachers' seats. For a quarter of an hour the din is terrific, all four teachers calling over the registers, and the children answering, not by any means always in musical tones! A much loved interruption occurs when the *dona*, or European teacher in charge, makes her appearance, for then all the children scramble to their feet to salute her with a peculiar clap of the hands and a perfect yell of "Morning *a Dona!*" extended into a long drawl. After this excitement they subside again on to the floor, and the business of the day proceeds.

At 8.15 a.m. the bell rings again, and that is the signal for prayers. In the Infant School where heathens and little Christians are mixed, we are somewhat limited in the choice of a suitable form of prayer. We always begin with the *Venite*, followed by a prayer, and a hymn; after which I hear some part of the "Hearers' Catechism," which all the children have to know before they become catechumens, and which it is quite useful for the little Christians also to learn.

After Prayers comes a series of half-hour lessons; Scripture Repetitions, Scripture Lessons, Arithmetic, Reading, Writing, and sometimes singing or drill. For the Scripture lessons the Christians and Hearers have to be separated, as the former are taught New as well as Old Testament, and part of the Church Catechism; while the Hearers have the Old Testament lesson every day. I generally used to give that lesson to the whole school on Monday morning, and the teachers repeated it to their own classes on the succeeding days. It entailed

much hard work and learning by heart, I assure you, to get up an Old Testament lesson in Chinyanja every week, when I first came out.

After the Scripture lesson, the smaller babies devote most of their energies to mastering the alphabet. They have a rhyme for it, equivalent to our "A stands for Apple-pie," and when they chant it nicely, with the appropriate action, it is rather fascinating for a short time! The worst of African chants is their monotony. Besides the alphabet, the children also learn syllable spelling, with the help of printed slips of card; that also is done to a chant, the whole class shouting at the top of its voice, unless the *dona* puts her foot down very firmly.

The biggest children in the Infant School, however, soar to the heights of a real Reading Book, which rejoices in the appropriate title of "Work." It is about as dull as most first readers; to me it seems somewhat duller, because of course no allusion is made in it to the traditional "fat cat" who was the friend of my childhood. But it has several allusions to porridge and fish, which perhaps are as acceptable to the mind of an African baby as the cat was to me.

In Arithmetic we do not attain to any great heights in the lower school. The little ones learn to count with stones collected from the floor for the occasion, or perhaps with dried beans. The top class gets as far as addition and subtraction, but does not like problems. At least the *class* loves problems, but not so the teacher who has to make them up. The children cannot imagine why the *dona* criticises such a sum as this: "An ox has four legs and two eyes, how many altogether?"

I used to teach singing twice a week, but it was not very exciting. I know nothing about the teaching of singing, and as I could not find any songs particularly suitable for the children to sing we confined ourselves for some months to hymns. Then by a flash of inspiration I bethought me of nursery rhymes, and persuaded my colleague to translate "Jack and Jill" and "Sing a

INFANT BOYS' SCHOOL, LIKOMA. [*To face p.* 30

song of sixpence," and the children loved them. They used to come to my house out of school hours, or more often older sisters used to come, who had heard of the adventures of redoubtable Jack, and say, "Please let us sing your beautiful song." Last year's baptismal candidates used to awaken the echoes of the night by singing before bed-time, while they sat round their little fire in the *Kuseli.*

At 11.15 school comes to an end. All the books and slates are packed away, and after another yell of "Morning *a dona,* morning *mwalimu!*" (teacher), the children depart.

The classes take it in turn to sweep the floor, and draw water for the washing of slates and black-boards. It is not easy to keep a mud floor nice and tidy, especially when the white ants will come and raise great mountains of *doti** all over the place; and very often the children have to take hoes as well as brushes to restore anything like a decent appearance to the room.

We have no afternoon school for the small children here, in fact, only a few of the very biggest girls come twice a day, to prepare for the first teaching examination. But in some of the outlying villages the girls have their school in the afternoon only, because the building has to be shared with the boys, who use it in the morning. It is rather a convenient arrangement for us, as it enables us to pay visits to the out-schools without leaving the big school here at all.

I have three village schools in my charge, and try to get two of them at least visited every week. I can do two in one afternoon if I like, as they are not more than about a mile apart, and neither of them very far from here; but I do not as a rule do more than one, as it is better to stay most of the afternoon when I do go, so as to hear all the lessons going on..

The village school-children generally come to this station once a month or so in the morning to compare

* Earth.

their work with that of our lower school, and sometimes we reward them by giving each child a pin or a fancy button. Pins are much in request, not to fasten garments—there is generally great lack of clothing among our small fry—but as fish-hooks. It is surprising how clever many of the children are in catching fish with an ordinary bent pin. Of course they prefer a real hook, but it is by no means essential.

On the whole, I think, African children must like school, as we have no School Board Officer to *make* them come. We can insist on the Christians and catechumens coming regularly, because they have practically promised to do so, by coming to the Mission at all. But the Hearers of course can please themselves, though naturally we do our best to keep them up to the mark. The worst time of year for school attendance is the wet season. If it rains nicely all night, and clears up a bit in the morning, the bulk of the girls are pressed into the service of their mothers, or other relations, to go and hoe the fields; and, of course, if it is raining really hard in the morning very few children turn up in school, as they wisely prefer to sit at home and keep dry. It must be very uncomfortable to get one's only garment and one's whole body soaking wet, and then be expected to sit in school for three hours slowly drying. But by the end of the Easter holidays the rain is practically over, and then attendance all through the school improves.

C. H.

V

LIKOMA PUPIL TEACHERS

Strictly speaking, all our teachers at Likoma Girls' School, except Kathleen Mkwarasho,* are pupil teachers, since none of them can be considered to have acquired the small amount of knowledge really necessary to teach even our elementary scholars. Very many of these pupil teachers, however, are persons of standing in the different villages, and their families form a large proportion of our scholars.

The pupil teachers proper are a band of young unmarried girls, perhaps twenty in number, who on school days are held of little account compared with the married teacher, and have to win respect from their scholars with some difficulty.

On Saturdays, when the teachers attend classes, the position is changed. The younger ones fill the first two rows of desks, and answer all the questions before the slower middle-aged ladies have had time to take in the meaning of what is asked. The elder teachers cannot understand this. "You teach them the answers during the week, and that is why they know more than we do," they protest plaintively.

No Africans of the older generation understand thinking out answers for themselves. So once in an examination, when a problem was set in arithmetic, a teacher who did fairly well in other questions said, "Of course I could not do that sum about the goats; it must have been explained the day I was ill."

We of course are pleased to note the increasing brightness of our rising teachers, due very largely to the

* Kathleen was educated at Mbweni, Zanzibar and went to Likoma after her marriage, where she has been teaching ever since.

patient work in the infant school of the elder teachers, who now see themselves excelled; and much of our hopes for the education of the girls rest on these same bright young pupil teachers.

Their wages are not excessive (two to three shillings a month), but the money is not required for buying food; this they earn by working in the fields, and often take a week or two from their school teaching to harvest cassava roots or dig up monkey-nuts. So their school wages are chiefly pocket money; and as they are young (and often foolish) they spend enough on clothes to make them look bright and well-dressed on week-days, and quite smart on Sundays.

The favourite costume is a black and white sheetie, with a scarlet sash, and a good deal of decoration in the way of blue beads round the neck, brass rings round wrist and ankle, and a button of lead or iron at the side of the nose. Possibly too a child's round comb (bright red by preference) is worn across the head from back to front. Sometimes the money is more wisely invested in a field (a fairly large one can be bought for 8*d.* with luck) or a goat (price 2*s.*), though often the money is given to a brother or sister who is less fortunate. At any rate the wages seem sufficient, as there is a larger number of pupil teachers than we can find work for, and crowds of big girls longing for the position. They bring their books to school on their heads in one of the round flat baskets generally used as plates. Often the basket is borne by one of the small scholars who accompany them, while the pupil teacher carries on her back a heavy baby, whose legs are too short to surmount the rocks on the way to school.

It is considered the duty of the pupil teachers to bring up a large contingent of scholars from their village. Sometimes they group their charges in front of the school before the bell rings, and the *dona* in charge sees circles of placid children presided over by fierce-looking, rather heated teachers armed with long wands, and hears cries of "I brought twenty to-day," or "I have

twenty-two." These are the babies who require a helping hand or a lift from time to time. The elder children come or not at their own sweet will, and dance about over the playground till the bell rings.

One of our teachers, Gladys by name, had actually carried a small cousin to school day after day for a whole term, and the little one in consequence was entitled to receive a red pocket-handkerchief as a prize. But when her name was called the child was lost in the crowd of school children, and for the moment was not to be found. Gladys' wrath was amusing. Forgetful of Bishop or visitors, she exclaimed aloud, "That child, whom I brought every day!" and rushed off to the search. Happily the child was found, and came up triumphantly in Gladys' arms to receive her prize, clothed in which she attended school for many a long day.

Some of our teachers come from a distance; some from the island of Chizumulu, some from Msumba, some even from Unangu, right away in the hills, a five days' journey. The Chizumulu girls think it a wild excitement to come to Likoma Island to read. One wonders exactly why, since Likoma, with its rocky bays and villages, one much the same as the next, and its lack of shops, does not seem a strikingly exciting place. But it must be so, for after the two girls from each of the Chizumulu schools are chosen to come to Likoma, the top class of the school in high dudgeon suddenly disappears from sight for a time. "Why should we come to school," they say, "if we are not to be allowed to come to Likoma?" And it requires a visit from the *dona* and a little persuasion before they return to their studies.

It was the Chizumulu teachers who started the idea of a correspondence class. They said to their European teacher at Likoma: "You help the teachers who live near you, and they pass one examination after another, whereas we never get past the first." So now exercise books pass backwards and forwards between the two

islands whenever a boat happens to be crossing, and though the progress is very slow, even the effort to keep up with Likoma is good.

The Msumba girls who come to us are also very anxious to get on. Msumba is a native village with its native priest,* so these girls have never had any European teaching in school. Yet one of them succeeded in getting full marks in her Scripture examination almost immediately after coming to Likoma, as she answered every question the priest-in-charge asked her on the Book of Genesis and the Gospel of St. Luke. Another, after very little teaching, got distinction in writing, which was even more remarkable, as the native schools are very poor at writing, in consequence probably of a lack of materials in early days.

These pupil teachers are not conceited about their own knowledge. One writes in a letter to England: "I hope I may get through my examination; perhaps I may, but my brains are nothing." But their European teachers are inclined to think otherwise; indeed it seems remarkable how well they do succeed in studies which are absolutely new to them. Arithmetic, however, appeals in no way to their minds. One of them questioned her European teacher once, "Have you a *fickety-fickety*?" (*i.e.* a teacher's certificate). "Yes." "In sums?" "Yes." "But not in pounds?" Compound arithmetic is of course as difficult to them as abstract mathematics to an English child, since at Likoma pounds, shillings and pence are rarities, and the money the school girl knows best is salt.

Examination-time comes once a year, and we remember the first early days, when an anxious candidate brought an egg, or tried to ingratiate herself with the examining *dona* by telling her she looked *just* like a native! In those days the idea was that success in examinations depended on the examiner; now one sees

* Rev. Augustine Ambali.

from their businesslike attitude that they have grasped the stern fact that it depends on the candidate.

Then, after examinations, and the presentation of the long-desired *fickety-fickety*, our girls begin their teaching, perhaps in their own villages far away, and we who have taught them wait anxiously for news of their work.

We hear sometimes of "many small Christians who come to read," and sometimes of "very obstinate girls (in Mohammedan districts) who run away from school and refuse to hear." In either case they need the fullest help we can give them in our prayers.

M. W. B.

VI

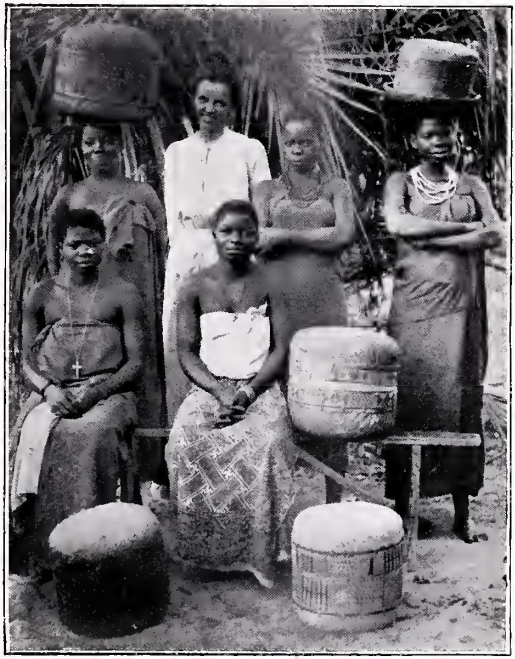
GIRL BOARDERS FROM UNANGU

I shall never forget their first arrival at Likoma. There was an unusual clamour as our own children came back from their afternoon dip in the lake. Moreover, the noisy band came back from Mbamba (which is the harbour of Likoma Island), and not from the quiet bay for which they had started an hour before. The long file were escorting eight tall girls, very striking to look at, in scarlet teiteis, and red pocket-handkerchiefs tied round their heads. Our school costume at Likoma is generally a white sheetie, supplemented by any coloured piece of cloth the child may possess, so the contrast was marked.

Eight of our children who had taken upon themselves to carry up the loads for the visitors, marched into the room, and planted the baskets on the ground. These represented all the luggage they had brought, and plenty too, for African school-girls. Each basket sat in a larger flat basket, like a cup in a saucer. Inside were smaller baskets, used for plates, and a gourd for drinking. There was also a garment for second-best, and some of the bright bead belts that Yao girls excel in weaving.

Nellie Talile, one of our elder girls, undertook the introductions. "Strangers from Unangu, come to read here," she remarked. I smiled a greeting; it was all I could do, as we understood nothing of each other's language. None of the girls would interpret for us, though they seemed to have been acquiring information on the way up from the lake. Native languages bear perhaps as much resemblance to each other as Italian and Portuguese, and it would take more of a difference than that to prevent an African school-girl from chattering. One Yao word I knew for certain—*chakulia*, food—and saying

LIKOMA SCHOOL GIRLS.



THE YAO STUDENTS. [*To face p.* 38

this, I sent Nellie off with an empty basket on her head to the store to get in extra supplies for supper.

This seemed to meet with approval, and a smile appeared on the faces of the eight strangers, who were a little tired after nearly a week's travelling by land and water. The next thing was to provide mats and blankets for the night. And here the difficulties began, for the eldest girl refused three of the blankets, saying firmly, "*Tuli tano.*" This I knew meant, "we are five," for Chinyanja borrows its numbers from Swahili, and so does Chi-Yao.

I counted the eight over several times, and pressed the eight blankets upon the girls, only to be met with broad smiles, and a repeated "*Tuli tano.*" At last I gave it up, and sent for Kathleen, our head teacher, to interpret. Two young people scampered off to the village and returned with her, and interpreting went on cheerfully. It seems that three of the girls had only come to "see the land," and were to return with their escort after two days' rest. They did not think themselves entitled to blankets for two nights only, and this was why they refused them so firmly.

Shortly after this arrived the letter from Padre Yohana, the priest-in-charge of Unangu, their village, with all the needful explanations. Soon the church bell rang for evensong, and the party went off in single file. The eight Yaos were delighted to have a Chinyanja prayer-book to carry on their heads, and followed the service carefully in the foreign tongue. But their arrival caused a distinct disturbance in church, far more than an influx of English visitors would have done. Heads were turned to look at them, and I wondered why, until I remembered that the red handkerchief they wore on their heads, according to the fashion of Unangu, was at Likoma the sign of a bride, and eight young ladies in wedding veils would be rather a distracting sight anywhere. It was obvious that next morning the red handkerchiefs must be worn otherwise, but it was a distinctly difficult task to explain this without words,

and Kathleen had returned home. However, happily, Africans are extraordinarily quick at understanding one's feeble efforts, and a mixture of Chinyanja, English, and action, had the desired effect. We had not had boarders of a different tribe before, and even boarders from different villages occasionally disagree; so it seemed necessary to give a lecture on hospitality to the original boarders.

Nellie as usual responded, "We shall entertain them and cook for them, and carry up their water from the lake for them for three days. After that they will be no longer strangers, and we shall make them take their share of work."

And after that they certainly were no longer strangers. They chattered cheerfully in Chinyanja, though with their own Yao accent, and seemed quite at home and happy. Their examination was interesting, as they had hitherto not come in contact with European teaching, but had been taught by natives. They certainly showed that they had made the most of their opportunities. In Bible knowledge they were wonderfully well taught, and their reading was good. Their writing was very much the opposite, and the lines on their slates seemed to have no meaning for them. But they were very eager to learn, and had a pretty way of thanking their teachers when they had learned a new rule in arithmetic, or a new stitch in sewing. Their needlework was a great joy to them. It was not taught at Unangu, and so had all the pleasure of novelty. They would sit and stitch all the afternoon, and on Ascension Day, happening to have no invitation to the village, they sewed from the time they came out of morning service till evensong, with short intervals for cooking and eating their mid-day meal, and a reluctant walk to the lake.

These five went back to Unangu after a few months, and occasioned us a good deal of anxiety until we heard of their safe arrival. The road to Unangu goes up through the hills, behind Msumba; and there are perils of robbers and perils of wild beasts by the way. So, though they were under the care of two uncles, who had been sent

from Unangu to escort them, it was a relief to hear from Padre Yohana that they were safe at home; especially as we heard a rumour, happily untrue, that the caravan had been attacked, the men killed, and the girls carried off as slaves.

One can imagine the unpacking of their luggage-baskets at home, with the odd European treasures. One girl, though not one of these, saved up a piece of bread-and-treacle at a feast Mrs. Williams made for them, and kept it for two months, to show her home-people what Europeans eat! But these girls had frocks and kisibaus, and the funny little native caps to show, sewn by themselves very fairly well.

At rather irregular intervals, another party of scholars will come from Unangu to read at Likoma and Malindi.

Georgina, one of the original five, is still studying at Likoma. She has passed her pupil teacher's examination with distinction, and is now reading for the next examination.

Certainly these Yaos are well worth teaching. "Who told you that?" I said, when one of them once produced an out-of-the-way piece of information. "Why, you told me yourself, two years ago," she replied, "and I then remembered it."

It is one of the great advantages of our Mission schools that they bring together children from different, and perhaps unfriendly, tribes; and so teach practically that Christian charity over-rides tribal enmities.

M. W. B.

VII

CHIZUMULU

Description.—The island of Chizumulu lies about eleven miles west of Likoma, in the middle of the lake. With a fair wind it only takes a boat three hours to get there from the Likoma eastern anchorage, but the crossing is not over pleasant; we are told that it is generally rough in the south wind, or else one has to sit in the broiling sun while the boat is laboriously rowed across.

Shape.—The island resembles a tadpole in shape, the head being represented by one big hill about 500 feet high,* and the body by a narrow belt of level ground surrounding the hill, with a tail of lower land running south. The hill is covered with cassava and the grass they use for thatching, right up to the top, and the villages lie all round the foot of the hill and on the tail.

Early history of the Mission Station.—In 1889 Archdeacon Maples† bought some land on this island and made arrangements for founding a Mission station there. Fifteen shillings was the large sum paid for this property! A suitable spot was chosen, and the ground cleared by cutting down several of the large baobab trees, which are a striking feature of the island.‡ The chiefs were then called to a meeting, when Archdeacon Maples explained to them his hopes and wishes, to which they all responded most heartily, saying they had long wished for the Mission to settle among them and build houses as had been done at Likoma.

Commencement of Work.—On May 31st, in the same year, Mr. Joseph Williams—a layman who joined the Mission in 1876, and had worked for years at Masasi

* Dr. Howard. † In charge of Likoma.
‡ See chapter on "Growing Things."

CHIZUMULU ISLAND.

A BAOBAB TREE CUT DOWN AND SHOWING THE PULPY CENTRE.

[*To face p.* 42

with the Archdeacon before following him to Nyasaland—went to Chizumulu to start the new station. He took with him a teacher named Daudi and his wife Neema, who had been one of the school girls at Likoma since she was quite a child, and in whom the Archdeacon had taken particular interest.

First Celebration.—On June 6th the Archdeacon made another visit to the new station and celebrated the Holy Communion for the first time.

Early Work.—Mr. Williams set vigorously to work, and soon had a school of twenty-four boys and twelve girls. On Saturday afternoons they always hoisted a white flag to warn the people that the next day would be Sunday, and as many as 400 came to the preachings from the villages round.

"The chief here," Mr. William writes, "is a friendly old man, but does not wear much in the way of clothes, and often appears in less than twelve inches of calico when he pays me one of his frequent visits. One day he set covetous eyes on a very old umbrella cover, which I was not sorry to bestow upon him; it has since formed his daily costume!" In 1891 this old chief brought his *ula*, or charm for finding witches, to Mr. Williams, and said he wished to give it up and receive the cross instead, and he became a regular hearer.

First Baptism.—In 1890 a mournful little episode varied the monotony of life on the island, and was the cause of the first baptism at Chizumulu. One of the Likoma school boys, named Masengu, a catechumen whose parents lived at Mbamba Bay, was eating fish and swallowed a bone, which stuck fast in his gullet. There was no nurse or surgical aid at hand, and it was found impossible to remove the bone. The first day after the accident the boy went home to sleep. On the second day he was very sick and vomited blood, and he became so ill that as a last hope Archdeacon Maples proposed to his parents to take him to Dr. Laws at Bandawe, and to this they consented, the mother and uncle of the boy going with him.

They reached Chizumulu at six in the evening, intending to rest and go on that night, but by that time it was plain that the case was hopeless, and Masengu began to plead not to go on. By eight o'clock he was so much worse that the Archdeacon saw it would be no use to go further, and told the child that it seemed certain that God would take him that night.

Although in great pain he listened attentively to the Archdeacon's words, answered all the questions he asked him, declaring his penitence and his faith in the Saviour, finally saying that he wished to be baptized then and there. But the uncle, who was a heathen, said he could not allow the ceremony. Knowing nothing of the rite himself, he was full of superstitious fears, and had never come forward to be taught. He even hinted that it was a means of hastening on the death of a person *in extremis.*

There were, however, several native Christians round, who managed to re-assure him, and their arguments had far more weight with him than anything the Archdeacon could say, so that at last he gave his consent. The little fellow himself chose the names he wished to have, having evidently thought of them long before, and then the Archdeacon baptized him as he lay on his uncle's knees, with his head on his mother's lap. And so the little dying school boy was born again under the name of Yakobo Zebedayo, and was for long remembered as the first Christian baptized on Chizumulu Island.

This baptism was followed on August 15th, 1891, by that of five more boys. The rite was performed by Bishop Smythies, who was then making his fifth and last visit to Nyasaland, but as late as 1897 we hear that there were no women or girls Christians. Two years later Bishop Hine baptized and confirmed twenty women.

In 1893 Mr. Williams went to England on furlough, and the work was carried on first by the Rev. George Atlay, and later by the Rev. E. Bucknall Smith, till the end of 1895, when the great scarcity of priests at the

time, when Mr. Atlay was murdered and Bishop Maples drowned, made it impossible to spare one to reside in the island. For a time Chizumulu was worked from the *Charles Janson* in the same way as the lake-side villages, but later it returned to the care of one of the priests at Likoma.

Present-day Population.—At the present time the inhabitants of the island number between 1000 and 1500; of these 300 are Christians, and there are about 250 catechumens and hearers. But most of the men go away nowadays in the dry season to get work, and so earn cloth to wear.

Dialect.—The people speak a dialect difficult to be understood by the uninitiated, which is a variety of Chi-Tonga, the tongue spoken on the western side of the lake, from whence the inhabitants originally came. The old people find it difficult to understand a European speaking Chinyanja; and one of the Likoma priests tells us that in interviews before baptism two of the old women were quite as unintelligible to him as he to them, so he had to leave them entirely to the teachers, who seemed to have done their work well.

Occupations.—Only two occupations obtain at Chizumulu, fishing and agriculture, the latter of a very simple kind; and so, as time hangs heavily on their hands, these enterprising Chizumulites amuse themselves with prodigious beer drinkings, often ending in fierce fights. Then follows the consequent *mlandu*, or settling up before a head man, which is almost as great a joy as the fight itself, for the *mlandu* takes the place the theatre does in more civilized countries. If there is no fight to settle up, someone has found someone else's goats eating his cassava and has seized them. There always seems something going on to give rise to a *mlandu*, often of the most perplexing kind.

Heathen Practices.—These still linger, and the medicine man is ever ready for such as wish to consult the oracle. Someone may want to know who has bewitched him to cause sickness. Another anxiously

enquires who has stirred up the lake with his charm, so that when the indignant enquirer crossed over to the western side, a journey of thirty-five miles, it nearly cost him his life. There have been rumours of *pande*, the illegal trial by poison ordeal, but if that *does* go on it is kept from European ears if possible.

Mission Work.—It is amid such surroundings as these that the work of the Mission is carried on. It is mostly in the hands of the teachers, for it is barely possible for the priest at Likoma to keep up even two visits a month regularly.

Stations.—There are two regular Mission Stations, both dating from the time of the Rev. E. B. Smith. Samé, the younger but larger station, is at the south end of the island, and Chiteko at the north. While the Rev. E. B. Smith was in charge two stone churches were built as well as two stone schools. S. John's, at the north end, is one of the few churches consecrated in the diocese, but as the island is British and Mission property, the church was considered a permanent one. There are teachers' houses at both stations, and Chiteko has also a stone dormitory, formerly the school, where the Christian boys sleep. There are tiny houses for the visiting priest, doorless, windowless, and always full of dust when not damp with rain, and delightfully unencumbered with furniture; indeed, the fixtures consist of a reed screen to pull across the doorway at night, a three-legged wash-stand, and a square wooden table minus a leg. The window of this luxurious dwelling is a gap in the wall.

Schools.—There are fairly flourishing schools at both stations. The old chief at Samé lately assured the visiting priest that he made all the boys go to school. The priest told him that in England the elders were fined if the children did not attend regularly, and this seemed to strike him as a brilliant idea, and he looked as if he would take very kindly to fining people if only it were possible. The boys come to school in the morning and the girls have their turn in the afternoon, using the same schoolroom. Miss Bulley has

lately taken the supervision of the girls, she and Miss Hodgkinson going to the island for a week at a time, devoting themselves principally to the training of women teachers. Miss Hodgkinson gives the following account of a visit:—

"Last Whitsuntide, when our school here at Likoma was having a holiday, we thought we could go and pay Chizumulu a whole week's visit. Word was sent to the teachers that they were to defer their Whitsuntide holiday until the following week, so that we might see everything in full working order when we went over.

"Early on Whit Monday we set out, walking across the island of Likoma to a village named Kuyu, which is the usual starting point for Chizumulu. We were followed by a somewhat formidable string of girls carrying our loads—firewood, a tent, rolls of bedding, provisions, and our personal luggage, and also by our cook, a very useful person, called Saul. Most of our train followed the boat a little way into the water to see the last of us, and then we were fairly off on our trip.

"The crossing took about three hours, and as soon as the boat was sighted from Chiteko the shore and water became black with people, chiefly children, assembled to greet us. The tiniest scraps of boys and girls waded out above their knees to receive our loads, while we were carried ashore in great style by the boatmen, and then the teachers, men and women came up to greet us.

"The most prominent features of Chizumulu, to a casual observer, are stones and dried fish. Most of the island seems to produce nothing but a flourishing crop of rocks; there is hardly a useful tree on the island, hence the necessity of bringing over a supply of firewood, but I believe there are a few very fertile spots where rice and corn can be grown. The dried fish are rather appalling to the European, but are considered a great delicacy by the natives. Long strings of them hang outside nearly every hut; sometimes a kind of frame like a large towel-horse is erected and absolutely covered

with fish, so that there is no escaping the pungent odour.

"At Chiteko, where we stayed, the house is quite a good size, only one room of course, with mud floor, and just gaps in the wall for door and window. We took over a tent, however, and lived in great luxury. The kitchen is a three-cornered space (in the open air) between the church and the wall of the Mission *Kuseli*.* What happens if it is very wet I do not know; luckily we had no rain to speak of during our visit, and Saul managed to turn out quite elaborate meals for us, including custard served in an enamel drinking cup.

"We spent Monday afternoon in looking about us and advertising our presence, though I don't think there was much occasion for that, as a visit from two European women is not of such a common occurrence there as to escape observation.

"On Tuesday we began our work. It was impossible to do anything in the school until the afternoon, as the boys are in possession in the morning, so we got the women teachers together from both villages, and gave them classes for about two hours.

"We have a course of examinations for our women teachers out here, and we were able to divide our Chizumulu students into two classes, one consisting of those who were going in for the first examination, the other of second year people. The classes included Scripture, reading, writing and arithmetic, none of them of a very advanced character; and each teacher was given a piece of needlework to do at home and show up the next day. I think the women enjoyed their classes, and one was so fired with ambition that she gave up her teaching work for about two months, so as to come to Likoma for the regular examination classes. She did not succeed in passing the first examination in the end, but I hope she will the next time she has a chance of trying it.

"At 1 p.m. the Girls' School opened. The girls came in good numbers, partly no doubt out of curiosity

* Enclosure.

to see what the visitor was like and what she meant to do; but I think they must be fairly regular at all times, as the top class can read quite nicely. As is usual in out-schools, there were not nearly enough slates to go round one class, so when a writing lesson came round the strongest or quickest grabbed the slates and pencils, and the rest sat quietly by and watched their opportunity. If anyone relaxed her hold on slate or pencil for a moment, her next-door neighbour pounced upon it and tried her luck with the copy.

"They all seemed quite content, including the teacher, and I am not sure that their method was not as good as any other under the circumstances.

"There was one class in the schools which seemed to me to have a very dull time. They were in a sort of intermediate state, knowing their alphabet too well to be left in the A B C class, yet not up to the class engaged on the reading book. So they were dumped down in front of a large sheet of syllables, and the A B C teacher tried to give half an ear to them and the remaining one and a half to her proper class. The result was not inspiriting to the poor 'ex-babies,' so at last I took pity upon them and devoted my energies almost exclusively to them. They were grateful for small mercies, and waxed quite enthusiastic over the multiplication table and some easy mental arithmetic. The children out here are certainly not hard to please.

"One little excitement occurred during our week's visit. A large slice of the roof of the church slipped off straight in front of the doorway. It made it very awkward to get in and out of the church, but it did not seem to trouble the natives at all, as no attempt was made to remove the *débris* for two whole days. Then, when the regular sweeping day came round, the boys were turned on to the job, and the fallen thatch was gathered together and piled up until the roof could be mended.

"On Friday afternoon we had to bring our visit to an end, so that we could be back at Likoma for our own

teachers' class on Saturday morning. All the children turned up to see us off, and a good many of the older people also. We rewarded our load-bearers with pins and toffee, and one or two special babies got a pinch of sugar each to finish up our waning supply. It seemed a pity to bring back the little which remained at the bottom of the tin, and it is as much appreciated by the youngsters as salt is.

"We had a very nasty crossing back, and from that day to this I have never again visited Chizumulu."

If these visits can be kept up it will mean a good deal to the women and girls at Chizumulu. A pretty little incident occurred just as the ladies were getting into the boat to depart. A small child, said to be a namesake of Miss Hodgkinson (though as she probably pronounced her name Kalela, instead of Clare, she was not very prompt at answering to it), ran up bearing a present in the shape of two luckless fowls, which of course were accepted, and she was given to understand that perhaps a suitable present would be sent in return from Likoma, for African etiquette always demands that a present shall be returned with a present, though not necessarily at the moment.

When Bishop Trower last visited Chizumulu seventy people were presented for Confirmation, and he had the great joy of restoring one out of five Christians who had been excommunicated on the marriage question. The Christians seemed to be making a real endeavour to lead Christian lives, and the number of communicants is impressive, so that in spite of many drawbacks the work at Chizumulu is well worth doing.*

When Mr. Glossop went out in October, 1910, he took a chalice for use on this island, the gift of the parish of S. Mary, Kelvedon. Up to that time the Communion vessels had been conveyed from Likoma cathedral every trip.

D. Y. M.

* Forty people were baptized in August, 1910.

VIII

WORK UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Most of the people on Likoma and Chizumulu Islands are Atonga by race. The home of the Atonga is on the western side of Lake Nyasa in the district opposite to Likoma. This district is called Nkamanga by the natives. Until the British came the Atonga had not a very happy time.

The Angoni of the hinterland belong to the Zulu family, and are a most warlike race. These Angoni were for ever raiding the unfortunate Atonga, who are a peaceful people, and lay exposed to attacks from behind, for they occupy the coast-line chiefly, and so could easily be attacked in detail. Of course the raider has a tremendous advantage over the peaceful people he attacks, for it is of the essence of that kind of warfare that it should be sudden and unexpected. I am not quite so sure that the Atonga were so utterly inferior in fighting qualities as is generally supposed, if only they had a fair chance.

Once at least, they got wind of an Angoni raid and were ready for it, and gave the invaders a very sound thrashing, just about where the Government house at Chintechi now stands. Still, with this exception they were, speaking generally, at the mercy of the Angoni war parties. For this reason many Atonga fled accross the lake in their dug-out canoes and established themselves on our two islands. Hence most of the Likoma people have kinsfolk at Nkamanga, and now raids have ceased there is continual intercourse kept up by means of canoes—a long journey of more than forty miles.

Now arises a difficulty for us missionaries. Many Likoma people, or people who have been living here, have come under Mission influence, have been baptized and sometimes their children also, and now have migrated

back to their original home at Nkamanga. We do no Mission work over there, for the district is worked by the United Free Church of Scotland. Still, we are obviously bound to do our best to minister the Sacraments to our own people from time to time. Nor is the distance the only difficulty. Though much scattered, our Christians can generally get to one of three centres, but thirty miles lie between the two extreme points, and there is never a bay or harbour where shelter can be found for the steamer, except at the most northerly point.

Kande is the most southern point. It lies about six miles away from Bandawe, the Scotch Mission Station. It is on a great, wind-swept bay, with long shallows. There is a steep beach of sand, topped by bushes. Behind these lies the village on a sort of terrace, with a marsh behind that again. With the slightest wind a surf rages all along the shallows.

Last Christmas I was upset there, about fifty yards from the shore. I was landing two poor women with babies at the time. They showed great presence of mind, holding their babies over their heads, and we all fought our way safely through the surf to shore. I may say that I was not steering the boat. At Kande I celebrate on the verandah of a house, which is closed in by a light reed wall. The house belongs to Reader James Rubadili's mother, who always gives me a kind welcome. She is a catechumen. Now for six months I have not been there. Twice I have been at Nkamanga since, but have been unable to get on shore because of the surf. Another time, when I persuaded the captain to anchor there, we had to flee away in pitchy darkness, owing to a sudden *mwera* (south wind) springing up. But that time I was happily able to come back another day. There are twenty-five communicants at Kande. Poor things, I don't know when I shall get there again.

Thirty miles north lies Nkata bay, a tiny harbour but quite safe. The Resident has a house here, which used to be the headquarters, but now he lives at

Chintechi, another surf-bound spot, difficult of access. This has again complicated matters, as during the last year we have had to go to Chintechi first to get passes to land under the sleeping-sickness regulations. However, there were compensations, for we received a cordial welcome and hospitality, even extending to the lending of books, which means much in Africa. To return to Nkata: the Government house is empty, and three native police represent law and order. We have about as many Christians here as at Kande. Two people deserve attention. One is Rebecca, described in Mr. Glossop's logbook as "a mother in Israel." Indeed she is. I think myself that it is almost entirely owing to her that our Christians stand together so well and keep such a good character on the whole.

Our Christians here have built a nice little church, and one of their number reads prayers, I believe, daily. I should like to make Rebecca a church-warden were it not too outrageous in native eyes. She has had a sad time. Several of her sons have given her trouble. Yet she has always the same bright welcome, and comes first amongst the women to receive the Blessed Sacrament.

The other is one of the leading members of the Scotch Mission. I don't know his name, but I don't think I ever saw a man with a more saintly expression—I mean really and truly good. Of course I don't know him well, but from what I do know it seems that his looks do not belie him. They have lately built a fine church of poles and ant mud. He designed it himself and did most of the work, and is justly proud of it. It is a real privilege to meet such a man.

Altogether Nkata seems a haven of peace, after a savage crossing. It is a lovely spot, with great hills rising behind. The bay is clear as crystal, and swarming with fish; you can see them take your bait four fathoms down. It seems a home of plenty, and fruit always abounds—a great treat to us dwellers on barren Likoma.

Chizi, the third place, is six miles south of Nkata. It is on a sandspit at the end of a promontory. I know that sand, for I once pitched a tent there and a rain storm came down, and I had to sit up half the night struggling to keep the tent-pole up. Our Christians run to about twenty.

They come far behind the Nkata people. It is true they have built a little church, but it is a lop-sided affair, and needed propping up before it was even finished. Also there always seem specially difficult cases to deal with here. For instance, one poor Christian woman's husband died. She was then inherited, according to native heathen custom, by the brother, an excommunicated Christian. Her relations are all heathen, and won't rescue her. She declares that it is against her will. To complicate matters, this so-called husband was away at Johannesburg at the time of his brother's death, and has never been back yet. Nominally the poor woman is his wife, and if he came back he could claim her, and, in his absence, none of his people will venture to act in his name to negotiate the woman's release. The man who reads prayers here has a Likoma wife, and lived, during my first two years, in my parish at Nkwazi, his wife's village. He is quite a good fellow, and he is trying to do what he can about the poor woman's case. I hope too he will work up a little more energy amongst our people here.

I always enjoy a trip to Nkamanga. It often means a bad tossing and a good deal of worry, but one is always so welcome. Away from the privileges of their Church, our Christians learn to value them in a way that our Christians here do not seem to, where they are always to be had.

Apart from the work too, one often is able to pay a call at the Scotch Mission, where one always meets the kindest welcome. I wish we had only the opportunity of returning their hospitality more often. The last year and a half has been a time of great trial to them.

Some curious so-called religious movement coming here from South Africa but, I believe, originally from America, sent a back-wash up the west coast of Nyasa. Thousands of fickle Atonga listened to these emissaries and were baptized, in what it is scarcely an exaggeration to call a mockery of the Sacrament. The erring Christians, who had joined the intruders, have come back almost to a man, and the heathen—well, are as they were.

The movement is dead.

G. H. W.

IX

THE MISSION FLEET TO-DAY

The very word "Fleet" conjures up to the mind's eye battleships, cruisers, torpedo-destroyers, and all the other units which go to make up one of the great fleets on which our empire so much depends.

Here in Nyasaland we have a fleet, with almost as many classes of ships, engaged in a constant war—one of those fleets on which (humanly speaking) the extension of the Kingdom of Christ depends.

Representing battleships of the first and second class we have the *Chauncy Maples* and *Charles Janson*. Full details about them and what they do are described elsewhere in this book.

Engaged in the same direct missionary work there is another craft of a very different rig, but which we might style a third class battleship. This is the *Chikapa*, a house boat, which conveys the visiting priest up and down the Upper Shiré between his different stations. Years ago the *Chikapa* was a snorting little sternwheeler, but nowadays she is merely a barge with a green canvas box-like arrangement amidships, which is the priest's house, with a narrow gangway down each side, on which the bargees stand to punt the craft along with long bamboos, and fore and aft a bit of a deck on which to do the cooking, and other necessary things. As a boat it is neither comfortable nor rapid, but for several months of the year it is the only possible way of getting to some of the schools on account of the swamps and marshes.

Next in importance to battleships of course come cruisers, and of these we have three, all stationed at

Likoma; they are the *Ousel*, the *Charlotte*, and the *Chikulupi*.*

The *Ousel*, which was the gift of Bedford Grammar School boys, and sister-ship to the ill-fated *Sheriff*, is now somewhat old and battered, but nevertheless she is kept very busy. She is a two-masted iron sailing boat, 32 feet long by 8 feet 6 inches beam, and has a native crew of eight men. Her main work is identical with that of the *Charlotte*, and she keeps Likoma supplied with building material, food, etc. We get these goods from the various villages along the east coast, and are often away several days at a time bringing things from the more distant villages.

Before starting on a trip from Likoma, the *capitao* of the boat comes to the laymen in charge and receives his instructions, and also barter-goods to buy whatever cargo he is going for—trees, bamboos, bark rope, palm ribs, thatching grass, birches, fire wood, cassava, Indian corn, ground nuts, beans, and rice.

We like to get away early, and, soon after receiving instructions, sails are hoisted so that the harbour may be cleared ere the east wind drops. The wind varies greatly according to the seasons, the most prevalent being the *Mwera* or south wind. Sometimes there is no wind at all, and then if the errand is at all urgent oars have to be resorted to, and to the tune of some native song the men will pull steadily for hours, just stopping occasionally to draw a few puffs from a native pipe, which is handed all round, or get a drink of water.

Sometimes one of these boats is used to take a priest or layman to Chizumulu or S. Michael's College, or down the coast. Often too they take native passengers, such as discharged hospital patients, or school-boys returning to their homes.

* Older boats were the *Mary* and the *Patience*, both of which were given to the Mission by the Rev. E. Bucknall Smith, and came to a natural end after many years of useful service. There was also a large iron sailing barge *Sheriff*, in which Bishop Maples was drowned. She has never been recovered from the spot in which she sank.

The *Charlotte*,* like the *Chikapa*, began her career under steam, but that was long since abolished, for she is so small that when her engines were in there was very little room for anything else. She is built of delta metal, which has proved in the long run a great saving, as, unlike her greedy sisters, she requires no paint. She is a broad cluff little boat, and always reminds me of her *capitao*, Tom Ricardo, who is nearly as broad as his ship.

Quite the swiftest, smartest, and newest of our cruisers is the *Chikulupi*†, the envy of all yachtsmen who visit Likoma. She is yacht rigged, and carries a large amount of sail, and consequently is able to move along in even the lightest breeze. She is the boat kept for any emergency for running between Likoma and the College or Chizumulu, and occasionally to Nkamanga, and has even been as far as Fort Johnston when no steamer was available. She has a crew of five men: Stanley, their *capitao*, is a splendid seaman and very smart.

I remember once when I was on the *Chauncy Maples*, and right out on the lake, he brought his ship alongside to transfer a passenger. When pushing off again he suddenly challenged us to a race, and skimmed his vessel round our bows to get to the windward side. So closely did he shave us that a little flag on the end of their boom was knocked off by our anchor and fell in the water. Most folks would have given up then, or abandoned the flag, but Stanley did neither. Instantly he pushed a man overboard to grab the flag, and then, not slacking speed, he bent a long rope on to the painter of the tiny dingy they were towing, and paid it out so that she drifted astern and enabled the man in the water to climb into her. That accomplished, he very soon had all back to the boat and his flag flying again! Of course he had no chance of winning sail *versus* steam, but I felt he deserved to win that time.

* Named after Bishop Maples' mother.

† *Hope*, also given by the Rev. E. B. L. Smith.

THE "CHARLES JANSON" AT LIKOMA.

BOATS AT LIKOMA—"PATIENCE," "OUSEL," AND "CHARLOTTE."

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There is yet another smaller cruiser at Likoma, *The May*,* a little sharpie used by the clergy for running to the villages around Likoma harbour and the adjacent bays. Two boys do all that is necessary in looking after the sails, steering, etc. She is a very useful little craft, and a great boon when one wants to get away from the stress of station-life for an hour or two.

Our next class of vessels consist of port guardships, old steel boats that have become too decrepit for the regular heavy work they get on the steamers, and are placed at Likoma, Kota Kota, Malindi, and Mponda's, to be used when required for helping to discharge cargo from the steamers, or to take the clergy short journeys in the rainy season when rivers are swollen and roads impassable.

At most of the chief stations we have torpedo boat destroyers in the shape of *bwato* (or dug-out canoes), used for fishing, and at places like Mponda's as ferry boats. Very picturesque these look when being paddled by a couple or more little boys.

Quite some of the most interesting objects in steamer life are the submarines, which we from time to time suddenly launch in the shape of a native, who has to swim ashore with a letter or packet of salt or bundle of cloth to pay for something. He holds this at arm's-length above his head, and manages to get along quite nicely, swimming only with one hand and his feet. The upright arm is often all that is visible, and it quite reminds one of the dangerous little posts one sees moving along the surface of the water where submarines are at practice.

This I think includes all the units of our fleet. They are busy, useful units, and are always on active service, waging a constant war. Perhaps the work of some of them sounds very peculiar and uninteresting, but it is all part of the whole fight of Light against Darkness, in which each little unit counts.

* Presented to the Rev. A. G. B. Glossop by the late Mr. Coddrington, of the N.E. Rhodesia Administration.

The fleets of the Empire all look to Home for supplies and ships and men, and this fleet on Nyasa looks to the Home Church to keep it efficient. It needs from time to time new guns in the form of priests and laymen, the ammunition lockers need replenishing with shells in the shape of funds (as I write this, the battleship *Charles Janson* is laid up, and her locker is empty).* And lastly and mostly it needs *motive power*, strong and constant—the fervent, earnest, humble prayers of all who would see this fleet victorious.

E. AYERS.

* This was only temporary, in January 1911 sufficient money had been given, chiefly by the friends of the late Rev. Charles Janson, to enable the steamer to carry on her work again.

X

HOW WE LIVE AND WHAT WE DO ON THE S.S. "CHARLES JANSON."

Very soon after he began work at Nyasa, Archdeacon Johnson saw that it would be a great thing for the Mission to have a steamer of its own, and so in memory of his companion, Charles Janson, who had tramped overland from the coast to the lake with him, and who did not long survive that journey, an appeal was made, funds were provided, and the s.s. *Charles Janson* was built on the banks of the river Shiré near Matopé, above the Murchison Falls. Ten years ago this steamer could always cross the lake bar and come down to Fort Johnston ; but now, alas, sand has silted up, and only occasionally at the end of the wet season can she slide over.

The *Charles Janson* has the reputation up lake of being the most venturesome of all steamers in all weathers at all times, and as she has a considerable roll on the slightest pretence of a sea, travelling by her for the feeble-stomached is by no means a delight. She carries one boat, which is slung on her port side, and so on leaving harbour more firewood is stacked on the starboard side, for on hoisting the boat, unless such precautions were taken, she would list over badly to port and remain at an uncomfortable angle, much to the detriment of all portable articles aboard.

After a heavy roll the stoke-hole, which is open, is apt to ship a quantity of water ; in fact, the whole deck from stern to prow is often swept by a following sea if the *Charles Janson* is running before that dreaded south wind, the *Mwera.*

The crew is rather a large one for such a small steamer, but the reason for this is that we have no room for a windlass, and it takes at least six men to replace

this for hauling up the anchor, and also the wood fuel we use takes a lot of handling to get aboard and stow. We actually have six sailors and a *capitao*, or head-boy over them, five stoker-engineers and *capitao*, a cook, butcher boy, the skipper's personal "boy" and a night watchman; seventeen in all.

Accommodation for these is certainly limited. The *capitaos* and cook sleep in the fore-peak, a tiny box-like affair, six feet long, about four wide at one end, but tapering to an angle at the bow end. The stokers pack themselves about the floor of the stoke-hole, and the rest of the crew sleep on deck in fine weather, or in the hold in the rainy season. They all get their meals, of course, on deck. Cooking for them and the captain is somewhat awkward, as the steering-wheel is only two feet from the front of the galley-range, and the steersman has to stand between the two. Like all other natives employed on work not in their own village, each of the crew has an allowance quite separate from his wages, known as *posho*, with which to buy food. The usual amount being a yard of trade-calico and a small piece of soap. The sailors club together, and the stokers do the same, to buy their food in quantities so as to make the amount go further and simplify matters in the kitchen, for when the supply, cooking, and portioning out is all done from a common stock, disputes are less likely to occur, and one member of the company is able to cook for all the rest.

It is rather difficult at times to buy an adequate amount of food, as the places where flour, etc., are for sale are few and far between, and we may not be able, without going far out of our course, to call at likely places except at long intervals. It is an intensely interesting sight (though it hardly comes within the scope of this article) to see one of these native markets, say at a wooding station like Msinji, and observe the sailors and passengers bargaining with the different groups of villagers for flour, beans, fish, tobacco, sleeping-mats, fruit, etc.

Every member of the crew has his particular work. Some are responsible for the boat, others act as steersmen, and two in turn heave the lead. It is amusing to hear their queer pronounciation of the English numbers while doing this, and the way they intone them.

Certain of the stokers who have had a good long training, run the engines and oil them, whilst the newcomers do the stoking.

In the old days, when there was no other steamer, the *Charles Janson* did much the same as the *Chauncy Maples* now does, but of late years she has become more of a transport vessel, carrying cargo and passengers.

Each trip of the steamer is on a different errand, so life aboard is never monotonous. Sometimes it is a voyage to take the Bishop about for Confirmations, or the doctor in answer to an urgent call, or to pay one of his periodical visits to the stations, a trip to Malindi for mails and stores, or to some native village to buy food to supply Likoma's large demands for her hospitals and native boarders. Perhaps the nicest trips of all are when, once a quarter, we take one of the Likoma clergy across the lake to Nkamanga, and there, running along the coast, pick up any scattered Christians from Likoma who have settled there, and take them to Nkata Bay for a Celebration of the Holy Communion. We talk over all that has happened since our last visit, and perhaps have an infant baptism, and find there is a child or two ready to come back with us to Chipyela school. Or we take our folks back to their village, and then return, laden with fruit and flour and a full passenger list, as there are a great many families from this district related to others at Likoma, and some of them are constantly passing backwards and forwards on various matters of business.

The time for beginning the day's work varies according to the place for which we are bound. If we are to do a long run it is usually very early (3 or 4 a.m.), so as to avoid if possible having to find our way into some dangerous place in the dark. Whilst stokers are

busy below getting up steam and oiling all round, sailors are busy bringing off passengers and their chattels from shore, and, if it is very early, lighting up the running lamps. When all are aboard the order is given to pull up the boat, and, as soon as this is lashed in place, the telegraph rings "Stand by," six pairs of sturdy arms lay hold on the cable, and to a native song the chain comes clinking in, and soon the anchor is up, and we get gently under weigh. Decks are then washed down and things made ship-shape, and if it is fairly light we have matins; after this there are various things to do, such as awnings to mend, the boat to scrub, etc., or if there is no work, those engaged in the engine-room or steering take a rest and sit round chatting until we get near our first place of call, which in most cases is our wooding station. Here, when we come to anchor, is an animated scene, and perhaps for two or three hours all will be hard at work getting fuel aboard. Some of the men carry it down from the stacks ashore and place it in the boat, then two of them paddle it off to the steamer, where as quickly as possible it is lifted on to the deck and stowed below by the stoker.

Wooding completed, off we go again, but another wash down is necessary, and then all hands, black and white, are ready for a meal.

We may reach our destination early in the afternoon, in which case there is probably a cargo to stow or discharge before we have evensong and settle down for the night.

If we have far to go and it gets late, careful notes of various landmarks have to be made as darkness gathers, and then a keen watch must be kept. And so we run on, it may be, in inky blackness or perhaps in brilliant moonlight, until we draw near the haven we seek.

Our lights have been seen from the shore, so friendly natives light a bonfire opposite our usual anchorage, and we creep cautiously towards it until the leadsman picks up the correct sounding; the anchor is dropped, and we lie safe until the morning, glad the strain is over, and thankful for the rest.

Every day varies in a hundred details, rough days and fine, long voyages and short, full cargoes and a large number of passengers, or only the crew, so we move along. This description gives only an outline of our work. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the dedication of the *Charles Janson*, September 1910, we had a celebration of the Holy Eucharist as a thanksgiving, on the exact spot where the steamer was built. An old Christian named Ruben, who had helped in the building, directed us to the place. We spread mats for the people to kneel on, and used a table from the rest-house for an altar. The service was choral, for the river-folk sing very well. What struck one very forcibly was the quiet humble reverence of the worshippers, who had gathered in large numbers. They were not at all carried away by their strange and unusual surroundings, but seemed just to grasp in their simple way the spirit of gladness and praise, especially after the short sermon, in which the Rev. A. M. Jenkin, who celebrated, explained to them the reason of our gladness on that day.

There are days when we call at places where there is as yet no Mission work going on, and no other Christian influence, but the eyes of heathen and Mohammedan alike are watching, "Here are the *wa Christo*, how do they live?" And the answer comes through the lives of a native crew, themselves so lately won from a great darkness to the Light of Christianity. May they be true and steadfast amidst the many temptations which assail them, that these others may be won to the shelter and safety of the true Ship.

E. Ayers.

XI

S.S. "CHAUNCY MAPLES"

THE FLOATING CHURCH OF LAKE NYASA

When the work of the Diocese and the number of its workers increased it was felt that a larger steamer was necessary, and so, by the generosity of those at home, our big Mission steamer, s.s. *Chauncy Maples*, named in memory of the Bishop, was built in Glasgow,* and sent out in some 3400 pieces, which were put together at Mponda's, near Fort Johnston.

Bigger than the *Charles Janson*, the *Chauncy Maples* varies from her in almost every detail of her outfit, *personnel*, and daily routine. It seems almost impossible to crowd into the small space at our command even a brief description of what we do and how we live on this steamer.

In describing the ship, suppose we go below first and begin in the bows. This is where the anchor cable is stowed, and just behind is the fo'c'sle, where the sailors sleep; next is the main hold, for cargoes, and then a large dormitory, where the printers and native teachers and passengers sleep, and where the printers work in the day-time; it has about thirty bunks.

In one corner is a cabin, used by Archdeacon Johnson, the priest-in-charge. Passing through the door in a watertight bulkhead, we come to the "Clergy Quarters," four cabins used by the priests resident on board, and any European passengers we may be carrying. Each cabin has two berths. In the same part of the ship is the post-office, a room fitted up with racks and pigeon-holes for letters for the different stations and districts, and also shelves for a stock of school books, etc.

Another bulkhead, and we come to the stoke-hole

* See "Building of the *Chauncy Maples*."

engine-room, and beyond are two cabins, one on either side of the ship. One is the captain's and the other the engineer's. Aft are two store cupboards and the after-hold.

Coming up on to the main deck, and beginning again in the bows, we have first the fore peak, a small hold in which we usually carry the offertories made in kind at the different churches—flour, rice, beans, etc.—until we can dispose of them. Then on each side, under the fo'c'sle deck, are two houses, one used by the captain, and the other as a store for clothes and provisions. We next cross the fore deck, and proceeding down an alley-way on either side of the ship, come to the chapel, used also as a school, and aft of that, divided by large doors, which can be thrown open if the congregation is large, is the saloon. The bathroom and galley are on this deck, and there is a raised poop-deck, which is chiefly occupied by native passengers and their goods and chattels. On the upper deck is the sick bay and wheel-house.

Besides the priest-in-charge there is another priest* and two laymen—one the captain and the other an engineer—and the crew consists of twelve sailors and their *capitaos*, ten stokers and *capitaos*, cooks, stewards and boys, five or six printers, a dispensary-boy, two watchmen, and usually a dozen or more teachers. A staff of fifty-six all told.

The native teachers are taken on in batches for about three months, to go through a sort of general course for imparting a little more knowledge, and to keep what they already have from getting rusty. Most of their classes are taken as we run from place to place.

The steamer starts out on a regular monthly voyage from Malindi to do the round of all the lakeside stations, and land the mails and stores at the different head-stations—Likoma, Kota Kota, Lungwena, Msumba, and so on. We first run across to Ulandi, and drop one of the

* If our staff would allow there would be at least two other priests.

priests to take services there, and work through the next two or three villages, whilst we proceed to Nkudzi or Monkey Bay for the other priest to begin work. This done, we work back along the coast until we meet and pick up our first priest again. And so right on up the lake, usually one priest travelling ashore and the other calling at various villages with the steamer.

When we run into harbour for the night, opposite to one of these native mission stations, the priest goes ashore and takes his communicants' class, and perhaps examines catechumens, or candidates for Confirmation, etc. If is not too late, members of the crew whose homes are within a few miles, set off to get a night in their village, which is always a great treat, and others go off to buy food.

Next morning, with the first signs of daylight, the crew are busy washing down decks, and at six the bell rings for matins, which is probably taken by one of the teachers, whilst the priest is rowed ashore to celebrate in the village church or school.

It is very impressive to go with him to these services. Just as the glory of the African day is beginning with brilliant foliage, blue skies, the wondrous expanse of the lake and the glorious mountains, we step into the church and see the congregation coming in one by one and reverently kneeling down in their places. The wonderful simplicity of everything is most impressive—just a reed-and-mud hut ; no seats, only mats on the floor, very likely only a wooden case for an altar, and two carved blocks for the candles ; yet it is as much a House of God as any magnificent pile at home, or elsewhere, the reverence is perhaps greater and the worship the same.

The houses in the villages are generally built quite close to the shore, so as to be near the fishing, and to lessen the labour of water-carrying. At the back of the villages are the fields of cassava and Indian corn, and these are bounded by high hills. In the rainy season, which lasts from December to May, the whole population

THE "CHAUNCY MAPLES" IN MONKEY BAY.

THE "CHAUNCY MAPLES." [*To face p.* 68

is employed in the fields; in the day-time hoeing, and scaring off monkeys, in the night-time driving back the herds of wild pigs which endeavour to root up everything.

When the steamer comes in view the small children on the shore wildly shout *Hiplay!*—which is the Central African pronunciation of Hurrah!—and appear vastly delighted at the prospect of a visit.

At a village where we are known, a hearty welcome is assured; the women, who are sure to be engaged in the various operations of preparing food, will greet one with the cry of "*Morning, a Bwana!*" looking up, perhaps from the shallow basket in which they are deftly sifting the husks from the grain, or leaning for a second on their heavy pestle, as they pound their grain in the wooden mortars. The men will be either mending their nets or pulling in a catch of fish, and they will not be behindhand in saluting one, while many acquaintances run up to shake hands vigorously.

When we are settled down in a house the chief comes to greet us, and perhaps brings a fowl as a present, and in return for this, African etiquette prescribes a piece of soap or a cup of salt.

Once in five weeks a priest arrives in the steamer to celebrate the Holy Eucharist. First of all he goes off to look at the school, that is if the steamer has arrived before the school closes. He usually takes the Scripture first, to see if the children have been properly taught their week's lesson, and then glances at the ordinary work, as it is probably nearly time to close, and even black boys do not appreciate being kept in. Of course systematic examinations are held from time to time to test the teacher's work.

After school the teacher tells the priest all the month's happenings—who has died and who is ill, who has gone to Johannesburg or to the German railway to get work, and who has come back from making his fortune in distant parts, who won't come to school, and who has got into trouble for not paying his hut-tax.

When the people are just finishing their evening meal of porridge and fish, a boy is sent round to call the Christians to the class preparation for the next day's Holy Communion. This is done in some very civilised places by ringing a hand-bell, and in others by beating a native drum, but in many places a boy goes round shouting, "*Classi, ma Kristo, classi!*"* in much the same way as the street urchins cry newspapers at home. Then when the people come they have their class, and then follows the business of giving in their names, for no one may communicate who does not give notice the day before.

An unwary European has great difficulties with this part of the business, for he cannot think of any Christian name which squares with Daraida, until the teacher spells it for him, and he discovers that it means Adelaide, while no native can distinguish between Mercy and Nancy.

After the class there are many people waiting to see the priest—women who want their babies baptized, and churchwardens who wish to talk about rebuilding the church, or the delinquencies of some erring Christian, whom they are endeavouring to bring back to the fold.

If the next day should be a Sunday, all the Christians turn up to church in Sunday array, the men being particularly neatly dressed, and the women carrying their babies on their backs, and on their heads baskets of cassava or Indian corn for the offertory.

After the Sunday service there is always a preaching to the heathen. This usually takes place under the shadow of a big tree; then there is a class for catechumens, and finally matins closes the morning's services.

On a week-day morning after breakfast there will often be an examination of candidates for baptism, or for the catechumenate, for people cannot be baptized or made catechumens unless the priest is satisfied that they have been properly instructed. So the would-be catechumen has to say the Ten Commandments and his

* "Class, Christians, class!"

morning and evening prayers, besides answering the elementary questions on the Old Testament and about the Life of our Lord. The candidates for baptism have similar questions, but must in addition know the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. The struggles of poor old ladies to overcome these obstacles would often be amusing if they were not so pathetic. One cannot be too easy with them, for when they have once reached the desired goal of baptism they are not very keen for further instruction.

Meanwhile the captain must receive and value and make account of the offertory, which is brought to him by the *wakulu wa church* (churchwardens). Each station has its separate account for this, and may spend it on what is necessary—mats, hymn-books, or building material for repairing the church.

Another of the skipper's duties is to inspect all the Mission buildings, school, teachers' house, dormitories, and if any repairs are necessary, engage people to do them, or if a new building is wanted, mark out the site and write down so many people to build it. For an ordinary building five men to build the frame and tie all the reeds on, four women to mud the floor and walls, and three men to thatch are required. They find all material except thatch, and that has to be bought separately, so many bundles for a fathom of cloth.

Whilst the captain is busy ashore the engineer is engaged paying teachers and monitors, and giving out what school things are necessary—nibs, ink, slates, books, etc. Paying wages is *not* a simple matter; each person gets so many 'fathoms' a month; the 'fathom' is the standard of value, and is equal to eightpence in cash. A teacher will say he requires so many fathoms in cloth, so many in soap and salt, and so many fathoms in shillings! He has probably totalled them up incorrectly, and it needs much consideration of what to have half-a-fathom less or more. Or perhaps, and this requires more explanation than almost anything, there may be a deduction to make for hut-tax or marriage settlement.

At stated times in the year there is the great joy of an adult baptism. This always takes place in the lake, as there are no fonts in our simple churches, and the officiating priest usually stands in a dug-out canoe for the immersion.

When work is finished on shore a move is made for the steamer, which is usually surrounded by canoes offering food for sale.

When all is finished the whistle blows, and the *Chauncy Maples* steams off to repeat the same programme at another village, picking up on her way the other priest who has spent a night on shore.

Perhaps our next call will be for wood, and this is always interesting to watch. In some places we can buy the wood with calico. The trees are cut up into lengths equal to the width of a roll of calico, and are then built up in long stacks, each stack being as high as the calico is wide. In purchasing we simply unroll the cloth along the front of a stack to see if it is the correct height, and then cut off a length equal to the stack. In British and German territory we have to buy wood in large quantities at a time from the respective Governments.

We try to fix our wooding-stations in the best harbours we can find, but as the lake is lacking in these we often, in rough weather, have an awkward time getting off our boat-loads of wood through the surf.

So we go on paying calls all through the day, seeing schools, paying teachers, examining classes at one station after another, and sometimes, about sunset or later, we drop anchor at the village where we are to sleep. First the classes are taken, then the crew get their evening meal, and afterwards sit round chatting until the compline-bell rings, and that service over, they settle down quietly for the night.

Very lovable are these great sturdy stokers and sailors, very patient, and always cheerful; they teach those who are set over them many lessons by their unconscious example.

BUYING WOOD FOR THE "CHAUNCY MAPLES.'

TAKING FIREWOOD ON "CHAUNCY MAPLES."

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These men come from various lake-side villages, and their knowledge of the various localities often proves most useful in bringing us into touch with people and villages which might otherwise be overlooked.

Their life on board is not of the easiest, and they make many sacrifices of home-life and comforts, and like all Christian natives in this country, they are called upon to face at times, very fierce temptations. It is not often, when tried thus, they are found wanting.

It is peculiar work, that of the *Chauncy Maples*, with her moving ministry, tending to the wants of a parish three hundred miles long, and including sixty stations.* There are great problems to be faced, dangers to be guarded against, difficulties to overcome, each day *full* of life and incident, and day by day as one watches, one sees the work growing and spreading, as, by ones and twos, or tens and twenties, the people come over from darkness to Light; the stations grow and multiply, and more and more the people come to learn, and understand, and use, the blessings of the Sacraments, Baptism, Confirmation, the Eucharist, Christian Marriage. It needs so much your prayers and aid, so that as the work increases, no opportunities may be lost until ALL are won, and we, with them, may enter into the joy of our Lord.

E. AYERS.

* "We reckon to visit each station once in three weeks. Making catechumens, baptizing, preparing for Confirmation and Communion, is all taken in rotation in the four districts into which the coast line is divided. We have hardly finished admitting catechumens in one district when it is time to admit them in another."—Archdeacon JOHNSON.

XII

KOTA KOTA

Introduction.—Kota Kota is a great village with some 5000 inhabitants, whose huts lie scattered along the lake shore, and extend for about half-a-mile inland.

The Mission property is a piece of ground about twenty acres in extent, just on the brow of the hill.

Everywhere in the village, between the houses, patches of Indian corn and rice are grown, and often for a month or two at a time the rice fields are under water, and a number of small streams run through the village, which dry up in the hot season.

Besides the Mission station there are two trading stores and the Government station. Crocodiles abound in the harbour and are a source of great danger, with the trying result that the natives seldom wash or bathe.

Up till 1892 Kota Kota was ruled over by a chief named Jumbe, and was known as the great slave port, from which dhows carried slaves across to Mluluka on their journey to the coast. But then a treaty was made with Jumbe, and a European administrator was stationed there, and in 1894 the Mission station was opened.

It is a well-known station to readers of *Central Africa*, many of whom learnt to take an interest in it from reading the life of its first priest, Arthur Sim—a book which stirred up much zeal for our Mission.

That record gives us the sowing—or rather the preparing of the soil for the sowing. In these days we are beginning to reap, and to know the special difficulties, dangers and disillusions of more settled station life, as compared with pioneer work. Not that pioneer work is not always going on all round the head station—and it is because friends at home hardly perhaps realize the

growth in this particular quarter of our diocese that this brief account is written.

The surrounding district now worked from Kota Kota is about 170 miles in circumference. Perhaps "worked" is rather a misleading term, as large tracts of country are still untouched, especially a strong Mohammedan centre to the south of Kota Kota between it and Sani, called Chisote, which is thickly populated but entirely hostile to Christianity.

Sani, eight miles off, is the nearest southern station to Kota Kota. Here there is a church, school, teacher's house, dormitory, a small traveller's house for Europeans, and even a kitchen. It is a most pleasant spot, and has occasionally been used as a week-end resort by the staff, and more than once as a holiday place for the Blind School and their teacher. Farther down the coast is Ngombe, with the church at Chiko, fifteen minutes' walk away. There is a flourishing school here too, and the church, though simplicity itself, is quite nice.

Chididi comes next, about fifteen miles from Kota Kota and inland, and here there is a semi-Swahili population. A number of released slaves from the neighbourhood of Dar-es-Salaam and Zanzibar were brought back to their home here—after much wandering—about five years ago, and they now form a Christian village. If any heathen appear on the scene it is an understood thing that they agree to become hearers.

Stations on the Hills.—Then a large sweep must be taken to the west, right away to the hills. On this range there are three schools—the two extremes being six hours apart. The teachers here have a lonely time of it. They are fortunate if they are visited once in two months by the priest-in-charge, and at present there is hardly another Christian to give them support. A great deal is expected of our teachers, and perhaps it is one of the misfortunes of the Mission that they are sometimes inadequately supervised; but what can be done, as is the case here, for instance, with only one white man on the staff? In passing, one may mention a peculiarity about this station—

the very numerous changes in its priests-in-charge. If he left the place for any reason he never returned to the same charge.

Kasamba.—Coming eastward again towards Kota Kota we reach the oldest of the out-stations, Kasamba, which is only three miles off. Here there is a really good stone church, very church-like indeed, built by the Rev. J. P. Clarke—and a regular quadrangle with the usual buildings—school, dormitory, etc.

The people here are of Yao origin, and have distinct characteristics. They are cleverer than their neighbours —and very proud and independent—not easy ground to work on, but perhaps all the more worth gaining for that very reason. The school and station generally, until quite lately, have had the advantage of being managed by one of the best of our teachers, Reader Yohanna Tawe, who has now gone to S. Andrew's College to read for the diaconate. He taught splendidly, and had the firm hand specially needed for Kasamba boys and girls. From this station, in a larger proportion than from the others, young Christian men have gone out to seek their fortunes in Salisbury, Fort Jameson, and elsewhere. This is natural, as they are an ambitious lot—but it is fraught with danger, both for themselves and for the young wives they leave behind. No one can hinder them if they will go, and as civilization spreads they will do it more and more, but they often come back worse than they went, and are so often entirely cut off from the means of grace while away that one cannot help fearing greatly for them.

Smaller Stations.—From Kasamba, branching off to the north, one travels through a number of smaller stations, fairly close together—some quite close to the lake, others inland. At present, Padre Leonard Kamungu has charge of them, and he visits farther afield too, by the river Dwangwa, thirty-five miles north of Kota Kota, where there are two comparatively new stations. As the Mohammedan element is not strong here the work is hopeful.

Kota Kota Church.—Now to come back to Kota Kota itself. We boast that it is the most imposing of all our stations, with its large quadrangle and hospital annex. The church built by Mr. F. George, and consecrated in 1902, is really beautiful. Lately it has been enlarged by the transformation of the west-end vestry into a baptistery, with both immersion and small infants' fonts. A vestry has been built to the south of the chancel. The altar is raised by seven steps from the nave. That, and the rood screen, are what strike one immediately on entering the church—and this is surely as it should be. There is much dignity about Kota Kota church, coupled with simplicity. The windows are of early English character, and are latticed, without glass.

I suppose that next to the church the schools are always the most important things on a Mission station. Here the boys' school is divided into boys and infant boys, all the girls learning together in their specially nice school, which was the old church. There are about three hundred children in all on the books, and about one hundred and seventy sleep in the dormitories. This is the rule for Christians and catechumens; the hearers sleep at home. There are six hundred on the communicants' register.

Hospitals.—The hospitals owe their existence to Dr. Howard, like all the rest of the permanent hospitals in the diocese, and that for Europeans is a delightful place, consisting of a large and small room, and of course a verandah.

These buildings, with the dispensary and nurse's house, are all within easy distance of each other, with a good deal of land surrounding them in order to prevent the village from approaching too near the station. This land has to be kept under cultivation, as otherwise objectionable creatures might lie hidden unpleasantly close.

Blind School.—At the other extreme side of the station is the Blind School, which is in a most flourishing condition, and must be a great boon to its inmates. It does not occur to one to pity them much; as they are

such a cheerful lot it is difficult to realize of what they are deprived. They do manual work in the morning, and school in the afternoon, by the help of the numerous Braille books supplied so kindly from home. One characteristic among them is the power of their voices. If they know a hymn in church we know it too, for they nearly lift the roof off!

Record.—Kota Kota has one pull over all the other stations at the lake. It possesses a continuous record of the work from the very beginning. This is a most interesting book, though sometimes the cause of groans from the priest-in-charge when he finds that he has forgotten to write it up for about a month. Everything of any importance is registered therein. Pathetic items in these records are the baptisms of two penitent murderers. The one was the first-fruits of Arthur Sim's ministry, and the other was the notorious Saidi Mwazungu,* who was baptized just before his execution by the Rev. G Philipps. "God make all things right," he said, as he walked to the scaffold.

Inner Life.—These are some of the outward things, but what about the inner life of the station? Perhaps the less written about this the better, although it is by far the most absorbingly interesting part. The people are recognized as being a very difficult tribe with whom to deal. The Christians now are increasing in numbers more quickly than ever before, but the question is, "How deep does it all go?"

The Mohammedan influence is very strong, although it is such a poor, shabby form of Islam, and their morals are at an appallingly low ebb. Even among Christians falls are sadly frequent—and as to the heathen—not long ago two of their chiefs came to the Government Resident to ask him to show them some way of checking the terrible immorality, evidently fearing the physical deterioration of the people. This speaks for itself.

Then they are fluent liars. It seems often more

* The murderer of Dr. Boyce and Mr. McEwan.

natural to them to answer with a lie rather than the truth, even in cases where one fails to see what advantage their lie brings them. It is most difficult to make them see any harm in it; they do understand that stealing is wrong, as it is severely punished by native law, but as for lying—well, if you are foolish enough to believe, surely that is your own affair they apparently think. If they take in the European they score one, and *vice versa.*

Their tempers are peculiar—very quick to fire up, and alas! not always quick to calm down again. They may work well for years, and then suddenly take offence and throw everything up. They are not conspicuous for gratitude, and lack the spirit of almsgiving to a deplorable extent. Often they appear very callous in natural affection.

With all this it may seem odd that they get such a hold on many who work among them, but they do. What their contribution to the Church of Africa will be cannot be determined yet. It will not be the gold of Arabia, which Canon Dale spoke of at the anniversary last year,* but something much humbler. Perhaps as little children the Wa-Chewa will, in God's own time, enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. *But they need many prayers.*

C. T.

* 1909.

XIII

SUNDAY AT KOTA KOTA

Five o'clock in the morning—the dawn is just breaking, and stillness reigns everywhere, only stirred by the occasional crowing of an irrepressible rooster, telling the night-watchmen that their task is finished. The sun is rising over the distant hills on the other side of the lake, suffusing everything with its golden rays. The people in the village begin to stir, one by one they emerge from their low, dark houses, dazzled by the brightness of the light outside.

On an ordinary day they would seize their hoes and hatchets and go off to the fields, so as to get their work finished before the heat of the day. But to-day is Sunday, a day of rest for Christians and catechumens. Extra food and firewood were brought in yesterday, and even the heathen feels the calm and peace of the Lord's day; very few of them go off to the fields, for they have learnt to know it is the day on which the Mission asks them to try and remember that there will be a special message for them, if they will only come and hear it.

The first sound on the Mission station is the 6 o'clock Angelus, bidding the Christians once more rise and salute Him who for their salvation came down from Heaven, and was made Man, and who calls them once more to go forth and live for Him.

Soon there is the sound of many voices singing the morning hymn, and then a general exodus from the dormitories of small figures wrapped in red blankets, anxious to perform their morning ablutions; some rush down to a small stream—others, thinking it rather cold, prefer to wash in the tins of water which were drawn over-night and placed ready for the morning. Before long all the blankets have disappeared, and the boys have put

ALL SAINTS, KOTA KOTA, WHERE BISHOP MAPLES IS BURIED.

WOMEN TEACHERS, KOTA KOTA.

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on their clean cloths and kisibau—white, well tinged with blue, is the favourite colour, though scarlet is also very popular. The girls put on their white sheeties, and if they can produce a coloured handkerchief and some beads they are happy indeed.

By this time the people from outlying villages have begun to arrive, some walking as far as six miles, and at times crossing streams with the water reaching to their knees.

At 6.45 the church bell begins to ring, to call the people from the village.

Let us just take a peep inside before the congregation assembles. As one enters there is a feeling of rest and repose. It is a beautiful building of grey granite, with a thatched roof supported by large dark wooden beams, lighted by long windows, latticed with bamboo, through which peep white lilies and red acacia. The chancel screen is of carved wood with painted panels, representing black-letter saints, the altar is also of carved wood, and the dossal-hanging of dark blue. There are no seats in the church, except two in the chancel for the clergy, the floor is covered with palm-leaf mats.

Silently the barefooted people enter, those who have brought offerings leave them on the chancel step, or in baskets placed ready to receive them, for most of the offerings are given in kind—eggs, pumpkins, rice, flour, both green and dried maize, bananas, sugar-cane; it is always a quaint collection, at times enlivened by the presence of a live fowl or some other bird.

The bell stops and no sound is heard while the priest comes in, accompanied by two boy servers in their scarlet cassocks and white surplices. There is no choir, but the congregation are not slack in doing their part, and very heartily they join in singing the introit for the day. To highly musical people the singing may sound harsh and discordant at times, as the ordinary native judges music by the amount of sound produced and not by the tone. One small child, aged four, named Cyprian, who had a musical father, a teacher, managed at daily evensong

to drown the rest of the congregation if he knew the chant, and for the Lord's Prayer he was priest and clerk rolled into one.

The service proceeds, broken only by the cry of babies, who think they have stayed strapped on their mothers' backs long enough, and struggle to be released in order that they may go and play with a little friend perhaps two rows off. Or another toddler may see its father the opposite side of the church, and feeling a burning desire to go and obtain his hymn-book, makes a dash from his mother, and the probability is that in the return journey he will fall in the middle aisle and have to be carried out of church to be comforted.

Perhaps the sermon will be preached by the Reader, Yohanna Tawe, of Kasamba, whose earnest directness in teaching the people is very striking. After the sermon the catechumens are dismissed and wait outside the girls' school, or sit under the large fig-tree where Arthur Sim used to hold his services when there were only three Christians in Kota Kota.

As soon as the service is over, the people disperse in little groups according to their districts, to have their names called; they are then free to go to the village, but many prefer to sit about chatting to their neighbours while waiting for the next service. By this time the heathen school children begin to arrive for their class, and many are the requests for picture books and toys to play with until the bell rings to summon them.

In 1910 several of the young men settled among themselves to go, after the Celebration of the Eucharist, by twos and threes through the village, and as far afield as Kaombe and Chisoti, to try and stir up more people to become hearers. Even if this effort bears no immediate fruit, it proves that these young Christians in seeking others are learning to find themselves.

Then comes a pause, whilst the Europeans have their breakfast, for unfortunately they cannot, like Africans, exist comfortably until twelve or one o'clock without food. Very soon the school bell rings, calling up the

catechumens and heathen from the village to be taught; they assemble in the big school, sitting on mats spread on the floor, in divisions—men, women, boys, and girls of all ages and sizes, from three-year-old school children to the grand-parents of many children.

Reader Petro Kilekwa is going to teach them; they begin by singing a hymn, followed by a short prayer, after which they all repeat the commandments together, and the school children, having learnt them during the week, are able to help their elders.

Probably the lesson will be based on some Old Testament story, many of which appeal to a native more strongly than to a European, as incidents in their own life are similar to those related in the Bible. When the teaching is finished the names are called, and many are the anxious inquiries to know "When can I receive the cross?" "When can I be a catechumen?" "I have come many Sundays to be taught." Probably before the hearers' class is finished the church bell will have summoned the Christians to matins, attendance at which is voluntary, and there is no sermon.

Or perhaps it is a Sunday when there is to be a Cross-giving, that is to say, there are some who have come to the hearers' class well, and have also had special classes of instruction, and are now to be admitted to the catechumenate.

On these occasions, if it is fine, the usual hearers' class is held under the fig-tree, so that any people passing, who might feel too shy to enter a building, can hear the people make their promises to give up certain heathen practices and come regularly to be taught the Christian faith. The priest gives a short instruction first, and then asks the candidates their questions. When they have all answered, they are given one by one a small tin cross as a symbol of what they have promised, and then Christians and catechumens march over to church for matins. It is the first time the new catechumens have ever entered the church, and great is their awe and reverence.

When matins is over, everyone is free to do what they like. Many run off to the village and help to prepare the food; others prefer to stay and play, or read on the *baraza*. Everything is done to make it a happy, joyous day, and teach the children that Christianity is not a sad, gloomy religion, but one that will fill them with joy and peace.

At 12 o'clock the Litany in English is said in church, and all the children go to the village, and do not return until about 3 o'clock, so that the Europeans may have necessary rest and quiet. English evensong is probably said by one priest after tea, and if we are fortunate enough to possess a second priest, he will most likely go to a village not far distant with a native teacher, and preach under a tree in the village.

At 6 o'clock the natives once more gather together in church for evensong, and a short sermon or catechising, and then go home to the village for their evening meal.

At 8 p.m. the big bell warns any Christian or catechumen children who are still in the village that they must be quick, for it is bed-time. Then dormitory prayers are said, and the children fall asleep rolled up in their blankets.

Once more the Europeans gather together in church for compline, raising thankful hearts to Him who has blessed the work begun and carried on in His Name, and conscious of all that is waiting to be done, praying the Lord of the Harvest to send forth more labourers into His Harvest.

M. A. J.

XIV

LUX IN TENEBRIS; OR, WORK FOR THE BLIND AT KOTA KOTA.

Are there many blind people in Africa, is a question frequently asked when the Blind School is mentioned; and when this has been answered in the affirmative, people want to know what is the cause of so much blindness, and of the still more common complaint—defective eyesight? As a matter of fact, very few of our people were born blind, but many became so after having a severe attack of small-pox, because they were careless, and took no precautions, or rather did not know what percautions to take, and so the disease had its way. Even now, nurses are few and far between in Central Africa, and many villages have never seen one. Many of the victims of this scourge died, or only recovered to find that they could no longer behold God's fair earth, which from henceforth must be to them a place of darkness. And darkness it was indeed, for what use was a blind man or woman in Africa? The man could not fish, the woman could not cook, their heathen friends told them they were only useless beings, and a burden on all their relations, little or no notice was taken of them, and so the darkness deepened to despair, and the afflicted man or woman would often sit solitary, longing for, and yet fearing, death.

But "the poor shall not alway be forgotten," and the Bishop of Nyasaland, travelling through his diocese, soon perceived the need of a special school for the blind. The European staff was not large enough at that time to allow of the work being begun at once, but with the advent of Miss Fage from England in 1904 it was found possible to make a beginning.

The first thing to consider was, where the school should be placed. It was necessary that it should be a resident school, as it was to be for the whole diocese. Kota Kota was finally decided upon as being a good centre, and a place where food is generally easily obtained. In 1905 a large native house was built, and a brick store, in which to keep the cloth,* and store the rice, and work-materials. Books had been sent out from England for teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic on the Braille system. A kitchen was built, cooking-pots, and other necessaries bought, and only the people were lacking.

Then began the difficult task of persuading the blind folk that they were really wanted to come and live happily together as friends, not to become slaves to the Europeans. All the blind who could be found in and around Kota Kota were visited. Some were delighted at the idea; others rather feared the restrictions of living with several other people, where they would naturally have to conform to a few simple rules. Some were too old, or already married, others physically unfit.

The *Chauncy Maples* was not behind-hand in carrying on the work begun. At every village visited by the steamer enquiries were diligently made for the blind folk, and, with much persuasion, several were prevailed upon to leave their homes and friends for a time, to visit Kota Kota school. When the school was first opened about sixteen had assembled, chiefly men and boys, with a few girls.

The next question was, how were they to be employed as they were not capable of doing any work?

They were told they would soon find out that they were really not quite so useless as they fancied themselves to be. But as it was then bed-time, work would not be discussed until the next day. The girls were to sleep in the school-girls' dormitory, but the boys in their own house, with their native teacher. There was great

* Used for buying food.

joy when each was given a blanket and a sleeping mat, and told that it would remain his as long as he was in the school. Even the home-sick ones began to feel cheered up,—a place which provided blankets could not be so very bad. A few simple prayers were said, and soon they were all asleep under their blankets.

We will now follow them through their daily routine. The Christians and catechumens sing their morning hymn and say their prayers at 6 a.m. Then they go outside and perform their toilet over some tins of water which are placed ready for them. Perhaps one or two shirk the morning wash, thinking the wind is cold, and that a bath in the stream at mid-day will be quite enough. But public opinion is strong, and the unlucky individual is probably seized by the others and well soused with water.

By the time cloths and kisibaus are donned, the church bell is ringing for matins, so the Christians and catechumens begin to walk towards the church; the blind have to go slowly, for there may be unknown obstacles in the way, which would cause them to fall—and they have already learnt that to be late for church is a serious offence. The heathen stay behind and begin their work.

As soon as the service is over, boys and girls set to work. Some are just beginners, so are given bundles of dried palm leaves to divide and cut into equal lengths, then they are tied into brushes and sewn with a wooden needle, leaving a strip of palm leaf at one end to form the handle. Others are plaiting palm leaves to make the large mats called *jamvi*, which are used in all the churches, schools, and houses. Those more advanced in their work are doing a much finer plait to make sleeping mats, while some are preparing their materials to make string. Fibre is obtained from a plant of which it is the inner bark, but the green bark has to be scraped off first, then the sticks are dried in the sun and soaked in water before the fibre can be obtained; when this is ready, small strands are taken and rolled on the thigh, more strands

being added until the string is the required thickness. Making fine string is not hard work, but rope-making cannot be indulged in for many hours a day, as the friction is rather apt to make the thigh sore. Gideon is quite the best string and rope-maker, some of his rope has been used on the *Charles Janson*. Before Gideon went blind he was for a time cook on the *Chauncy Maples*, and he also lent a helping hand in building part of the Cathedral.

Kajume, a quaint, small boy, also shows an aptitude for string-making. He can see just a very little, and did not like the idea of the blind school; for a long time nothing would persuade him to join it, but probably now it would need a great deal of persuasion to get him to leave. The rest are employed making baskets of various shapes and sizes, beginners are learning to weave the ordinary small basket used as a porridge plate, some are vainly trying to make the top of the basket round, and it will persist in being oval. The more advanced pupils are making the large baskets used for carrying flour and rice.

Whilst work has been going steadily forward, their English teacher has been round to see that blankets are properly folded and the dormitory set in order. She has also examined the work, and seen that each one is fully employed. Then the day's food must be given out from the store. Leah, the cook, brings the baskets, and begins to measure the flour and rice; next comes the question, what are they to eat with it? Perhaps there has been too much wind during the night, and so there is no fresh fish to be had. The order is given for salt at mid-day and beans at night, then Leah remembers there are a few tomatoes left, and somebody suggests ground-nuts. Then comes the work of buying more food from the women who have been waiting patiently with their baskets. One woman has some rice for which she wants two shillings, another flour, and wishes for white cloth in exchange, another brings up a few heads of green Indian corn and asks for a little salt. Perhaps

some have brought sugar cane, in the hope that the *Dona* will be in a good humour and buy some.

Work goes on merrily until 12 o'clock, and then it is all put away, and the meal of rice, with salt and nuts, is served. Each patient has his own special basket plate. Petro, the head boy, says grace, and the rice very quickly disappears, then they are free to play or sleep until half-past one, when the bell rings and they go into school, and are soon busy reading, writing, or struggling with the arithmetic boards. All the books which they use have been supplied by kind friends in England, who have spent long hours over their Braille frames copying an unknown tongue. We cannot be too grateful to those who help our poor blind people in this way.

Presently, the head teacher gives a scripture lesson, and at 4.30 work is over for the day. The second meal is ready about 5.30, and then some call on their friends in the village, others prefer to visit their English teacher in her house, and talk, or better still, get her to lend the cymbals, to which they sing and clap the accompaniment. Friends visit others in the school, and they sit over the fire and tell each other stories until 8.30, when *Dona* comes over to say prayers and see that they all go to bed.

As Christmas time draws near, great is the excitement to know what colour the next cloths and kisibaus are to be.

Perhaps, *Dona* says, there will be no prizes, because her box is empty. But this they entirely refuse to believe; they say, with great confidence, "You are only teasing us, our friends in England would never forget us."

On Christmas Eve there is a busy scene, everyone is busy trying on the new garments, eagerly asking those who are standing by what they think of it, what is its colour, does it suit them? For a blind boy is quite as vain of his personal appearance as one who sees.

After about three years, if a boy perseveres, he will be able to earn his own living, working in his own village, living a quiet, Christian life, and thus influencing for good those around him.

Some may have the gift and become teachers or evangelists, one of our pupils has already been able to assist a little with the village preaching during Lent.

The Blind School is no longer a native building of reeds and mud, but a very substantial edifice of brick, with cement floors, designed and built by Dr. Howard; and everything is arranged on the most modern hygienic principles.

The work-room has a stone seat all round it, and a nice fireplace with seats on either side, a large window and slightly sloping floor to allow the water to drain off quickly when it has been washed out; there are two dormitories, and a small store at one end of the baraza. Outside, in front of the building, there is also a long seat, as the blind much prefer to sit outside and work when there is no rain.

The inmates are no longer looked upon as useless. Two of them have lately been married, and they built their own houses with the proceeds of their work. Four boys and one girl have been confirmed.

There are generally twenty in residence, who are provided for at a cost of £3 each*

Surely this school for the blind bears witness to the heathen world that there is One Who loves and cares for the sick and blind; that in His sight no one is useless, for everyone of His children however weak and helpless has his appointed task to fulfil, and all souls are precious in the eyes of Him Who is the very Light of the world.

M. A. J.

* £40 a year is required to keep this School going.

XV

MPONDA'S.

Introduction.—The town of Mponda's is on the right bank of the river Shiré, and about two miles from the lake. The Mission station is right in the town, with the river in front of it, and is built on a piece of land about two acres in extent.

Fort Johnston is on the right bank, three miles lower down the river.

The river swarms with fish, crocodiles, and hippos, and the banks are edged with coarse grass.

The Mission station was begun by the Rev. J. G. Philipps in 1896.

The principal out-stations are Samama at the entrance to the river, and Chileka in the hilly country, behind Monkey Bay, twenty-five miles away.

Malindi station is only eight miles from Mponda's, the hills behind rise to a height of 1200 to 1500 feet above the lake, to a rolling plateau from three to 4000 feet above the sea, well wooded and well watered, which stretches away to Mangoche on the south, and Mtonya and Unangu to the north.

General Impressions.—Imagine yourself in a flat-bottomed, stern-wheeler, with a saloon and captain's cabin on top deck, and berths on either side below, trundling along up a broad river.

Right and left stretches a great plain, dotted with feathery palms, and green with tall Indian corn and maize, bounded on the right by the great cliff known as Malindi Bluff, and on the left by a long range of blue hills in the distance. The little township of Fort Johnston has been passed on the left, and you who have been journeying from England anything from six to

eight weeks, are at last approaching the first large mission station of the diocese of Nyasaland.

Likwenu.—Some days back you caught sight of a fine house at Likwenu, which stands on a height between Zomba and Liwonde, but the padre who lives there, and works the River Shiré schools, was most likely not visible, as he was probably away at one of his river stations. And so you are now probably on the tip-toe of excitement to see your first Mission station, and greet those who are working there.

The Mission.—The scattered, round, thatched huts, peeping up like mushrooms against the maize, begin to thicken and cluster into a large village, and the captain comes up and points out three tall palm trees, showing up amongst the huts. "There's the Mission," he says, "We will just give them a whistle, to let them know that you are coming." So the whistle blows, and the vessel trundles on round the next bend, and then you come in sight of Mponda's station. Figures in white are seen hurrying down to meet you, and a crowd of natives of all descriptions run down to enjoy the never-failing delight of the *sitima* (steamer).

First let us take a bird's-eye view of the station. On either side of the little pier there is a ring of poles forming a semi-circle from the shore, these are the crocodile fences, where the boys and girls bathe without fear of the dread inhabitants which haunt the Shiré waters.

In the centre, and on the left of the station, two broad avenues of Indian Pride run up from the sandy river shore.

On your left stands a large brick building near the river, where the stores from home are kept, and distributed to the diocese as required. Further up stands a house for two Europeans, looking very cool with its wide verandahs.

As you land, and walk up the centre avenue, you come to a large house on a terrace, which is really three houses in one, the padre's on the left, the *mezani* (dining

room) in the centre, and a spare house on the right. Walking along the path which runs in front of the house, at right angles to the avenue, you see on the right the two houses of the women workers, and on the left the brick church, which has just been built.

There will be many other things to occupy your attention when you have once settled in. The kitchen and stores at the back of the *mezani*, the small dispensary, the men's and women's hospitals, these are all just ordinary native-built houses. Girls' and boys' schools, dormitories, teachers' houses, travellers' houses, the little cemetery, the cattle-shed, and last, but not least in the eyes of some, the football field, a flat space of hard sand.

Round this little domain, on three sides, teems the ordinary, noisy, interesting life of an African village.

Not much more than a quarter of a century ago the chief of this village maintained a stubborn resistance to the British arms, and the old Fort Johnston stood just across the river to keep him under surveillance.

Now there is a small, but, by God's grace, growing, Christian community in the midst of this village, with seven out-stations, ranging from thirteen miles south to twenty-six miles north.

The next day.—Possibly you will not sleep very well. Strange sounds of the night greet your unaccustomed ear. There may be a dance in progress hard by in the village, with the dull throb-throb, of the drums, and the weird choruses of the dancers. The howls of some drunken orgy may disturb you, or you may be startled by a sudden outburst of strange, uncanny wailing, set up by the women at the moment of a death. Or the night watchman may persist in coughing and sneezing just outside your window. Night watchmen *always* have colds in Africa. Even owls, or rats in the roof, or crickets in the walls, may combine to rob you of your well-earned repose. But if you are fortunate you will land on a quiet night, and your sleep will be only broken by the Angelus at 5.45.*

* Rung in memory of our Lord's Incarnation.

In a few minutes the station is all astir. Chattering boys come to their various duties, such as sweeping, washing up, lighting the kitchen fire, and making the early morning cup of tea, while the house-boys come into their masters' rooms to put up the mosquito-net, make the bed, and generally tidy up.

At 6 o'clock the busy layman is seen hurrying across the station to ring the workman's gong, call the names, and set the men to work. If it is house-building time there will be materials to fetch. Perhaps the men will be sent across the river and away ten miles into the hills to cut bamboos or trees; or out into the country to cut grass or reeds. If the house is already building they must be shown their task for the day. Perhaps the reed fence wants mending, it always does, owing to the ravages of white ants, or the depredations of small boys and others who find reeds very good fuel for their little cooking-fires. Or the rainy season may be on, and the men must be set to work hoeing, to keep down the endless tangle of rank grass and weeds which spring up all over the station.

Perhaps a messenger has to be sent to Fort Johnston with home-going mails, or to await an expected, often vainly expected, mail from home. Or there are mails or stores to be sent to Malindi, or Mtonya or Unangu. Plenty of things to remember, and plenty of details to think of, has the Mission layman.

Meanwhile the church bell summons the boys and girls from their morning wash at the river, to matins at 6.30, followed by the Eucharist in English. Then breakfast, during which the school-boys are heard wending their way from the village.

Schools in the morning, visiting out-schools on a bicycle, mid-day prayers, lunch, classes, afternoon school for monitors, boys' work, evensong, and so the day flies by.

An hour with the boys in their play-house, games or football under the glorious African moon, 8.30 prayers—and the boys are off to bed in the dormitories, each on his own mat, with his own blanket; compline, then a

little quiet, for work or reading and writing, and so closes another day.

The routine of a Mission station is much the same everywhere, and is more or less monotonous, though people at home always imagine that it is full of romance.

The Village and its Life—Situated as we are in the midst of an African village, the ways of the people are fairly well known to us. First as to its appearance. Put out of your minds all notions of streets and roads and pavements, and neat rows of houses, and imagine that a shake has been given to a gigantic pepper-pot full of native houses, round and square and oblong, big and little, and some idea of a native village may be formed. The houses are just dotted about anywhere, and often dangerously close together, for it is no uncommon thing for a chance spark fanned by the wind to set a large portion of a village on fire. The natives build their houses of poles crossed with bamboos and filled in with reeds, mud the walls inside and out, and make a mud floor and mud verandah with a conical thatched roof. Some of these houses are very good, some very bad. If a man's house falls down he leaves it to form a refuse heap, which it does with incredible rapidity, as well as with great offence to European nostrils, and he builds another close by.

In the building season the whole face of the village changes, and people make little grass fences round their houses at their own sweet will, and with a supreme disregard for all laws of right of way. Some of the houses built by natives who have come in touch with Europeans are quite respectable, even having a bedroom with a bed, and sometimes a mosquito-net! But the ordinary village house is a single round room, with the pole supporting the roof in the centre. A small low doorway, shut with a reed door at night, lets in the only light. A fire is always burning in a little hole hollowed out in the floor. There are a few sleeping mats, a great many earthenware cooking and water pots, some large round baskets, and small and large shallow baskets,

chickens, perhaps a goat or two, and almost always several enchanting brown babies.

Meals.—Meals are taken as a rule twice a day, at mid-day and in the evening. Their food consists almost entirely of native flour made into a kind of doughy porridge, seasoned with a little fish, or bean or other vegetable. The men and women always feed separately.

They eat in groups, sharing a common bowl, and taking the food out in handfuls. The object of eating to an African is to fill himself, and it is not considered vulgar, but rather complimentary, if a small boy, after eating, pats his distended anatomy and murmurs with a sigh of repletion, "*Jikwite!*" (I am full.)

Occupations.—The men occupy themselves building the frame-work of their houses, leaving the women to do the mudding; the men also make the round basket-like grain stores, fish, and mend and make their nets. Some of them make baskets and mats, and many do casual labour for the various Europeans at the current wage of three shillings a month.

Characteristics.—They are great talkers, and will often spend hours arguing over the most trivial matters, and they are master-hands at the art of lazing, though they can work willingly enough and well enough when they like.

Women's work.—The women's duties are many and varied. There is water to be fetched, carried with wonderful balance on their heads. Babies to wash and feed and mind. Fields to be hoed. Crops to be sown, weeded and gathered in their various seasons. Corn to be pounded, and food prepared and cooked for the lord and master. Then there is firewood to be cut out in the bush and carried in, always of course on their heads. But the labours of the day are enlivened by opportunities of conversation and gossip under the trees as they pound and sift their corn, or outside their houses as they sit threading beads when the labours of the day are over.

Sometimes a death affords a break, for then all the women gather round the house of death and utter the

MAKING MATS.

MEAL TIME. [*To face p.* 96

most dismal and uncanny cries, and this goes on from the moment the breath leaves the body for at least an hour, and sometimes for a whole day.

Amusement.—Their delight and chief recreation is dancing, usually accompanied by drums. The women clap their hands in wonderful rhythm, and in time to the drums and the songs which they sing. Many of these dances are bad, and they are forbidden to women and girls connected with the Mission, but old customs die hard, and many a Mission worker wishes that the Africans were not quite so fond of dancing.

Beer drinking.—Native beer plays a large part in the lives of heathen natives, and is a great temptation to almost all Africans, Christians not excepted. Some of the beer-drinkings are of a ceremonial nature, such as the *Malilo* (mourning); some are for the mere pleasure of drinking, and bring drunkenness and quarrelling and immorality in their train.

But despite black shadows, the African is a happy sunny person, full of animal spirits. He has a philosophic disregard for the morrow, which saves a lot of worry. Food is plentiful for the mere trouble of preparing, sowing and weeding a plot; and as long as there is plenty of that to fill him, and a hot sun to warm him, he appears to be perfectly content.

Schools.—Schools are very disappointing in their results in this district, chiefly because the boys for the most part hate school, and never put their hearts into learning. There are exceptions of course, and there are boys who are both persevering and clever, but a large proportion of them are neither, and as they grow up they often become exceedingly dull. They like reading and Scripture, and at repetition they are very good for their memories are excellent, and as for powers of observation nothing escapes their notice.

Their weak point is arithmetic. It is amusing to see some small boy puzzling out an addition sum, first stuffing his fingers one by one into his mouth, then nodding solemnly at his toes, and, if need be, carrying on

the process on his neighbours' toes on either side, as the boys sit in a row on the floor. On a central station the school is more or less like a school. There is a blackboard and a map or two on the reed wall, and some forms and desks, and a mat for the junior classes, but at an out-station the furniture often consists of little more than a blackboard, an A B C board, and perhaps a sheet of syllables.

Out-schools.—If you really want to hear a noise the out-station school is the place for it. The building is probably very dark, lighted only by the door and a small window. The noise as you approach suggests a riot much more than a school.

However, you muster up courage and step inside. At a word from the teacher there is a disentanglement of limbs, and little black shadows spring up on all sides and stand at the salute, with a resounding "Good morning, sir!" Then they settle down again, and you look about you. Here, in this corner, sitting down on the mud floor, eagerly swaying their little bodies in time to the chant, is a group shouting *Ar*, *Bey*, *Che*, the good old alphabet Africanized. Here is another class with equal vigour shouting single syallables, another class double syllables, another reading, necessarily loudly, in order to gain their fair share of attention; while, through it all, the teacher may be giving dictation, or teaching arithmetic to yet another class. But despite the general babel, each class seems to be able to devote its whole attention to its own particular share of the noise, and so the work goes gaily on.

The Teachers.—It is difficult to write fairly of the teachers. On a day when storms are in the air one would paint them with the shadows unduly exaggerated; on days of calm one might be tempted to leave out some of the shade, which should rightly be put in to complete the picture. One of the chief difficulties is the want of mutual understanding. The workings of a white man's mind is a mystery to the native, and in the same way there are very few Europeans who really get

to the bottom of the black man's mind. Teachers, at out-stations especially, are of necessity left very much to themselves. Some of those who are really keen will do splendid work, others, who are lazy, will be content to do nothing, or worse than nothing, though they are always full of plausible excuses when called to task.

Their standard of learning is not very high. Arithmetic up to fractions, reading and writing, a little very hazy geography, and a smattering of English, is about the average teacher's mark, though some of the cleverer ones know Swahili as well as Chinyanja and Yao, and have a very fair knowledge of English. They seem to fail most in the power to impart knowledge and keep order without undue severity. A fondness for the cane will very quickly empty a really promising school; which is not surprising, as down south, at any rate, there is nothing whatever to compel boys to come to school at all, much less to come to be beaten!

As a rule the teachers' knowledge of Scripture is good, but their methods of teaching it are often very lacking. In their classes and preachings this is especially noticeable, and their desire to repeat the very oft told tale of Adam and Eve requires restraining. They are too fond of delivering a long harangue, which is often very eloquent, but to which none of their listeners pay the smallest attention. Sometimes teachers will spend much time teaching things which are perfectly useless. I remember finding one teacher hard at it one day trying to make a very small African boy say 'Artaxerxes' correctly. He couldn't get any nearer than Artacatcates, but, as I explained to the teacher, that was near enough, as long as he knew what this person with the difficult name *did*. Another was discovered wasting a whole Scripture lesson teaching the boys the names of the six men who stood on the right, and the seven on the left of Ezra, when he read the Law!

However, despite the troubles which one has with teachers, and they are not a few, we must remember that they have many temptations and difficulties to

contend with. They are often far from their homes, sometimes the only Christians, and frequently the only men earning a wage at all in the village, teaching new things, strange and difficult to understand. They are often exposed to considerable opposition, especially in Mohammedan districts. So that all honour is due to those, and they are many, who lead honest, Christian lives, and carry on faithful work according to their abilities.

The Boys.—If you want to know what the boys are like, you must take an English boy and put a piece of white calico round his waist, hanging down to his knees, just as you would a towel after bathing, tucking it in at the sides. This is generally all of an African boy's clothing, and for the rest, they have nice glossy-brown skins and short hair, curled tight all over their heads. Sometimes they shave little narrow partings, or grow a coxcomb on the top like a poodle's tuft, some grow it on grass, and have a few wisps sticking out in front. All the boys have lovely teeth, for they never eat meat or sweets, or any unwholesome things like that, to spoil them.

They are all different and most interesting; some are sulky, some merry, some noisy, some quiet—all troublesome at times—so we know they are boys all right.

Their food is very simple, only two meals a day, about ten in the morning and five in the evening, mostly porridge, but sometimes rice. They love playing at football, and of course they do it bare-footed. They come to my verandah in the evening and look at pictures and other things. If I give them a big newspaper, they make it into an apron, cap, or sandals for their feet—in fact, they play all sorts of pranks. Many of them make musical instruments, manufactured out of a gourd, a piece of wood, and a few strings of dried grass, and they strum on this very contentedly. But above all, they like to hear my clock strike: they count every stroke, and then murmur, "*Okwe!*"*

* *Okwe* is an exclamation of surprise.

MPONDA'S BOYS.

MPONDA'S VILLAGE. [*To face p.* 100

English.—The boys' commendable attempts at writing English are sometimes very amusing. But they pride themselves very much on this accomplishment, and no doubt any missionary could quote you the same sort of letters and sayings by the hour. One teacher wrote me a letter on a slate: "Look here, my father, I am much vex with these boys, they do not know their tables at all." Another wrote: "Dear father, please *owe* me 6*d.*, I want to buy some relish." Another, replying to a letter of rebuke, coined the delightful phrase, "Let your hurted soul be pacified." Another, finishing up a letter which he was writing for his sweetheart to her friend in England, put in his own greeting thus: "My *engagement* sends salaams." Another wound up his letter: "Your *lovely* son, Julius." One day I was surprised to see in a register, against the name of one woman, the strange remark, "She a monkey." On enquiring the reason of this transmigration, I was told that she was away scaring monkeys out of her fields!

One of our Christian boys bought a dog for the large sum, to an African, of ten shillings. Some time after this dog appeared with a brick tied to its tail. On being remonstrated with for his cruelty he answered: "Is it reasonable that a dog for which I paid ten shillings should have a curly tail instead of a straight one?" Even this remedy failed, and the ungrateful tail curled to the day of its owner's death. Cooks are most amusing at times. There was one who made the cocoa with knife powder, and was surprised that it did not give satisfaction! There was another, who having forgotten to put the eggs in a pudding, just cut them up and strewed them on the top. Another on a journey served up for breakfast a whole dish of tinned *beetroot,* of all things! There are the table boys who hand round pickled walnuts with the pudding, and are quite hurt if everybody declines the delicious mixture.

But with all this, Africans have a keen sense of humour, and though they do not much like being

laughed at (who does?) they relish a joke, and a timely one, or a little gentle sarcasm, will often send the scowls flying and bring back the jolly, gleaming smile which is the great charm of their faces.

Father Christmas.—One of the funniest events on this station was the strange reception of Father Christmas. It was his first appearance, and he was got up quite properly as an old, old, bent man, with a red cloak and hood and a great long tow beard. In this guise he was conducted across the yard after dark by the layman to the round native-built playhouse, where the boys were awaiting him in great excitement.

Some of them were peering out into the darkness and saw him coming. Instantly there was a sound of great commotion in the house, and when the old man got inside there was not a boy to be seen, but under the table lay a huddled screaming mass, and all up the round conical roof were yelling, terrified boys, clinging like monkeys.

Poor old Father Christmas! They thought he was a wild beast! However, when he produced a bag full of bright-coloured handkerchiefs they soon lost their terror, and he took foremost rank in their hearts, as he should in the hearts of all laughter-loving people.

Medical Work.—It was not until January 1907 that this branch of work was definitely organized here, the reason being that no women workers resided at Mponda's up to that date.

A nice little bungalow of brick thatched with grass was built for the nurse, and it has the reputation of being quite "European" in its interior; the walls are nicely plastered and colour washed, the sitting-room has a fireplace, not often used, but giving an air of homeliness, and though nearly all the furniture was made on the spot it is none the less useful, not to say ornamental. There are two large windows with seats. Adjoining this room is the bedroom, also an airy room, with a very useful little lumber-room leading off it. The dispensary is also a brick building a little way behind the nurse's

house: it was adapted for the purpose, and at first could only boast inverted packing cases as furniture, and upon these were displayed the small stock of medicines. In the course of a few days a table was found and some small shelves, and soon a really handsome cupboard with shelves for bottles above was designed by Brother Sargent and made in the carpenter's shop under his supervision. When Dr. Howard arrived from furlough in March 1909, he wrote a complete order for all necessary drugs and appliances, and Mponda's Dispensary felt itself established.

Day by day patients came for treatment from the surrounding villages, the usual way of describing the ailment being that of practical demonstration, of locality or sensation, or of tying a piece of grass round the suffering member; when given anything to drink, the first question the patient asks is whether it is "*liwawa*" (bitter), as they much prefer sweet medicines, which is not surprising.

One little boy to whom the nurse gave a pill tossed it in the air and caught it in his mouth like a juggler, hoping, I suppose, that it would drop down his throat.

A record of daily attendances shows a yearly average of 5000, and in addition there are a few cases from outside villages.

In 1909 Bishop Trower sanctioned the building of native hospitals, and they were dedicated by him in October of that year; up to the present they have fully justified their existence, and are very dear to the heart of the nurse. They are partly self-supporting, and partly paid for by the Mat fund, as is the case with all the hospitals in this diocese.

Every patient brings an offering of food or money, and all who are able, help in the work of preparing and cooking food; for instance, they make flour from Indian corn and millet and rice, and are besides most useful in doing odd jobs of hoeing, sweeping, or watering. As a rule they are cheerful, and always ready to enjoy a joke at each other's expense; they quite appreciate

a little teasing, and the same old joke is always fresh.

It is not easy to be very systematic in their religious teaching owing to the diversity of language; some are Yaos and others Nyasas, and there is nearly always a mixture of Christians, catechumens, hearers, and heathen, not to mention Mohammedans.

Morning and evening prayers are said in both hospitals, and the dispensary opens daily with a short prayer and instruction, generally with the help of a picture.

Two boys are under training as dispensary assistants and are really becoming very useful, especially one who began work under Mrs. Howard. Both are learning the mysteries of the thermometer, and can be trusted to go to the villages to take a temperature, report on symptoms and also to apply simple dressings. This is no small relief to the nurse, who, as she has to give her attention to other things besides the medical work, finds it difficult to leave the station.

Housekeeping, dairy, and a proportion of laundry work are items in the nurse's programme, and much depends on whether her retinue of native helpers is good, bad, or indifferent. Of course there are lapses among them, but for the most part the boys are *good*, and far more clever and careful than the average English boy of the same size. The household staff numbers seven—cook, kitchen boy, two table boys, two pantry boys, and last, but by no means least, the dairy boy, whose more than cheery voice is heard morning, noon, and night, for he never seems to be far away from the milk pans and butter churn in which he takes so much pride; and during the cool season many pounds of delicious butter find their way to other less favoured stations, or to the mission steamers, where perhaps it is appreciated most of all.

C. W. K. & E. G. P.

XVI

AMONG THE GIRLS AT MPONDA'S.

Women began work at Mponda's in 1905. At first it was very slow and up-hill work, the old women seemed almost incapable of learning, and no girls came to be taught. For though the people were quite friendly and pleasant, they had no wish for their girls to become Christians and give up their heathen customs.

However, a girl's school was started and regular visits paid to the out-stations, and in spite of determined opposition the school has grown. It must be remembered that each individual girl has to be won with the utmost patience and tact, and it is no easy task to keep them even when they have started to come, while to induce them to attend regularly is a more difficult business still.

The Girls' school stands in an enclosure. It is built of poles, mud, and reeds, and is light and airy, a good deal too airy in the cold months, May to August, so most of our work during that time is done outside. There is a large tree conveniently near, and as the girls don't like the shade, and I can't sit in the sun, we compromise by spreading mats just at the edge of the sunlight; at the end of each lesson we move in pursuit of the shade.

We have a table and desk and some forms, but though the girls like the dignity of sitting on a form, they find the floor much more comfortable. It is made of hard, dry mud, and should be nice and smooth, but there are numerous holes in it where slate pencils are sharpened in secret, instead of on the bricks provided for that purpose.

There are very few months in the year when there is not some work in the fields to be done, so that even the

girls who are really keen to get on with their reading are not as regular as one would like. Field-work is also a great hindrance to getting any women to teach in the school.

We have no certificated women teachers as they have at Likoma and Kota Kota, so we have to pick out the one or two who can most nearly read, and for some months in the year even they fail us.

Though our numbers are small the children are in many different stages of progress, and single-handed it is not easy to do them justice all round. We begin school punctually at 8.15, with a hymn and prayers and the Commandments, followed by a Scripture lesson. Besides this lesson, Christians, catechumens and hearers have special classes during the week.

We are not ambitious, but our great aim is at present, to get out of Standard II. According to the Diocesan syllabus, the work of Standard II. is as follows:—

Reading: *Æsop's Fables*, with meaning. Writing: transcribe from blackboard or from book. Punctuation, capitals, double lines. Arithmetic: first four rules (short division only), multiplication and division, 1—6 and 10. Numeration and notation to 1000, with easy problems. Singing: sol-fa rounds, three hymns from memory. Geography: plan of school and neighbourhood. Scripture: learn one Psalm, one hymn, and five verses of Scripture each quarter. (Other Scripture lessons come on a different syllabus.)

We can do all these things, but none of them very well, and arithmetic is certainly very poor. Finding hymns in church is the time when a knowledge of numbers comes into practical use, and if the hymn is long enough we can always manage to find it before the end!

The next class consists of girls about 14 years old, who, in spite of the most careful explanations, and much showing of toes, still think it is merely a fad of mine to object to 12 and 21 being written exactly the same.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL, MPONDA'S.

THE BOYS' SCHOOL, MPONDA'S. [*To face p.* 106

Three of these girls were lately made catechumens,* and now go to church with the rest. They often tell me how dull it is to stand silent, with arms folded, while every one else is singing hymns, and they always think it is my fault for not teaching them, sublimely indifferent to my daily struggles to keep their attention on their books for two minutes together. While one is reading a word the rest invariably lose the place, and are sometimes entirely occupied in finding it. They have also a curious way of thinking that the word you mean them to read is the one hidden exactly under your finger.

The children in the A B C class are extremely varied in size and age. There are the big girls, who come to school at long intervals and are still doing the alphabet, and there are real babies of both sexes from about three years old and upwards. Their work is not arduous, and they spend a good deal of time playing with bricks. Sometimes a little party will arrive together from the same part of the village; they come for perhaps three days and then rest for three weeks. They like to do everything together. If you tell one to get a slate, they all go, and, considering their size, they manage to make a considerable noise about it. When slate pencils are given out there is always a struggle for the longest and best, and a great clustering and chattering round the brick to whet them up. Every stroke they write they appeal to the teacher to approve. It may be a really beautiful pot-hook, but more probably it is something resembling a flash of lightning in one corner of the slate.

School is over at 11 o'clock, and then all the girls go off to the village for their food and work—pounding, grinding, sifting, etc., for girls in Africa have to learn very early to take their full share in the daily round of village life.

M. B. W.-W.

* Written July, 1910.

XVII

THE NEED OF MEDICAL WORK IN A HEATHEN COUNTRY.

I suppose that one of the things that strikes one most in a heathen country like Nyasaland, is the callous indifference shown by the inhabitants towards the sick and suffering *who are not their own relations.* A man will do all that is possible for any member of his family that is sick, but it never occurs to him to help in any way when the sufferer is not akin to him.

One of the first patients I ever had at Kota Kota was a woman who had fallen into the fire and burnt her knees and elbows very badly. Her husband had gone away on a journey the next day, and before leaving had put her outside on the verandah, and taken the precaution of fixing up the door so that she could not enter the house. He doubtless thought she would be dead before he came back—she was a slave wife.

When I found her she had been lying there for five days, just keeping herself alive by gnawing a little raw cassava that happened to be handy, and drinking stale water drawn a day before the accident, which was fortunately in her reach. She was lying in sight of at least half a dozen other huts, but not one of the women who lived in them had lifted a finger to help her, though her groans were perfectly audible to them as they went about their work. That is the way heathenism treats the sick.

When we consider that Christianity is the only religion that teaches the love and care of our neighbour as a religious duty, we see at once what a practical witness to Christianity medical mission work supplies.

The heathen life, although it may outwardly appear happy and contented, is in reality one of secret dread and despair. A heathen believes in witchcraft of the most subtle kind, and is continually striving to find something to help him to fight against it. The heathen living round Lake Nyasa believe that all illness is caused by witchcraft; in fact, that every untoward circumstance in their lives is brought about by some evil agency.

Even a man-eating lion or leopard is supposed to be the tool of an enemy, who by witchcraft has been able to inspire the beast with a desire to kill the victim. If a man is bathing and a crocodile seizes him, it is because an enemy sent the crocodile there by witchcraft at the appointed time. If a man or woman is suspected of witchcraft, such as having caused some disaster in the village, or brought about the death of a child, an appeal is made to a witch doctor, who consults the oracle and pronounces a vague judgment, such as, "Look near by for your enemy"— or, "Perhaps he is in the next village."

One such case came under our notice. A child died of typhoid fever after being seen twice by the Mission doctor, who had no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The mother refused to believe this, but accused her own uncle of having bewitched the boy and caused his death. She went secretly to a witch doctor about twenty miles away, who confirmed her suspicions, and very shortly afterwards the uncle was found dead with a rope round his neck. The woman said he had hanged himself. It is quite probable that she killed him, or at any rate drove him to commit suicide.

Many people die just because they think they are bewitched. They get some slight ailment, such as indigestion, and they try counter-charms, and when these have no effect they think the witchcraft is too strong for them, and give up hope, refuse food, and die.

Charms are bits of stick, or shells, or carved bones, etc., and are bought from a medicine man, sometimes at a great price, and generally worn over the part where the pain is. It would be amusing, if it were not so

pathetic, to see the absolute confidence they have in the efficacy of these things, in spite of the many times they are disappointed.

Early Beginning.—It may perhaps be thought that under these circumstances any doctor or nurse coming out to Nyasaland and settling for the first time in a native village would be welcomed, and soon have plenty of patients. But that was far from being the case.

In 1899, when a nurse was first stationed at Kota Kota, a large town with an enormous number of sick people in it, it was many months before anyone, not already an adherent of the Mission, would come for treatment. The people were suspicious. It was incomprehensible to them that anyone not of their race or language or even colour should wish to help the sick, and they frankly did not believe it.

As time went on they grew less suspicious, and began to come with small sores and minor ailments, but no serious cases ventured near.

The first Mohammedan patient would not come inside the modest little dispensary, but stood some distance off, and explained his illness through the mouth of his slaves, and they received the medicine and conveyed it to their master, having first tasted it to be sure that it was not poison.

But suspicion gradually wears off when nothing occurs to confirm it, and gradually our dispensaries become well known and exceedingly well attended. Of course the patients are undisciplined, but one has to put up with that. It is not unusual after you have carefully washed, dressed, and bandaged a bad wound, to see your patient halfway down the path carefully undoing it and scratching about in the wound with a dirty bit of stick. Many people come to be dressed, and on the next day you find that for some reason they have reversed the order of dressing and put the wool next the wound and the ointment outside.

Babies, delicious little brown satin creatures, are not ideal patients. An African mother wears her baby on

her back, and can thus control its movements somewhat. But when once she gets it into her arms it seems to have twice the number of limbs that an English baby has, and its head appears to be fixed on a pivot and able to turn completely round. If you want to dose an African baby you must take it in your own arms and not trust to the mother. Her idea is, that all the medicine that does not go inside will be just as efficacious outside, and, after she has given it a dose of castor oil you will be struck by the extreme glossiness of its skin, and then find that what ran out of the spoon has been used for external application.

When the attendance at the dispensaries becomes fairly numerous, and confidence seems established, we feel justified in opening a hospital. This must be something quite native and simple; an elaborate stone and brick building at this stage would remain permanently empty. So we begin with an ordinary wattle and daub hut, perhaps a little larger and better built than those in the village, and whitewashed inside. We don't put in any windows because the patients would be afraid that witches would come in at night and carry them off, not to speak of wild beasts who might come and devour them. We obtain ventilation by raising the roof a foot above the walls, and thus leaving an open space. Then the patient can't see out, and presumably the witches can't see in.

Even anything so simple as this causes suspicion in the native mind at first, but by degrees patients do come, and when once the hospital gets known, and what were considered hopeless cases go home cured, there is no longer any lack of applicants for admission. When this native building shows signs of succumbing to the depredations of the white ants, the time has generally come when we may venture to build a permanent hospital of brick or stone, knowing that the people trust us, and won't be afraid to come in. There are now permanent hospitals at Likoma, Kota Kota, and Malindi, good, strong buildings, with glass windows which don't open,

and the ventilation provided between the top of the walls and the roof. The floors are cemented so that they can be kept quite clean, and the patients sleep for the most part on mats on the floor. In the women's wards we have no bedsteads, because almost every woman brings a baby (she borrows one if she hasn't one of her own), and a baby would certainly fall off a bedstead, and might get hurt, so the floor is safer, and just as comfortable.

In the men's ward there are a dozen or so bedsteads intended for operation patients, but as there are sometimes forty men in hospital at a time, it follows that most of them have to be accommodated on mats on the ground, which they like just as well. We have nice large fire places with real old fashioned chimney corners, with seats on either side. Natives love to sit over the fire in the evenings, no matter what the temperature is, and it is amusing to note the reluctance with which they leave the cosy corners when prayer time comes, and the alacrity with which they rise from their knees when the last 'Amen' has been said, and run back to secure the warmest place.

Hospital Life.—Of course our ideal is, that the mission hospitals shall be striking and practical examples of Christian teaching. We have very few rules, but they have to be kept. Each patient is expected to help his fellows as soon as he is well enough to do so; also to assist in the work of the ward so far as his strength allows. There must be no quarrelling; all matters of dispute must be referred to the nurse; there must be silence after 9 p.m.

The first rule is perhaps the hardest to enforce. As we said before, it is quite contrary to all heathen ideas that a man should do anything for anyone who is not his own relative; more especially anything at all unpleasant, and at first they flatly refuse. Then we take them aside, and point out that on admission they themselves needed attention and help, and who gave it them? who waited on them and nursed them? etc. etc., and soon they smile and say, "I was wrong, I will do it,"

and the battle is gained. By degrees it becomes the tradition of the hospital, and this very fact makes a deep impression on new patients, because it is so unprecedented in their experience.

Imagine what it means to women coming by the steamer from the north end of the lake, wild, shy, very scantily dressed folk, many of whom have never seen a white woman before, to be landed in a place like Likoma after a journey of perhaps 80 or 100 miles, having been sea-sick most of the way. They are ill, or they have brought a sick child, and as they toil up the stony road to the hospital they must be tempted to wonder why they ever left home to come to this strange, unknown place, where they can't even understand what the people say.

And then to their amazement, when at last they reach the "house for sick people," they find a nice, smiling old lady, of their own colour at any rate, though perhaps not of their own tribe, ready to welcome them, show them where to sleep, provide them with food, and prove herself a charming hostess. And within a few days we find these new patients, with the first glimmering of *esprit de corps*, calling themselves "We of the hospital."

Of course while they are with us we take every opportunity of teaching them the elements of Christianity. They learn the Commandments, and a short prayer suitable for heathen. Christian or catechumen patients, if well enough, go to their several classes and have their own special instructions. Boys and girls go to school as soon as health permits, and often a child who begins school as a hospital patient, when he goes back to his village, still goes on coming to school. Just so, many of the heathen men and women who come into hospital and there "hear," on their return home look upon themselves as adherents of the Mission, and go to preachings at the Mission nearest to their village.

But I like to think that it is not the teaching that we Europeans give them that they find attractive, but the

Christlike qualities which they perceive in their fellow-patients, and which appeal to them as a practical test of Christianity.

Confidence in the hospitals increases as years go on. Patients who were not expected by their relatives to recover go home cured, and persuade others to come in. We had over 600 in-patients in 1908. That does not only mean that 600 cases were treated in the hospitals, and that most of them went home cured; it means, we trust, also that there are scattered around the shores of Lake Nyasa some 400 people who are more friendly to the Mission than they were before, and even if they are not definitely for us, are not likely to be against us.

Patients.—The patients who come to us suffer from a large variety of diseases, the most common being ulcers. Many of these heal quite satisfactorily under treatment, though they may take months about it. Then of course we get all sorts of tropical diseases, pneumonia, and a good many cataract cases. There are very few accident cases, as we have no traffic or machinery, but we get a good many patients who have been mauled by wild beasts.

The reason why ulcer cases are so numerous is that the people have no dressings to apply. A woman, working in her field, runs a piece of stick into her leg and makes a small wound. She tears a piece off the end of her garment, which generally consists of a piece of calico about two yards square, and staunches the bleeding. But what is she to do next day? Her garment will only make a very limited number of bandages, and where would she get another? So she applies a leaf to the wound, and that keeps the flies off but does not help it to heal. And generally it gets worse and worse, until sometimes it causes lameness, or the bone becomes diseased, and a great deal of pain and suffering follows, which might all have been prevented by the use of a little simple dressing at the beginning.

We have dozens of such patients in hospital; some get well quickly and some take months to heal, but it

PATIENTS AT WORK.

LIKOMA HOSPITAL. [*To face p.* 114

is delightful the way their spirits revive when they see the improvement that comes with proper dressing, and to watch them growing daily stronger, fatter, and more smiling, the result of two good meals a day.

These meals consist of porridge, with a small quantity of beans or fish. Meals are supposed to be served at noon and again at 6 p.m., but it often happens that for some inscrutable reason the midday meal is delayed till 2 p.m., and then, since it is a pity to wash up things unnecessarily, the cooks start again at once and serve the evening meal at 5 p.m., but nobody seems to mind in the least.

There is a good deal of blindness among the people caused by small-pox, and we have had an increasing number of cases of senile cataract. We generally find that these people are chiefs, or at any rate people of importance in the village; I suppose lesser folk becoming blind, and therefore useless, are neglected and die. One old chief, called Tongoli, came in with cataract in both eyes. He was a big man with rather long white hair, and a reddish skin, and his wife who accompanied him was very like him. She was devoted to him and led him about most carefully. I never heard anything to equal the description he gave of his blindness. The amazing sounds he uttered to explain his feelings were all faithfully re-echoed by the old lady, and resembled nothing so much as the snortings and tootings of a motor-car. He was a splendid patient, and after the first eye was operated on, and he could see to go about alone, his delight knew no bounds, and after the second eye operation he took a new name, which means, "My life is preserved," and went home rejoicing, saying he should send his next-door neighbour to be treated, which he did.

The wild beasts which do the most damage are lions, leopards, hyænas, crocodiles and hippopotami. In the last year or two we have had a number of people injured by leopards, and we generally find most of the wounds about the head and body. A leopard seems

to spring for the throat. One man came to us whose arm had been bitten completely off by a hippo. His friends had put on a tourniquet to stop the bleeding, and he walked thirty miles to the Mission, taking three days over the journey. Though apparently Mr. Hippo had not lately cleaned his teeth, he had done his amputation very cleverly. In spite of acute inflammation the wound healed up after a time, and to look at the stump you might have thought it was the work of a clever surgeon!

R. & K. H.

XVIII

A NURSE'S VARIED DUTIES

In the Nyasaland diocese a nurse's work is exceedingly varied, especially at the smaller Mission stations where there is very often no layman.

First there is the care of the sick, European and native, no small matter, seeing that the nurse is single-handed. The housekeeping also naturally falls to her lot, as the health of the staff depends considerably upon good food and regular meals.

At all the stations, except Likoma, she has to do the marketing, which means a considerable number of journeys to the store in the course of the day. In old days everything was paid for in kind, salt, soap, beads or calico being the currency; most things now are bought with money. Natives have so little idea about time, that if you make a hard and fast rule only to buy at certain hours, you will have to run the risk of getting no eggs, fish, or vegetables without breaking your rule, for you may be sure that the articles you most need will arrive for sale when you have left the store.

We have certain stores out from England, flour, sugar, tea, jam, etc., etc., and each housekeeper sends a monthly order to the storekeeper at Mponda's, and he supplies her wants as far as he is able. But his stock depends of course on the arrival of his supply from England, and as very often traffic on the river is disorganised either by floods or drought, it often happens that he is unable to send what has been asked for.

Then also the date of the arrival of the Mission steamer which brings the stores is always doubtful, and rather apt to be delayed, so that the housekeeper's job is not an enviable one.

The natives make excellent cakes, but they are not always reliable cooks, and they are apt to be extravagant if not very carefully looked after. They make good bread as a rule, and this is no easy matter, as we have to prepare our own yeast from compressed hops. If a bad batch of bread appears and you send for the cook and ask what this means, he will as likely as not reply, "Was not the yeast bad?" "Why, then, did you use it?" and he at once retorts, "Did you not say I was to make bread to-day, and would it not take two days to make more yeast?" He seems unable to grasp the fact that no one can eat bad bread, and that therefore the flour and trouble are wasted, and flour is very expensive, as we have to pay so much for freight. For meat, we are dependent almost entirely on chickens, which cost the large sum of twopence each!

An African fowl is remarkable for length of leg and absence of breast, and one's feelings towards it at the end of ten years are not very kindly.

We have chickens cooked in every conceivable kind of way, but they all seem to taste just about the same, and one eats because one must and not because one would.

The garden generally falls to the nurse to look after, seeing that she is the person most interested in the production of fruit and vegetables. The dairy is also her department, and this means, at a station which boasts a separator, that she has to work it herself, as no native can be trusted to keep it properly clean and in order.

Since typhoid fever has shown itself in Nyasaland all milk and cream have to be boiled, and this also the nurse has to do generally herself.

In the absence of a layman, it sometimes falls to the lot of the nurse to look after the work-people on the station, and to pay their wages. This does not happen so frequently now as it did in former years, as laymen are more plentiful than they were.

I remember one summer when schools and dormitories were being built at the different out-stations round

Kota Kota that I had to spend most Saturday afternoons paying out fathoms of calico to the work-people, unless they preferred soap, hoes, or garments. At another time, when building was going on, and bricks were being made, the man in charge fell ill and was obliged to be sent away for a change. In addition to nursing him and looking after my ordinary somewhat multifarious duties, I had to look after the brick-makers, which meant calling over the names of about two hundred men, women and children, and paying surprise visits to the brick kiln to stamp on badly-made or spoiled bricks, and also to watch over the masons who were building a stone house, see that the corners were square, mark out the places for the windows and doors, see the frames put in level, and, when the right level was reached, lay down the layers of zinc put in to keep the white ants out of the walls, and also to solder the pieces together myself as no one else was able to do it.

The nurse is sometimes called upon to take classes in the school should the school-mistress be ill, and on one occasion I had to run the Girls' School at Kota Kota for six months, as the school-mistress was far from well, and was not fit to do more than the Boys' School. It is only fair to add that another nurse shared the medical work with me during that time.

Very often the nurse is also sacristan, a post which we all of us prize, although it entails a good deal of work, such as mending, making and washing the altar linen, or other vestments.

I have not said anything about teaching the patients, but of course that is included in the care of the sick. The hospitals are intended to convert the heathen to Christianity every bit as much as the schools are, and the nurses always have this in their minds, and try to seize every opportunity of showing forth the faith that is in them to their patients.

The Dispensary.—The nurse arrives in the Likoma dispensary at 8.30, and finds everything put ready for the morning's work by the two dispensary assistants

Edward and Raphael.* One of these boys is generally on the steamer, his duty being to go ashore at each village where the steamer stops, attend to small ailments and select patients suitable for admission into hospital.

We will suppose that the steamer arrived last night, bringing a large batch of patients—that is how it happens that both the boys are there. First there are the temperature charts to look at, and probably one or two medicines to be sent to patients in the hospital, and while the boys are taking these, nurse casts her eye over the preparations for the coming fray, to see that nothing has been forgotten, lotions, dressings, bandages, instruments, swabs, etc., etc., all in order and ready to hand. Then the doors are opened, and after the short prayer asking for God's blessing has been said, work begins.

Probably, a small crowd of women from the villages are waiting outside, and they come in with a rush. If they are old patients with sores to be dressed the assistants see to them, and they also enquire into the symptoms of the new cases, and pass them on to nurse with a short verbal report, and if necessary take temperatures, etc. It is very amusing to note the different methods of the two, Edward suave, smiling and sympathetic, and oh so slow, Raphael, quick, gruff and alert and never wasting a moment.

Eye cases are always referred to nurse (or to the doctor if he happily should be there), and so of course is anything that strikes the boys as unexpected or unsatisfactory. A certain amount of quiet talking goes on among the patients who are waiting their turn, but they are generally a quiet and orderly throng, although we have a good many diversions in the shape of babies who object to treatment, and don't hesitate to proclaim that fact at the very top of their voices: or other babies just able to crawl, who make dashes across at the shelves

* See Chap. XXI.

of bottles, or insist in dipping their hands in the pail of water as though it were a bran pie.

Fees are another cause of noise and dispute. We insist on these being paid though they are only small ones, as we find that this prevents imaginary illness, and also ensures that the patients will keep on coming until they are cured. Having paid something they mean to have their money's worth. One egg, or two or three pieces of cassava is enough for one visit, but we also issue family tickets at fourpence for six months, and that includes a man, his wife and one baby. School children and apprentices are treated free.

Often an egg is presented for payment which proves to be bad when tested, and generally the patient will smile most sweetly and at once produce a good one which he had concealed somewhere on his person. He just tried to palm off the bad one, but is quite pleased at being found out.

The Mission apprentices begin to appear at 9.30 and have to be attended to at once, so that their time may not be wasted, not that they have any anxiety on that score, they would be quite content to wait.

At 10.15 a sort of subdued roar is heard in the distance, which means that the boys are out of school for a quarter-of-an-hour, and the dispensary will be filled to overflowing in about two seconds.

For the school boys love medicine. They come with the very tiniest scratch on their bare feet, or the minutest pimple on their skin; sometimes there is an epidemic of bad eyes, or coughs, or back aches, anything they happen to think of, and of course there are always a few who really do need treatment. As soon as the upper school is finished the lower school appears, and by the time they are despatched we have perhaps a little breathing space and tidy up before the girls come, and by the time they are finished the bell generally goes for church, and the nurse has to hurry off, leaving the boys to prepare for the operations which are to be done in the afternoon.

While the out-patients are being attended to, the hospital cases are being dressed by the second nurse, if there happens to be one, and if not they are done during the intervals that occasionally occur between the cases requiring nurse's special attention. If there are new in-patients the doctor sees each one, and that is often a long process, as it is extremely difficult to induce them to give an intelligent account of the beginning and subsequent development of their illness.

Hardly a week passes without at least one afternoon being spent in operations. Edward and Raphael are quite competent to prepare everything on these occasions, with just a little supervision, and when we come down after lunch we expect to find everything ready, and are very seldom disappointed.

The natives take very kindly to operations, and it is seldom that we find them unwilling to undergo anything that the doctor recommends. They take chloroform exceedingly well, and it is quite a common thing to find a man sitting up and eating a good meal half-an-hour after he has been carried back to the ward.

Very frequently there are patients to be visited in their own homes, and this is generally done after four o'clock, unless it is a very urgent case. By that time the worst heat of the day is over, and a walk is more or less pleasant. A native hut is not an ideal place in which to see a patient. You step from the brilliant sunshine into an absolutely dark interior, with the result that you can see nothing at all. Your next step probably lands you in the fire, as that is always made just inside the door, so that there may be light enough to cook by: there are no windows: if you have the good fortune to escape knocking over the water-jar you may consider that you have done well.

You ask for the patient, and a voice answers from a still darker corner; and just as you are getting accustomed to the gloom your eyes begin to water horribly, and you are conscious that the smoke is unbearable.

Then someone will take a few straws from the roof,

blow the embers into a blaze, and light the straw by way of a torch, and you can then examine your patient. As he is lying on a mat on the floor there is nothing for it but to kneel or sit down beside him, with disastrous results to your white garments. Fortunately washing is cheap.

Sometimes the patient is lying outside, which is far more comfortable as far as the nurse is concerned. Often you are able to comfort him with hopes of a speedy recovery, or at any rate of relief from pain, but at times we are called when it is too late to do anything, and we can only confirm what the relations have already suspected, that the end is near.

In such cases, if there are any Christians present, we say the Lord's Prayer all together, and a short commendatory one if the dying person is a Christian. By visiting patients in their own homes we often get to know and make friends with their relatives, heathen or otherwise, and to bring them under Mission influence.

European Nursing.—At each of the European stations there is accomodation for nursing members of the staff, and these small hospitals are the pride of the nurse's heart. Through the kindness of friends in England they are furnished with every necessary and many luxuries, and are altogether quite delightful.

In these days the health of the Europeans has so much improved, that for the most part these hospitals stand empty, but when there is a patient we do our level best to counteract the annoyance that must be caused by a breakdown, by giving him a peaceful and restful time while he is ill. At any rate, he is free from perpetual knockings on the door, which is one of the minor worries of a missionary's daily life, as it is absolutely forbidden for anyone to go to the hospital without permission from the nurse.

The hospitals are used a good deal by the staff when they are not actually ill, but require some quiet spot secure from disturbance or interuption either for rest or work. Many a sermon has been prepared in the hospital

at Kota Kota, to say nothing of lessons, classes, etc. There have been times when the accounts of the station have been wrestled with and reduced to order there.

Altogether they are a marked improvement on the only European hospital that existed eleven years ago. It was described to me, when I was on my way out, as a "stone building on the hill, very quiet, and the walls are painted black," which they were, with a red line round the middle, like soldiers' trousers.

One point I must not forget to mention, and that is the cupboard which each hospital possesses, containing the sick comforts. These seem very ordinary articles of diet when one is well, but are a great stand-by for the nurse when she has a patient whose appetite wants tempting, for there is not very much with which to tempt it in our ordinary supplies.

R. & K. H.

XIX

DISPENSARY WORK* AND VISITING

ANOTHER ACCOUNT

It is eight o'clock, and round the Dispensary the patients are gathering. They comprise all sorts and conditions of men and women. Old women with "chest," otherwise chronic bronchitis, men with terrible great sores on their legs, school-girls with bad eyes, school-boys with fever, or toothache, or bruises from football. Patiently they wait, chatting together, some of them glad of a rest on the verandah after their long walk from one or other of the surrounding villages, the men patients in the hospital helping to entertain them. Presently there is a small excitement in the arrival of the Dispensary boy. Important, and perhaps slightly supercilious, he prepares the dispensary, by dusting the shelves and bottles, fetching hot water, and placing lotions and dressings to hand. Then appears the nurse, with the doctor if he happens to be on the station, or if this is not the case she has to be doctor herself for the time.

The school children are called first, in order to prevent them from being very late for school, and any one who has school work to do in Africa knows the old and familiar excuse, "We went to be bandaged," which is made to cover all lapses in punctuality. The children who complain of headache have their temperatures duly taken. It is rather a sight to see Manfred, the Kota Kota dispensary boy, performing this duty. After care-

* Though there is a certain amount of repetition in this Chapter, I think another description of the same sort of work at Kota Kota will not be without its interest.

fully instructing them how to put the thermometer under their tongue, he stands in front of them, with his hand under the patient's chin, in case of accidents. This is, of course, only with new patients, the old hands know all about it.

Manfred is learning to read the thermometer, but cannot yet be entirely trusted without the nurse looking at it afterwards. He is only a youngster, but very willing, and he promises well.

Many scantily dressed small people tell you plaintively that they are suffering in a part of their anatomy which it is not usually considered good taste to mention in polite society. Their troubles are mostly the result of living not "wisely but too well," especially at the season of the year when fish is most plentiful. They are gravely asked what they have been eating, and answer emphatically, "Nothing." Medicine and pills they take with the greatest alacrity; the only thing that really distresses them is to be told that they are not bad enough to need any medicine. Those who are really ill are given a short note to that effect to whoever is in charge of their school, so that they may be given leave of absence, which comforts them greatly. Natives, both children and grown-ups, though often splendid in bearing real pain, are apt to be very sorry for themselves when only a little ill. Malaria is very common among them, especially among the children, indeed up to five years old or thereabouts they may be considered to be in a more or less chronic state of this disease.

When the children have been despatched, the village people have their turn. They are rather fond of coming to have their teeth out. One of the nurses has a certain system in taking out teeth, which may or may not commend itself to dentists at home. If the bad tooth is near the front, or is at all loose, it is promptly extracted, as that gives experience and practice for more difficult extractions in the future; but if it is a far-back tooth, or very decayed, so that there is a danger of its breaking in the process, the sufferer is recommended to have

external remedies only applied this time, and to come again next day if it is no better. Mercifully they do not always come again.

All sorts of odd messages will be brought, sometimes verbal, sometimes in writing.

Some of the teachers at the out-stations are very profuse in this way. They will write about themselves, their family, or the children in their schools, and from their letters you would think the invalids to be at their last gasp, and you are begged "of your mercy" to send them something to save them. They do not mean to exaggerate, of course, it is only their picturesque way of putting it. If somebody is ill in his head, his back, his heart and one leg, you may be pretty sure that two pills and some liniment will meet the case, or at any rate tide over the crisis, until you have time to go and see him, or he sends again. Of course, some times you cannot be sure that something is not seriously wrong, and often trudge off down the village, or farther afield, and very likely find when you arrive that there is not much the matter. But even then the time is not wasted, as the people at any rate get to know that you wish to befriend them, and to help them when you are able.

The many heathen around often come into contact with the Mission first through the dispensary, and though sometimes they seem to worry one very unnecessarily, it is really a cause for thankfulness that they should be trustful enough to come at all.

When the out-patients are finished, the inmates of the hospital are called to have their ulcers dressed, and various other treatments carried out.

How do patients come to the hospital? In various ways—but the S.S. *Chauncy Maples* is the chief channel, bringing people as she does from all parts of the lake to the nearest Mission hospital.

At present in the diocese of Nyasaland there are three hospitals, those at Likoma, Kota Kota and Malindi. Likoma takes all patients from the north end of the lake, and from the thickly populated district on the

mainland, just opposite the island. There have been over eighty patients at once in the two native hospitals of Likoma, and this does not include the many babies and small children, who come because they cannot be left behind.

The numbers at Kota Kota rarely rise above forty, and Malindi about the same. The last named place receives some patients from the banks of the river Shiré, but most from Yaoland. About a third of the Kota Kota patients are not brought by the *Chauncy Maples*, but come from the town and the surrounding villages.

There are now a large number of out-stations there, and the poor patients are sometimes carried to the Mission many miles in an improvised *machila* or hammock.

All patients are expected to bring something in the way of *nchembe* (an offering in kind, usually a live fowl), and most of them do so, those from the north end of Lake Nyasa being especially good in this respect. Certainly people do appreciate what they partly pay for more than what they get for nothing, and it is a matter worth fighting for, if only to instil the principle of gratitude, as against grasping or meanness, but it is by no means easy to insist on this as an universal practice, and in cases of real poverty of course it is not attempted.

Sometimes shocking accidents from crocodiles and other wild beasts occur, and then the patients' absolute trust in the Mission nurse, and their heroism in bearing pain, is often very striking.

When a death occurs in hospital I do not think they ever for a moment attach any blame to those in charge, and generally the behaviour of the other patients and the friends of the deceased is exemplary.

When one considers how many are heathen, superstitious, and quite unaccustomed to restrain their feelings, this is the more remarkable. The commonest complaint in our native hospitals is a very bad, deep-seated ulcer, generally of long standing, possibly even years old. Setting on one side the pain and discomfort of such

things, they are a very serious drawback to people getting their living by field-work, etc., and in the case of women, they are not infrequently a cause for desertion by their husbands. So it is more than worth while to have them in, and get them well, although it is often a tedious business, perhaps a matter of many months. Again and again when the ulcer seems really healed, it will break out for no apparent reason, and the work has all to be done a second and even third time.

Quite a character among hospital patients is Neema, the one-legged cook of Kota Kota. She was almost the first native, if not quite the first, in these parts to wear a wooden leg, and it is wonderful how active she is, and how well she does her work, cooking for the men and women, and keeping her kitchen and utensils clean and tidy. Hers is a most cheerful disposition, and she is very popular among the hospital women. The food of the patients is simplicity itself, there are no diet sheets here, food only becomes difficult when rice or flour are scarce.

With regard to clothing, their own garments are more conspicuous by their absence than their presence, and we are indebted as usual to friends at home, who send us out kisibaus for the men and boys, and sheeties for the women. It is nice to see our "children of the hospitals" decently clad, but in most cases the garments are only lent to them during their stay.

A day in hospital always closes with prayers, but generally, for a little while before, the nurse "plays" with them, as they call it. Nothing pleases them more than a little talk and laugh at this time, and it enables one to know them better.

Often a sacred picture is taken in, and a few words spoken about it, or they are taught the simple Hearers' Catechism in use all over the diocese. They are unable to give their attention long, and little and often seems the best way. We sing a hymn at prayers—at least it passes for singing, and then we wish each other good-night, and so the day ends.

A Village Visit.—At Likoma, when we go to see sick people in their own homes who are too ill to come to us, we have no great distances to traverse, but there are no roads as you would understand them, or as they exist on the mainland, where a broad pathway is cleared on the main roads by the Government in whose territory they lie.

At Likoma the roads are merely footpaths, and walking is not at all pleasant, being very sandy on the level and the hills very stony. With the exception of baobabs, trees do not flourish, and even in the rainy season there is no luxuriant vegetation, and this means that there is no shade by the way.

We generally use a *machila*, a canvas hammock slung from a pole and carried on the shoulders of two men; four men, however, accompany us on one journey, to take the carrying in turns. We start off generally about 4 p.m. after tea, when I have finished with my lace class. My dog is most excited, and anxious to accompany me.

We will suppose that I am going to Yofu, a village to the north side of the island. I walk up the hill, which rises at the north of the Cathedral, and at the top get into the machila, give my sun umbrella and my little case of remedies to one of the men, and then off we start.

It does not seem possible for machila men to proceed without singing, which is a kind of question and answer of the carriers one to the other. When they carry well the motion is very pleasant.

There is one little stony piece where we have to get out and walk, and then we encircle another hill, and the lake lies before us—sometimes a still deep blue, at others, when there is a south-west wind, it is all flecked with white foam, and in the rains, with a dark threatening sky above, it is black and gloomy.

Someone is sure to sight the machila before the village is reached, when the cry is raised "*Dona** is coming! *Dona* is coming!" and the children all run

* *Dona* is the term used for an English lady.

out to greet me with "Morning *Dona!*" and the natural enquiry, "Where are you going?" Then they form a body guard till the hut of my destination is reached.

After enquiring whether the patient is inside, or lying outside somewhere in the sun, you enter the hut, first using the Swahili expression "*Hodi*" (May I come in?)

Except in the residences of the chief men windows are unknown, all light coming through the doorway. Some of the huts are round and others almost square, built of reeds mudded over, and thatched roofs. The bed or sleeping place is of split bamboos slightly raised from the floor. In the house I am thinking of it lies to the right as one enters, the fire is exactly in the middle, wood burning between stones, and if it is not burning very clean the smoke is most trying to one's eyes.

On the left, ranged round close to the walls, are the various native pots for cooking, here the household food is stored; from the roof hang gourds and strings of fish. Opposite to the door of entry is another door leading into a small enclosure called the *kuseli*. The particular old lady I have come to see has an abscess on her shoulder, and after she has been helped into a sitting position I squat down beside her and enquire how the pain is, and how she has slept, the while I undo the bandage.

The little grand-daughter has fetched water from the lake, in which I pour the disinfectant I am going to use, and then, while one of the relations supports the old lady, I proceed to dress the wound. It is wonderful how well surgical cases do out here without any of the precautions considered indispensable at home. The dreaded ordeal over, the little grandchild disposes of the dressings and fetches me fresh water to wash my hands, and I take the old lady's temperature, gather up my things, and with a promise of another visit and some medicine take my departure.

Sometimes the bell is ringing for evensong in the native school in the village, and I am able to exchange

a few words with the Christians I encounter on their way to church.

When I get a glimpse of the lake again the eastern hills are all suffused with a beautiful pink light, the reflection of the sun setting low in the west away behind Chizumulu. But the sunset itself is best seen from the other side of the island. Then we reach Chipyela as the bells are ringing for evensong. This is a typical visit, but we have often hurried ones by night and day. One hot morning I was fetched to a little boy who had fallen from a tree, and whom I found with a nasty gaping wound in his chest. And one night I had to stumble over the rocks by the light of a hand-lantern with my dog and chicken boys for escort.

The saddest cases we get are the poor little children —there have been several since I came—suffering from meningitis, for whom we can do nothing, but commend them to an all loving Father.

These people are very lovable in their native simplicity, but little touched as yet by civilization, and they are most grateful for anything we can do for them.

C. T. & E. L. B.

XX

HOSPITAL SKETCHES

PETER AND JOHN

When Peter first came to me, I suppose he was about twelve years old. He lived at Msumba, and had once been a school boy, indeed he must have done fairly well at school, for Padre Augustine was able to baptize him. He must therefore have known a good deal about Christianity, though he could neither read nor write. He had been ill for about two years with a bad leg, very bad indeed it was, and the knee was so contracted that he was quite unable to walk, and he looked very thin and miserable. He was what Archdeacon Eyre called "such a nice little patient," which means something peculiarly odoriferous. But in spite of that there was something very attractive about him. He was so patient when he was dressed, and that was a long process and a very painful one; and so grateful for anything that was done for him. At first we hoped that the leg would get well and that we might be able to straighten the knee, but when it healed in one place it immediately broke out in another, and things went on from bad to worse. We made him some crutches so that he was able to get about a little, and that was a great joy to him.

When Peter had been some months in hospital he was prepared for Confirmation, and the next time the Bishop came he was confirmed, and after that he was a regular and devout communicant. As he got more and more used to hospital life he was a great help to us in several ways. He was an excellent needle-man, and could mend anything very neatly. Footballs were always sent to him to be mended, and anything in the shape of

leather work that wanted doing. Cotton trees at Kota Kota produce an excellent vegetable down, which is splendid for stuffing pillows, and Peter could pick over this down, make covers for it, and turn out quite charming cushions. He was always busy and always contented, and taught himself the alphabet and easy syllables in his spare time. But the leg got worse, and the doctor said it must be amputated. This, however, Peter refused to consent to, preferring to return to his home.

I think his people were rather surprised when he arrived to find that he was still alive. I don't think they were altogether pleased at having him on their hands again. At the end of eighteen months his leg was again in such a horrible condition that he decided to give way and have it taken off, so he sent to ask if he might return to the hospital.

We admitted him to Likoma hospital, but it was found that he was too bad to have the operation performed at once. He was just the same old Peter, cheerful and ready to do what he could for one, and always anxious for employment. During the months of waiting he taught himself to read, and at last announced that if I would give him a New Testament he could read it. So of course I gave him one, and he read it most diligently all day long at the top of his voice. None of the other patients seemed to mind in the least, and their talking and laughing did not distract his attention, but I must admit that his reading rather got on my nerves.

When at last the doctor said it was now safe to operate, Peter was very thankful, and managed, though with great pain, to struggle to the cathedral on his crutches and make his communion the day before. Before this he had given up trying to walk for some time, as it caused him such agony. It was a great relief to us all when his leg was off. It did not heal well, but he was soon outside again and going about gaily on his crutches, and then we discovered that he had an aptitude for carving, so Mr. George took him on as a pupil and was very pleased

with him, and when he was proficient enough he did carving for the cathedral. Peter was immensely proud of his work, at which he was most diligent and attentive, quite a model and good example to the rest of the carvers, as he could be trusted not to get slack when Mr. George was not there. He will soon be ready to go out of hospital, and will be missed by both patients and nurses, but we feel sure that he will be an acquisition in his own village, and will set an example as a consistent and earnest Christian.

Zamani came to Kota Kota hospital some months before Peter did. He was sent up from Mponda's, as there was then no hospital there. His legs were covered with sores, both his knees were contracted, and he was quite unable to stand, but he crawled about on his hands and knees. He told us that he was a native of Zanzibar and had belonged to an Arab leader. Before the slave trade was stopped he had helped his master to catch slaves, and after that he had done a great deal of elephant hunting. Then he fell ill, and being no longer of any use to his master he was left to take care of himself as best he might. He had wandered about for some years getting a job here and there, and at last drifted to Fort Johnston, where he became quite helpless, and the Mission, taking pity on him, gave him a little hut at Mponda's. There he had remained some time, and had received some teaching, and finally had been sent up to the hospital. The sores soon got well, and then we set to work to massage his knees until he was able to straighten his legs; this took some months, but was accomplished at last, and Zamani was able to stand. His legs were so weak, however, that he was afraid to walk, so we made him some crutches and encouraged him to get about on them.

He was by this time very anxious to receive the cross, and having by a mighty effort managed to learn the commandments, and other things that catechumens must know, he was admitted to church and took his place with the other catechumens.

Like Peter, he was skilled in most native arts; could make mats and baskets, and was also something of a blacksmith. He made himself useful in every possible way, and his influence in the hospital was entirely for good. Having been there longer than any one else he was looked up to by all new comers, and maintained a very high tone. The hospital manners were perfect in his time, and even the small and naughty boys were kept up to the mark. As his own health continued to improve he showed more and more inclination to help with bad cases. This is a most unusual trait in a native; they have generally no idea of helping a stranger, and have a marked dislike to doing anything unpleasant for anyone.

But Zamani constituted himself night nurse on many occasions, and saved me much fatigue and anxiety. When the time for his baptism was approaching he wished his patron in England to choose his name. She wrote suggesting three for him to choose from, Edward, Francis, or John. I read the letter to him, and asked him which he liked best. But all I could get him to say was: "Perhaps Edward, but perhaps Francis, or perhaps John." He wished to be perfectly polite, and did not know which his patron really liked best. So we fixed on John, and by that name he was baptized.

One of the cases with which he helped me was a poor man in an advanced state of consumption, and not long afterwards he was discovered to have contracted the disease. Whether he caught it from that particular case I cannot say, but that he caught it in hospital it is impossible to doubt. As with most natives, it was rapidly fatal, and I think we may say of John Zamani that, like his Master, he laid down his life for his friends.

K. H.

XXI

THE DISPENSARY BOYS

No account of nurses' work in Nyasa diocese would be complete without some mention of the valuable assistance which they receive from the native dispensary boys, without whose help the work could scarcely be carried on.

The two senior boys who have been trained in the dispensary and now hold certificates are Edward Nemeleyani and Raphael Mkoma. They have been eleven and ten years respectively in the dispensary at Likoma, and have gradually worked up from being bottle-washers to their present responsible position.

The process of training a boy for medical work is always tedious and often disappointing. The native does not naturally take to the work, and has a cordial dislike of anything at all nasty.

This is perhaps less marked in small schoolboys, especially if they are very anxious to earn the large salary of *2d.* a week, and so from time to time a new boy starts in the dispensary as wash-up boy, but only a very few stick to the work and become real apprentices. Bigger boys often come and say that they would like to learn, attracted no doubt by the position and good wages to which "Dr." Edward has now attained, but they invariably give it up when they find it means years of hard and often unpalatable work. Even when a boy is keen he may fail, because he has not been industrious at school, for it is essential that he should have a good general education and be well at the top of the school before leaving.

Another pitfall is the question of honesty. In the dispensary there are many little boxes and bottles which would do beautifully to hold snuff, and pieces of linen and

calico enough to clothe a small brother. Patients, too, will come at odd times when the nurse is away, and ask for medicine without paying anything; so that there are many temptations to dishonesty, and a boy must be really honest and able to keep his fingers from pilfering trifles if he is to become a dispensary boy.

It is sad to relate that up to the present no Yao boy seems able to stand the training. Several have started, and though sometimes keen on work, and admirable in other respects, the sight of operations seems to be too much for them. This is all the more strange when it is remembered that the Yaos are naturally a race of hunters and raiders, with no tender feelings towards their slaves or captives.

After a year or two as bottle-washer the apprentice generally becomes a half-timer at school, helping with the dressings for the first part of the morning, but reading in the afternoon with the monitors or boys preparing for the college. When he leaves school he usually becomes the doctor's personal boy, accompanying him on his rounds to visit the other stations in the diocese. This gives him plenty to do, a most essential thing in the training of African boys; unoccupied afternoons afford many temptations, especially to any one in receipt of regular wages, owing to the opportunities which a little money supplies.

At this time his afternoons are occupied by special lessons in elementary anatomy and physiology, or ambulance lectures, and so forth. A knowledge of English is essential for reading such subjects, and quite as much of the lesson is often concerned with ferreting out a suitable Chinyanja equivalent for an English word as with the matter in hand. It is extraordinary how difficult the English of an elementary science primer is; common words with two or more meanings, such as "singular," are a great stumbling-block; also since the native language has no degrees of comparison, words like "generally" and "comparatively" are practically untranslatable.

The next step, indeed, the first bit of independent work a boy does, is the giving of the routine afternoon medicines in hospital.

He can next be trusted to visit patients in the villages who send up to say they are ill. This neccessitates being equipped with a thermometer, and still more imposing, a watch, and the assistant really begins to feel that he is somebody. The reports that the boys bring back are at first scrappy, but after a time they become really useful, and often save the doctor or nurse some miles of walking. There are also two branch dispensaries on the mainland opposite Likoma, one at Mataka's, the other at S. Michael's College. These are each visited once a week, and this means a journey by boat, and an equipment of a travelling medicine chest containing twenty or thirty drugs, the use of which has been really learnt, also a box of dressings. The record of the day's work has to be written down in a note-book; fees must be entered, and applications from patients for admission into hospital have to be carefully considered, as the responsibility of bringing only suitable cases rests with him. Here is a day's record by one of the boys.

KOBWE *August* 21

"Ulcers, 27.

"Dayamba's leg much better, almost healing, dressed with ointment.

"Ang'andile, unlcer crean looking but around like eczma, dressed with gauze.

"Mary it was swollen knee but brocken to bee unlcer. Dressed with gauze.

"Yohanna Fever. Temp 101·2, given Quinine grsx.

"Kartheblen, abscess brocken out but still swollen, dressed with Formatation.

"Godfrey complain pain in leg rather swelling on the legs and stomachacke. He began ill about 2 month ago, seems thin and week, no cough. Given pill and put on over the stomach furanal (flannel) bandage, & painted the lege, and given liniment soap to rubb after if the pain still complain."

Lately the further experiment has been made of sending Edward and Raphael alternately on the *Chauncy Maples*. This means a month's trip, during which they

are really "Medical Officer." They have to look after the health of the crew, go ashore at all the villages, see the sick folk, and select patients for the hospitals. Even the European staff not infrequently come to them for treatment for minor ailments. Both Edward and Raphael have risen well to this responsibility, and the experiment seems to have succeeded admirably. The clergy on the *Chauncy Maples* are very pleased with the boys' work, and the patients brought to the hospitals have increased in number, and have been much better selected. Although everybody on the steamer is willing enough to benefit by their skill, the boys have to put up with a good deal from the unsympathetic side of their fellow-passengers, who pretend to be unwilling to eat with them because they have been dressing sores, or they ask if the doctor gives them medicine so that they do not mind doing nasty work! Once one of the boys came to me in great distress, because he had been assured that if he saw many operations he would go blind.

Edward and Raphael are totally different in character. Edward is the typical native gentleman, very polite, with an excellent bed-side manner. He is very slow and deliberate, and always rather late. Unfortunately he suffers much from asthma, and his bad attacks often seem to come on when one is most busy in the dispensary, or when there is an operation. On such occasions he retires outside at intervals and coughs for five minutes. During the afternoon classes, when one is trying hard to explain something rather difficult, it is annoying to see Edward peacefully dozing: he always politely explains that he is very sorry, but he was awake all last night with asthma.

Raphael is the exact opposite; clever, quick, methodical, bluff, almost rude, and with a quick temper. He always keeps his head and rises to an emergency, and is excellent at operations; his bed-side manner is not equal to Edward's, though he is a greater help in many ways. Edward and Raphael are both married, and have children of their own.

Besides these two there are Ambrose Masiye from Kota Kota, who has at present got as far as being the doctor's boy, and Guy Dawnay Matekwe, who is only beginning, but is doing very well at Malindi. Ambrose is a little fellow with very large eyes, which threaten to drop out altogether if he is much surprised. He is wonderfully careful and very quick.

At operations he is very handy, doing everything quickly and quietly, and never losing his self-possession. He had a dreadful experience once. A certain mixture had to be made up. It was a very busy morning in the dispensary, and I was in the middle of a large dressing, so I told Ambrose to bring me the bottle containing the drug I wanted, and a glass to measure it in, and watched him measure it carefully into the graduated jug we use. It was a colourless liquid and deadly poison, but he had often done it before under my superintendence.

"Now fill it up to two pints," I said, meaning of course that he should add the water as usual, and I went on with my dressing. A moment later I saw him give the dose, and even as the patient drank it my eye fell on the bottle which had contained the drug. It was empty! He had filled the jug with the poison instead of water!

Almost before the patient had swallowed the deadly draught I had an emetic ready, and in three minutes I felt fairly certain her life was saved, and she did not even know she had been in any danger. But Ambrose was looking at me in a frightened, troubled way; so I took him quietly outside and told him what he had done, and that even yet the woman might die. And then I sent him off to the church to pray for her, and for me too, for it was my fault for not having watched the whole process.

The patient recovered all right, and got quite well soon after, remarking when she went away, that the nasty burning medicine Ambrose gave her had done her more good than anything.

Guy is an old patient operated on by Bishop Hine. He was quite crippled from contraction due to a burn,

but last month he walked over twenty miles to his home for his holidays rather than wait a day or two and go by steamer! He seems really keen on his work, and actually took the trouble to come back and ask leave to take his physiology book away with him on his holiday.

This account of the dispensary boys has been written in the hope that our friends who are interested in the medical work of the Mission will include them also in their prayers.

K. & R. H.

XXII

BACK TO THE STARTING POINT

THE RIVER SHIRÉ WORK

Introduction.—The Shiré River work* (now under the care of the Rev. A. M. Jenkin), the importance of which is perhaps scarcely understood, has an interest of its own. It includes within it some of the scenes which saw the earliest efforts of the Mission. Its southern limit is at Chiromo, close to the spot where our first Bishop, Charles Mackenzie, lies buried. Chiromo, in fact, possesses the Memorial Church.

First Mission Station—The site of the first Mission station formed in 1861, in the Shiré Highlands, lies on the road between Zomba and Blantyre. Mr. Jenkin says in a letter of February 19th, 1910: "On my way back from Blantyre I stayed with some planters at Magomero, and on the following morning I went down to the old site of our first Mission station in 1861, where a stone cross has been erected. It was inspiring to sit and think of the old days, and look round on the country where those early missionaries lived and died. It seemed to me to be a very unhealthy site, low-lying and close to a stream."

The Murchison Rapids, a name familiar to readers of the early story of the Mission, occupy a large part of the river's course, at a point about half to two-thirds of the way between Lake Nyasa and Chiromo.

Completing the Circle.—When, therefore, Mr. Jenkin was detailed to this special work in 1906, he was the means by which the Mission completed the circle. At

* The Shiré is a name unknown to the natives, and working the Shiré is only part of working Lake Nyasa or Nyanja.—Arch. JOHNSON.

last it came back to the point whence it started in its opening days.

Changes.—But the scene is greatly changed now from what it was fifty years ago. Then the country was solely occupied by the Africans, and Europeans were almost unknown. Now there are several European settlements of more or less importance—Fort Johnston, Zomba, Blantyre—and this fact gives a peculiar character to the work on the river. It is different, not only from what it was in 1860, when Bishop Mackenzie and his party went out, but also from the main part of the work in the rest of the diocese, for it is not only missionary work, but chaplaincy work too.

Travelling.—Another great change is seen in the conveniences and methods of travelling. To read the history of the early days of the Mission is to feel with the missionary the burden of slow laborious journeys, by carrier, boat, or on foot, through difficult country, hills, jungle, rapids, with all the attendant ills of malaria, weariness, and privation. It is a familiar story. Now malaria and other diseases are no longer a source of terror and danger, and undoubtedly the "opening up" of the country, and the making and maintaining of good roads has made an enormous difference to the health of the missionary. We need not do more than mention the railway to Blantyre. More important for us are the good roads which run right through the district, keeping generally on the higher and healthier ground. Chiromo is thus linked with Blantyre, Zomba and Fort Johnston, the road between the last two places crossing the river at Liwonde Ferry. There are also two branch roads running from Blantyre, one to Katungas, the other to Matope Ferry.

Roads.—These roads are not exactly what we picture to ourselves when we think of high roads. They are not broad macadamised highways running between neatly trimmed hedges. The hedges are there, the untrained jungle provides them. But the roads are much narrower than we should like, and they are very heavily cambered,

THE BROAD HIGH ROAD, FORT JOHNSTON.

S. PAUL'S, THE MACKENZIE MEMORIAL CHURCH.

[*To face p.* 144

that is, their cross-section gives a sharp curve, so that water may run off easily. They are made of mud, carefully banked and smoothed, and can therefore be used comparatively little for cycling during the rains. They have, in fact, a season. During the dry season of the year the Africans who live along the road vie with one another in keeping it in good order. They are very keen about it ; they not only want to be on good terms with the *Boma* (Government), but they take a *pride* in the road. But when the rains begin, then the roads try to liquefy and disappear ; all travelling on them has to be done carefully, there is a very great danger of side-slips. When, however, the next dry season comes round, the great game of road-making and mending prospers again, and the cyclist can do his twenty miles an hour safely.

A Motor Cycle.—And the roads are used too. When Mr. Jenkin, three years ago, talked of a motor cycle to help him on his rounds, cold water was thrown on his scheme. But he got it nevertheless, his old college of S. Michael and All Angels, Llandaff, having a large share in the presentation. In July 1909 he writes enthusiastically of the comfort it is to him : "The work the motor does is truly wonderful. It takes me through a journey in a few hours, which by *machila** would take me days. What it has done in saving of time can hardly be told." And again, writing March 10th, 1908, "I can't tell you how very useful the motor is, even now in the rainy season. It has saved me a great deal already. I can go long distances with no effort or fatigue. As I pass Liwonde on the river, it is nothing to run up to Likwenu for a day to see how things are going, and to hold services. To Zomba and Blantyre is a mere stroll. I shall never forget how done up I used to be in getting round this district before I had my motor, either walking or cycling.

The House-boat.—When neither motor cycle or push cycle is available, then the missionary has to take to

* Hammock.

his feet; or, when occasion serves, he steps on board the house-boat at Mponda's or Litete, and the crew take him to the village he wants to visit. But as the river is becoming more and more choked with weeds, it is getting a difficult work to navigate its waters. So that the motor cycle is likely to be found of even greater use as time goes on.

Work.—Everybody in the Mission has enough work and responsibility and to spare. But in the river work everything seems to be doubled, owing to the two quite distinct departments of the work among Africans and among Europeans.

The Townships.—The latter is chaplain's work. It provides much pleasure and many anxieties. It is, of course, confined to the townships, Zomba and the rest (though planters are now increasing in number along the roads), and this constitutes one of the distinguishing features of the river work. "There is enough to be done in the townships alone," Mr. Jenkin writes, and the following extracts from his letters prove the importance of, and anxiety caused by, his conflicting duties.

"*March* 10, 1908.—I am only really happy when on the river amongst the natives in my old khaki suit, eating off my box in the school, playing with and teaching the 'black' boys. But I fully recognise how much work there is to do for the Europeans, and it is a distinct duty to go when called. I only hope that I may not be called to take up too definite a part in that work, as I am certain that my first duty is to the natives."

And again: "*June 26th*, 1910.—They are at it night and day on the *Chauncy Maples* amongst the natives, and yet the work is always ahead of them; and so how can I spare so much time for Zomba and Blantyre. Yet the fact remains they are in my district, and I could not give less time to them if I wanted to.

"The Europeans as well as the natives have to come into my *round*, and I take all the native schools and the townships in turn if possible. I cannot do either work properly, it is quite impossible for any one man. With

the growth of Christians the work increases, and the anxiety of it becomes far greater; the European church at Zomba, about to be built, is the natural outcome of regular services during the last few years. Blantyre I have not been visiting at all regularly, I simply could not fit it in, and now they also are crying out for a church."

We may be tempted to think that this is not genuine Missionary work. But it *is*, even if not so directly as preaching to the heathen and baptizing them.

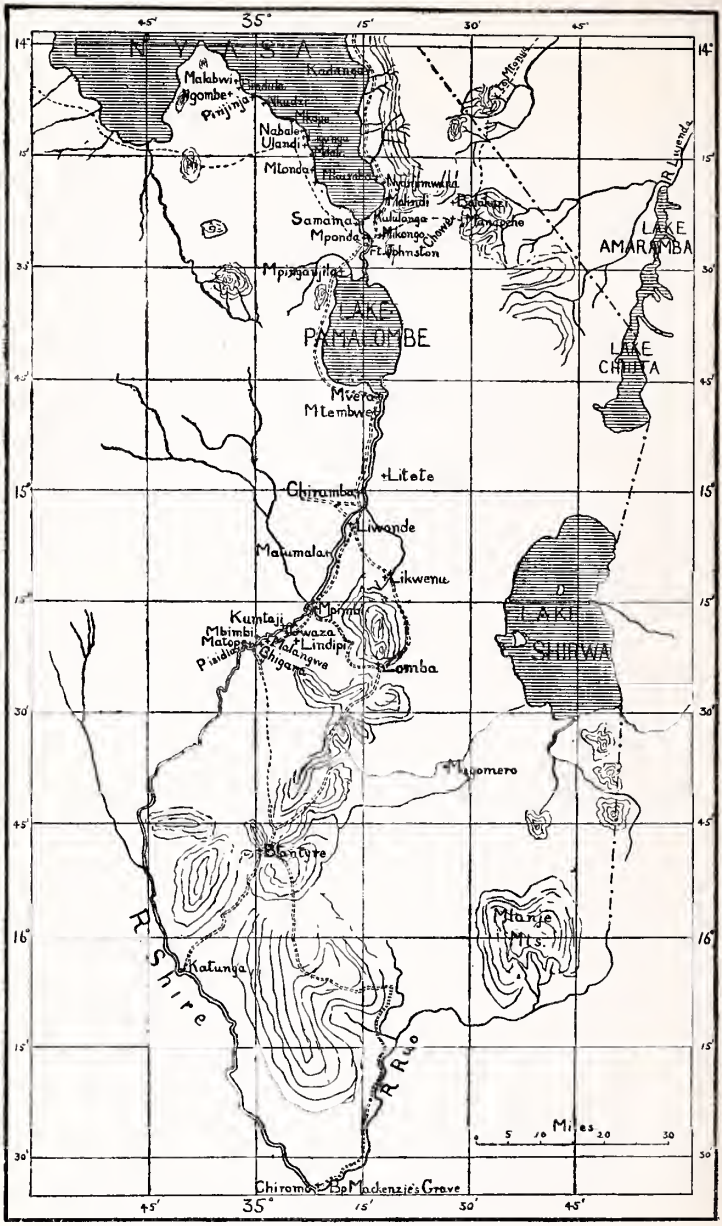
Work in the Villages.—There is plenty of work on the Shiré too, numbers of riverside villages, Mtembwe, Litete, Liwonde, Gwaza, Mbimbi, Chigaru, besides others, making twenty-seven villages in all, with which Mr. Jenkin has to do. The Africans here mostly speak Chinyanja, and if they are not simply heathen, they are heathen with only a thin coating of Mohammedanism.

But the Spirit of God is moving here and there among the souls of these heathen. Teachers have been sent out into the villages; the cross has been given to many, and during the last few years baptisms and confirmations have multiplied. If you notice the dates of the following letters you will have an idea of the progress made.

Mr. Jenkin writes on March 10, 1908—

Likwenu.—"The house at Likwenu has been started and should be completed in four months. This will be my headquarters. The motor will take me easily to Zomba and Blantyre for a Sunday once a month, and to any point of my native work on the river from the south end of Lake Pamalombe to the Murchison Rapids. The map shows the position of the schools already established. These schools will be looked up to as centres to extend from, and will be in charge of senior teachers. I have already at Litete and Gwaza started out-schools, where monitors go to teach, and the head teacher will visit them regularly once or twice a week, and hold classes for hearers and catechumens.

"At each centre I am building a priest's house (wattle



MAP SHOWING MISSION STATIONS ON THE RIVER SHIRÉ

and daub), where I may stay for a week or so when in that district; and I shall have a store of petrol at all of them for the cycle, and food for myself.

"In course of time we hope to extend down the Lower Shiré to Chiromo, and I should very much like to get some native work on the Magomero Highlands, *somewhere near the site of our first Mission station, in the time of Bishop Mackenzie*, but at present we have as much as we can do. We want a great many more teachers, and I wish another priest would come here.

"I have had some trouble with a teacher at Litete. It is so difficult to get at the truth in these cases, but it is of the utmost importance that teachers should be changed, or removed finally, if they go wrong.

"The schools are progressing very favourably, all the hearers and catechumens, excepting those at Chigaru, are very well advanced. I am glad to say I feel I have a good grip of the Chinyanja language, and am able to get along fairly well in it, not by any means so fluently as is necessary, but I hope to keep pegging away till I get a real hold of it."

"*March 25th*, 1908.—On my way down the river from Gwaza I had to send the house-boat back with two teachers, their wives, and baggage to Mponda's, so that they might catch the *Chauncy Maples* at Malindi without delay. The steamer is only down once a month, and it is a serious thing for us if a teacher should miss it either way. The weather has been very settled during the last week or so, and I was able to continue my walking on to Malangwe and Chigaru. My experience was not too pleasant at Chigaru; I had to sleep in the school, and the day after I arrived it rained heavily till there was not a dry square yard in the house, the roof leaked so badly. However, with the help of the boys, my things were hurried into the teacher's house and I slept there with the teacher and his chickens. The hens cackled and gurgled all night round my net, perhaps because I had roused them up. Have you ever slept in a house with many chickens and

hens round you? It is quite peculiar how they gurgle. I turned up the lamp to see if they were really asleep and they were, with their heads under their wings, some standing on one leg, some on two.

"In the schools the first classes can read, write, and understand English fairly well. Arithmetic up to L.C.M. and factors. On an ordinary day at these schools we have morning prayers for catechumens, and matins for Christians. On Saints' days and Sundays I celebrate. My whole morning is spent in school, where I give Scripture lessons; at midday I keep out of the sun, read and write sermons, or study the language. After three, or thereabouts, I generally get out to the houses and chat with the people; the women are grinding corn, men making native mats, small huts for storing food, or fish baskets. About four we have evensong in the school, and a catechumens' or hearers' lesson afterwards.

"Then there is the football—and afterwards, if I am at Chigaru or Mbimbi, a bathe in the falls. Dinner and games follow, especially if it is a moonlight night. Great games! It's nice to be young and enjoy games."

In 1909.—"We have had much trouble lately owing to smallpox. In my last trip down the river it was bad, and I wrote back to the Government official in charge, and he took immediate steps at isolation; but the people are dreadfully careless, and it spread more and more. Several of our Mission people have died, as well as one Christian, the wife of the teacher. I made a special visit to this village in consequence.

"Palm Sunday I spent at Ngaiai, below Matope. It was a great day. Two schools combined for the day, Chigaru and Ngaiai; the large school-room was packed with catechumens, and we had a procession with real palm branches, which abound down there. There was a large class of hearers to the preaching afterwards.

"Eight people from Ngaiai and twenty-one from Chigaru are under special instruction for baptism. How nice it will be to have so many Christians down here. The attendance of Christians is, as a rule, only four or

THE HOUSE-BOAT.

A SCHOOL ON THE RIVER SHIRÉ. [*To face p.* 150

five, and when dozens of catechumens go out before the Creed, it leaves a very small number. It is hard to keep a hymn going with such a few after the roar of dozens of voices.

"I am now hurrying up to Litete by boat for Good Friday and Easter. We hope to have some baptisms there soon. After Litete I get up to Mtembwe, and then down again to every station and township for Easter. What a blessing it is I am never ill now. I do wish I could share the work with another priest, but we are short-handed everywhere.

The Yaos.—"I am using only one language here now—Chinyanja—as all the schools are amongst Nyasa-speaking people, Angoni, Makalolo, and several different races. There are scattered centres of Yaos, but as yet we have not been able to get in amongst them; they, as a race, seem hostile to missions, and the keenness of the other people has taken up most of our time at present. I certainly cannot take on any more developing work at present, while alone. All the natives, including Yaos, know the Nyasa dialect, which is much easier than Yao. I am very thankful to say I can speak fairly well now, and never have to use an interpreter, except when it is the custom to do so when visiting some chief. My language sounds funny sometimes to the natives, I expect, but I have grown used to the smile which I see now and then, when trying to hold forth. I write a good many of my 'talks' to the natives first, but it is difficult to talk it back to them from the paper, which I often drop in the middle of a preaching."

The Lower Stations, 1909.—"I have only just returned from a very happy visit to the lower stations on the river, where the people are as keen as possible. At Ngaiai, below Matope, they have of their own accord built a second school, twice the size of the last and much stronger.

"Boys, girls, men and women, all took a hand in it, some getting and cutting trees, some reeds, others grass, women and girls fetching water and earth for mudding

the house, and all as an offering for what they have received from the Mission. And so last Sunday we had a large thanksgiving service in the school. What a joy it was to see that house packed with catechumens, and to be told how they had been moved to make a return to God for all they had received.

"For it meant a good deal to the people to give that house for nothing (and I paid not one penny for it). It meant giving up a good deal of time and doing real hard work. The inside of the house would be much larger than your common room,* about twice the size. You may imagine the quantity of grass which had to be cut for the roof, and carried some distance in large bundles, as there is no grass near the village; then there were reeds to make the sides of the house, bamboos for the roof-frame to be cut, mud to be prepared, water to be carried from the river, mud for plastering the floor and sides; and to cap it all, mats made for the purpose were brought up on the Saturday afternoon, and the whole floor was covered with them. It was the result in the first place of the good influence of the teacher, and secondly, the spirit of thankfulness of all the people.

"One feels this work on the river to be most inspiring at times. At no less than seven villages schools have been built by the people themselves *without any payment*, though they are not all such fine buildings as at Ngaiai; other villages also are repairing their schools.

"And this is quite a new thing in our diocese. I do not know of any other station where the people have so risen to the occasion. It shews how great a difference there is between one part of the country and another—between one lot of people and another lot. But with it all, the responsibility is greater, and there are so many to deal with at a time. It is most anxious work, and numbers cannot count. If only we could be sure of turning out all these people, boys and girls, men and women, as strong Christians, it would be a tremendous lift in our work."

* At S. Michael's College, Llandaff.

"CHIGARU SCHOOL, *July 25th*, 1909.—The people look forward much to my visits. They so seldom see me. I sit and talk with the men and boys or girls in all my spare time, and it is good to do so; such time is not wasted, there is much we can do and say outside the school, church or classes. We are more than ever busy now on the river; classes for Confirmation going on in three centres, and the work increasing in many other ways. I am so thankful to have got a most reliable, and as far as I can know, hard-working set of teachers. I have just come down here from Zomba, and am paying a final visit to the schools below Liwonde before returning to Zomba for three days.

A Busy Day.—"I have had a busy day. Holy Communion in the early morning, and a large gathering of all the people after service, special hearers' class in school, matins and litany.

First Baptisms.—We have begun our services in the new building, and had our first baptisms, with a special service and a procession before the Holy Eucharist. To-morrow eighteen hearers will be admitted to the catechumenate."

The River.—"*Nov.* 21, 1909.—The river is overgrown with grass; the heat and mosquitos are fearful; there is no getting away from them. The rains may cause a permanent block in the river, and then Mission travelling must be done overland through swamps never dry, where every trace of road is grown over in the rains. But the work is increasing in numbers and importance on account of our new Christians. Then the European work is important and must be kept up. With two priests, one on the river and one at Likwenu for the boarding school and the European towns, alternating, all would go well; but when I think of the *Chauncy Maples* and all the Lakeshore work with only two priests, I have no more to say about the work here."

"*December 27th*, 1909.—I am at Litete on the river, commencing my Christmas round. The rains have started, and people are as busy as bees putting their

seed in the ground and hoeing their gardens. I arrived here to-day and held classes in two villages for the Christians in preparation for their communion the day after to-morrow.

Old Ladies.—"These dear old ladies, what an anxiety they are, how soon they forget! Yet the main idea seems to stick, and they come toddling along to church, as if they had been at it all their lives.

"They are awfully 'cute, too; if you ask them a question they can't answer, they will pretend for all they know that they can't understand your Chinyanja, and are too polite to actually tell you so, but give them one word for a clue and out comes the answer with a burst, and such smiles. It is easy to know when they do understand one's language. The boys are really good, and would compare favourably with English boys and young men, both in church doctrine and catechism. The old men, again, are like the old women. Some of the girls are very woody and others quite sharp. But they are all good, wonderfully good, and try very hard to come into line and give up old ways.

Baptisms.—"The next baptism will be large in numbers. In a weak moment I sent off my very best teacher to help at Kota Kota. Two of Mr. Cox's* teachers are *readers*, and after the Christmas holidays are entering S. Andrew's College to prepare for the Diaconate, and so Kota Kota will be very badly off. We have had very much to be thankful for in the river work, and so I hope we can spare Stanley for a time to help over this difficulty."

Polygamy.—"*May 12th*, 1910.—I had a happy visit to the Mission work in the Matope district during the last fortnight. There are now sixty people being prepared for baptism. They may not all perhaps go through, but they are being tested.

"We do not wish to give the cross (make catechumens of) to any woman if she is one of two or more wives of

* Priest-in-charge of Kota Kota.

one man. There are dozens and dozens here of whom I could make catechumens but for this drawback. It is a very difficult question; we cannot encourage them to leave the man; he could win his case at the *Boma* court anywhere if he took it up. If he voluntarily gives her up, then it is all right, only one must be careful to have it all clearly put down, so that he can't go back on his word. Then I try and insist on all boy catechumens becoming engaged to catechumen girls, but if there are no such girls in their village or district, and the mothers refuse to allow their girls to receive the cross, as at Mtembwe school, I dare not insist on this when the boys come to the marriageable age. I can only tell them to try and persuade their girls to become catechumens, and hold the boys back from baptism on purpose for a time. But can I refuse them permanently, if they wish for it, and if their girls remain stony-hearted? I can't think so. Yet I believe many such boys have gone wrong in other places after baptism and marriage with a heathen woman. Of course, we do not give the Church's blessing on a marriage between a Christian and heathen or catechumen. If the woman becomes a Christian, then we may.

Progress.—"The river work is at a very happy stage now, very many of both sexes drawing near to the time of their baptism. By Christmas we shall have trebled the number of Christians. I wish I could be more amongst them than I am. One can see a marked change after confirmation and first communion. Still, many difficulties crop up, and it is simply wonderful how sincerely they will come at Christmas to confession, and really empty themselves of their troubles. If only one could have been as open-hearted always oneself! Some of these Christian natives do put one to shame."

Loneliness.—Mr. Jenkin's work leaves him much separated from the rest of the missionaries in the Nyasaland diocese. He sees Europeans frequently, and he has now many African Christians around him, but he rarely meets his fellow workers in the Mission.

There is the journey up to Likoma once a year for the retreat and synod, and an occasional visit to Mponda's or Malindi, and very rarely he sees a missionary going on furlough or returning; for his house at Likwenu does not see much of him, and he is usually away travelling or visiting the townships when his brother missionaries call by the way.

On Feb. 19th, 1910, he writes: "I have just heard that four of our returning missionaries are at Liwonde on their way to the lake. I must get down early to-morrow to see them if I can; it is such a joy to meet some one fresh out from home." Archdeacon Eyre gives him a welcome 'visitation' at times. But on the whole he lives very much alone; more so than most members of the staff, and not only has he no brother priest with him, but there is also no layman working in the Shiré river district. Mr. Jenkin's position recalls in some degree what we have read of Archdeacon Johnson's experiences in his earlier days at the lake, before the steamer came. This should give additional stimulus to our prayers that another priest may soon go out to share in the rapidly developing work on the Shiré.

Later News.—Later news of the river work and townships is told in a letter from Mr. Jenkin received in November 1910. There he speaks of the 188 Christians looking forward to the arrival of the Bishop. Of a church to be begun at Zomba, for which the residents had collected £350. Of the love and devotion of the English in Blantyre for their church and its services, which he says is "an object-lesson to any community of Christians in the wide world." "They have bought their own communion vessels, and prayer and hymn books, made their own altar linen, frontals, kneelers, prayer and litany desk, and someone is always in church before the services to get things ready and to put them away afterwards. And in addition to providing all these things for themselves, they have sent £7 to the Mission treasurer at Mponda's as a thank-offering for the services which the Mission has given them. It is our bounden

duty to supply these people with the privileges of the church which they love. I receive letters quite often from English priests, telling me of church people settling in the country, and there are three now who have asked to be prepared for confirmation."

In conclusion we cannot do better than quote the words of a new member of the Mission, who, while waiting for the *Chauncy Maples* to take him and his travelling companions to Likoma, was able to get a glimpse of the work going on in this district:

"We travelled about forty miles down the river Shiré from Liwonde, and visited the various villages. On our approach the people flocked out of their homes to meet us, and seemed delighted to see us, especially a white lady,* a rare sight in these parts; the black boys, like their white brothers, rejoicing to run shouting behind the bicycles. After we arrived the people would be gathered together in the native-built church for a service and address, and if we stayed the night we had a Celebration of the Holy Communion the following morning.

"After visiting these parts for the first time I was better able to realise the splendid sphere of work in the villages on the Shiré banks. The people are evidently ready and willing to be taught the true faith, and to be brought into the Catholic Church. There is practically no Mohammedanism at present in this part, and surely it is an opportunity, not to be lost, of raising a strong bulwark against the progress of Islam. An opportunity to conquer this part of the country for Christ *now*.

"But to work this big district at present there is only one priest, who also has charge of the townships of Blantyre and Zomba, and he, though labouring strenuously and devotedly, can only just keep the present work going, without any thought of expansion, while we ought to expand on all sides. We need three or four more priests for this district alone to grasp the splendid

* Miss Bulley.

opportunity that is now presented to us, and win it for Christ. It is a strenuous life amongst these villages, a life of constant travelling and sore hardships, but there is the joy of real pioneer work in the Master's cause."

And the Bishop of Nyasaland writing from Likwenu on January 24 says, "I am immensely impressed with all the work along the Shiré; it has, I think, a very great future if we can develop it."

H. J. R.

XXIII

WORK IN YAOLAND

Introduction.—A land of forests and mountains, of wide valleys, pleasant streams, and fruitful plains—such is Yaoland. The Yaos, a hardy hill-folk, live mostly in the highlands to the east of Lake Nyasa; some are to be found to the south of the lake, while others have settled inland on the west side.

They are a proud, independent people, vigorous of body and mind, with great capabilities; and withal exceedingly restless. They are fond of making long journeys, and have wonderful powers of endurance. This restlessness makes evangelistic work among them somewhat difficult. It often happens that a Mission school in one of their villages, after a life of perhaps two or three years, will be left high and dry, and all the work unsettled, by reason of the fact that the whole community has flitted off to "fresh fields and pastures new."

Perhaps it was a raid that was feared, or the cultivated ground was worked out, and the Yaos have no idea of a rotation of crops. Or it may have been that the people were merely tired of the spot, and so moved off, with no feeling of regret for the poor school!

Islam.—Another drawback in working amongst the Yaos is the fact that Mohammedanism was in the field before Christianity, and though many of the professing Mohammedans are exceedingly ignorant and apathetic, still, the presence of Islam does constitute a hindrance to the spread of the Gospel, and this more in some places than in others.

But in spite of these difficulties the Yaos are an exceedingly interesting people to work amongst. Moreover, those who join us prove themselves some of our best and most earnest Christians. The break with the

old life often brings upon them a great deal of ridicule and opposition, and this tests their sincerity.

They do not as yet come to us in very large numbers, but there are almost everywhere signs of steady, if rather slow, progress. The women and girls are the most difficult to gain.

The best way to describe the work going on amongst the Yaos will be to make an imaginary tour, visiting the various stations.

Malindi.—We will start at Malindi, a station on the lake shore, at the south-east corner of Lake Nyasa. This is not a very old station ; it was first started for the sake of the engineering shops connected with the work of the Mission steamers, and it was here that the *Chauncy Maples* was completed. It has since developed into an important centre for evangelizing the Yaos, who have settled in large numbers on the lake shore in that neighbourhood.

It was stiff uphill work at first at Malindi. First of all there was the difficult language of Yao to be mastered, and this was absolutely necessary before there could be any thoroughness in the work. No one in the Nyasa diocese (*i.e.* no white missionary) had *seriously* tackled the Yao language, but such work as had already been done among the Yaos had been carried on mainly through the medium of either Swahili or Chinyanja, and this, of course, was eminently unsatisfactory. Then on all sides Islam was active, and the white man was genuinely disliked and distrusted, and although there was evidently a splendid field for work as regarded numbers, yet it was manifest there was a hard fight ready for the man who was willing seriously to take Malindi in hand.

Bishop Trower had the man ready for the post. The Rev. Caradoc Davies, a hard-headed, warm-hearted, enthusiastic Welshman, threw himself at the out-works of Islamic Yao, and by dint of prayer, pluck, and perseverance, aided by unfailing good humour, practical common sense, and considerable ability in understanding the Yao language and customs, won for the Mission the

NAMWERA.

A CLASS AT MANGOCHE. [*To face p.* 160

respect and trust of the Yao natives. Before he left Malindi he was able to see the first-fruits of his work in the men and boys whom he baptized on Christmas Eve 1904.

Side by side with Mr. Davies were two brave and loyal co-workers—Miss Schofield, who "laboured on, spent and was spent," with little encouragement in the way of results, to win the Yao women; and Miss Murton, whose care for the bodies often found a way to the souls of those whom the Mission might not otherwise have reached.

A beautiful stone church was erected in 1910, Mr. Frank George being the architect. There is a large boys' school, and small girls' school, which hopes to grow in the near future; there are also well-equipped hospitals and a dispensary. These latter are great aids in reaching the suspicious and hostile Mohammedans.

Mangoche.—Under Mr. Davies work was also begun in the neighbouring hill-district of Mangoche, so called from a fine range of mountains near by, on one of which is situated Fort Mangoche, an important British military station, which occupies the site of Zerafi's* old town, and two schools were established in villages at the foot of the mountains.

Having climbed the hills of Mangoche, where beautiful views of mountain and forest are to be obtained, we find ourselves at Namweras, the head school of the district.

Namweras.—There is a house for the priest-in-charge of Malindi, where he may stay when on a visit to his hill-stations, and here also is a little church which the Christians have built themselves, giving their labour without payment.

Namizimu.—We pass on from Namweras, noticing one or two other schools on the way, and then travelling northward for a day or two we reach Namizimu, an

* Zerafi was for many years paramount chief of Mangoche, and terrorised the whole country round. He was defeated and driven away to the Lujenda by a force sent by Sir H. Johnston.

out-station belonging to Mtonya. This is situated in a large village on the side of the Namizimu mountain, and as it is about 4000 feet above sea-level the air is beautifully bracing, while all around are magnificent views of mountain peaks, and far away below we catch a glimpse of the blue lake.

Mtonya.—Descending Namizimu mountain we reach Mtonya station in the course of a couple of days, and there we get an enthusiastic welcome from Archdeacon Eyre and his boys. We admire the well-kept station, and are charmed by the beautiful voices of the boys in church, while in the evening we rejoice in the generous warmth of a big wood fire,—for Mtonya is high up, and the nights are cold.

Work was first commenced at Mtonya under a native teacher, and much promise was shewn, but owing to a serious lapse on his part the work was suspended for the time being, and some of the existing catechumens were transferred to Malindi, where they were baptized in due course. In 1904 Bishop Trower sent the Rev. C. Davies and Dr. Howard on a journey to Mtonya to report on conditions there. As the result of this visit work was re-started, and the Rev. (now Archdeacon) C. B. Eyre and Dr. Howard founded the station there. Under such leadership, as might be expected, the station was well planned and the houses strongly built, while, with an eye to the future, gardens were started and fruit-trees planted.

The station is situated on elevated ground near the foot of the Mtonya mountain, and beautiful views are obtained over the great plateau below, which is dotted over with numerous villages.

Under the charge of Archdeacon Eyre the work soon began to prosper, and children came to be taught at the school. There are about eighty boys living on the station, many of whom are Christians. There is also a girls' school, but this, and indeed the women's work generally, suffers somewhat from the fact that it has not yet been possible to station ladies permanently at Mtonya.

ON THE ROAD TO NAMWERA. [*To face p.* 162

For several months of the year 1907 Miss Medd and Miss Minter (now Mrs. Howard), were working there, and under their care the medical work and the work amongst the women was developing nicely; but unfortunately, owing to "rumours of wars" and threatened raids from the robber-chieftain Mataka, it was deemed wise to remove the ladies from Mtonya. Let us hope and pray for the times of peace and security in that district, so that Mtonya station can be once more properly staffed.

There is a nice little church at Mtonya, and also a hospital and dispensary, where Archdeacon Eyre, with ready sympathy, does his best for the sufferers who come to him.

In addition to the central station there are one or two out-schools, besides the one already mentioned at Namizimu.

Unangu is the next station. Travelling in a north-easterly direction along a nice wide road made by the Portuguese, in about two days' time we come in sight of its huge double-peaked mountain, at the foot of which nestles the Mission station, a full account of which is given in the next chapter.

In writing of work in Yaoland, mention must also be made of Lungwena, another station on the lake shore, two days to the north of Malindi, where work has been successfully carried on for several years against much opposition from Mohammedanism.

Mponda's, near Fort Johnston, is also partly Yao.

The work in all this district is steadily spreading and deepening, and the Cross is slowly winning the field against the powers of Islam and heathenism.

W. B. S.

XXIV

THE MISSION AT UNANGU

Introduction.—Have those who are interested in the work of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa ever realised that you can now (1910) travel for over two hundred miles in the Yao hills and be in touch with Christian work the whole time?

We have known for some time that along the eastern shore of Lake Nyasa there is a chain of sixty stations visited regularly by the "*Chauncy Maples,*" *but now there is another chain from thirty to fifty miles inland in the very heart of Yaoland.*

This chain comprises the central station of Malindi, Mangoche, Mtonya, and Unangu, with the important outpost of Namizimu, the farthest out-station south from Mtonya, and twenty miles north of Malindi, with many smaller out-stations more or less distant from each centre.

In a small book like this we regret that it is impossible to give a description and details of the work at every station, for though these differ considerably according to the local workers' point of view, they would appear very much the same, and perhaps somewhat monotonous, to those who merely look on and read about them. We must therefore content ourselves with giving a sketch of Unangu, the oldest of the stations in this part of Yaoland, and one which is particularly interesting, as the Rev. Yohana Abdallah, who has been in charge of it since 1895,* is an African and a Yao.

Tribal Wars.—In passing, we must draw attention to the unrest and tribal disturbances which have so often greatly added to the difficulties with which the Mission has to contend in these parts.

* When Dr. Hine went to England for his consecration.

Sometimes when rival tribes are raiding each other, whole villages are scattered, promising schools emptied, and the people, living in a state of perpetual terror and uncertainty, are quite unable to turn their minds to higher things. The prime disturbers of the peace of late years have been Malinganile and Mataka. The former robber's hill was about twenty miles north of Unangu; the latter's village is some forty miles east of Mtonya.

Unangu itself has been fairly free from these raids, but not so the surrounding country. In 1906 Kalanji's* people were defeated by Mataka, his brother and nephew killed, and the Christians at Chisindo,† an out-station of Unangu, were all scattered. Again, in the latter part of 1909, Padre Yohana writes of the school at Chisindo having very few children in it, and the people being in an unsettled state when he visited them; and immediately after his departure the village was attacked by Malinganile's men, three people were killed and five taken prisoners, while the rest, with their teachers, took refuge at Msumba and the villages behind S. Michael's College. "I am very proud," adds the padre, "of these teachers; they did not run away to Unangu, where they would have been safe, but stuck bravely to their work."‡ In another chapter we give an account of a raid on one of the Mtonya villages in 1910.

* Chief of Unangu.

† Chisindo is the chief out-station of Unangu, and is a fine mountain district, distant two or three day's journey.

‡ Some few years ago Padre Yohana was returning from a conference at Likoma by the hill road back to Unangu, and camped near the village where his brother Gilbert was stationed. The Malinganile Yaos, together with a body of Angoni lately escaped from German territory, took the opportunity to raid Gilbert's village; several were killed, and Gilbert himself only just managed to reach his brother's camp, with Yaos and Angoni close on his heels. Padre Yohana kept his head, and met the Yao warriors. They were willing to listen to the relative of such a well-known head man as Nakaam, who lived on the high way to the Indian Ocean coast, and were able to restrain their Angoni allies. They promised to pay for one of Yohana's people who had been killed, and expressed a wish to be on good terms with the Mission.

Unangu.—Unangu is sixty miles from the lake; the town lies at the foot of a mountain which rises 2000 feet or more out of an extensive plain 1800 feet above the lake. The inhabitants are Yaos; they fled for safety to Unangu to escape from the Magwangwara, and built their villages on the sides of the mountain, while they planted their gardens in the plain. At one time the population of Unangu was over 5000.

Seen from a great distance on its south-eastern side, Unangu mountain presents the appearance of a lion *couchant*, and under certain conditions of sky and cloud, when the mountain shows up a dark indigo colour, it is a grand and striking sight.

Unangu itself is a town, and affords a *rendezvous* for caravans going from Lake Nyasa to the Indian Ocean coast.

Visited by Charles Janson.—When the Revs. W. P. Johnson and Charles Janson were first sent by Bishop Steere to Lake Nyasa they visited Unangu. They got close to the hill, and wondered where the big village they had heard of could be, and were first apprised of its whereabouts by the noise of a great number of men in a state of excitement all over the hill. Then they made out some small huts crowded together among the stones. The excitement was caused by the travellers having omitted to give the usual warning by firing off a gun. They laughed it off, and the men quieted down. The old chief at that time was friendly, and told Mr. Johnson that a European with a dog had spoken to him of the Resurrection years before. This was Dr. Livingstone.

Opened by Dr. Hine.—The Mission station at Unangu was opened by Dr. Hine* in 1893. At that time all the people were living on the side of the mountain above the site which was bought for the station, but of late years, as the fear of the Magwangwara has vanished, very few huts remain on the mountain itself.

* Now Bishop of Northern Rhodesia. Unangu had also been visited by Archdeacon Maples, and by Bishop Smythies in 1887, who held services, and was well received by the chief's daughter and her women.

UNANGU MOUNTAIN AND CLERGY HOUSE.

A GROUP OF UNANGU CHRISTIANS. [*To face p.* 166

Dr. Hine wrote an account of his first days at the new station, which is typical of the small beginnings a missionary must be prepared for in starting a station.

Bishop Hine's Account.—"*Oct. 8th*, 1893: We have been here nearly a fortnight, and are getting on fairly well. We have had a busy week, bargaining with the people for poles, bamboos, grass and rope.* The framework of the house is nearly up, and we have thirty women at work to-day carrying mud. One seems to need a larger amount of patience in dealing with Yao men than with any other people I have met. The women seem very nice, and the children are delightful.

"I have started an infant school, and sit for an hour or so every morning with a box lid for a blackboard and a bit of chalk, teaching some twenty little boys the alphabet. It strikes me more and more what a detestable thing the alphabet is. You no sooner get accustomed to 'A' than you have to introduce 'a,' and so on. We finish up with a sort of choral performance, in which we go up and down the gamut from A to K, which always ends in a loud shriek of laughter, as being an excellent joke.

"I then try a little religious instruction, reading a Bible story out of a Yao lesson-book. I read a sentence and make all the boys repeat it after me. This is not quite a success, for when I try to question them on the subject-matter they only repeat my words, and whatever I say they say, so one does not seem to get much 'forrarder.' By and by we shall hope to do better.

"Kalanji, the chief of Unangu, went away last week to see his dhows. The day he started he arrived here at 5.30 a.m. with six men, and demanded beads for his journey. I was only just out of bed, and began gently to expostulate with him, but in the end, to get rid of him, and lest he should seize something else, for he seemed anxious to make off with a bath towel, and was glancing round the room in a suspicious way, I

* For building.

gave him about a shilling's worth of beads, when he said 'Good-bye' and rushed off. We are entirely at this chief's disposal, and if he chose to take all we possess, and to turn us out, we could do nothing but submit. Next day a goat was sent me, which I think was intended as a return for the beads.

"I suppose the prospects of work here are as bright as anywhere else in Africa, but it will be very slow, uphill work. Lots of people come for medicine: what I give seems to suit them, and they get well quickly under it.

"I had a preaching to-day, to which a good many came, and I am going to give a little instruction to the work-people every day. I may, in the long run, get hold of some of them, so that they will continue to come for instruction when the building of the house is finished. They are wild creatures, and their great occupation at present seems to be hunting rats!"

Yohana Abdallah.—When Bishop Smythies heard of the starting of this important new work, he wrote to Bishop Hornby and offered to lend him, for two years, Yohana Abdallah, one of his best teachers, and the son of Nakaam, a chief in the Rovuma country. "It seemed" the Bishop wrote, "as if it was an intimation of God's will, as, when I reached here,* one of the first things I heard was, that Kalanji, the chief of Unangu, had sought the friendship of Nakaam, Yohana's father, who has given his consent to his going."

Yohana was already a good preacher, both in Yao and Swahili, and could read English with ease. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Tucker, of the C.M.S., in August, 1894 (Bishop Smythies having died the previous May), and went almost immediately to his new work.

A Yao Funeral.—Mr. Joseph Williams, who was working for some time with Dr. Hine, gives an interesting account of a Yao funeral in those days. "Funerals are very lively affairs here. The procession to the grave is headed

* Chitangali—Rovuma.

by a man who runs before the corpse, bearing a white or red flag, followed by a woman with a basket of leaves and flowers, to be laid on the grave after the interment. A number of people follow the body to the grave, which is always dug after the corpse has reached the spot chosen. A drum is beaten on the way, and the people dance and sing, while the body itself is hurried along at a rollicking pace. When the requisite depth for the grave has been dug, and the corpse placed in it, sticks are laid across and the earth thrown in. The divining rod is always consulted after every death, and somebody accused of having caused it, who has to pay damages to the relations."

Burning alive.—In 1895 Dr. Hine wrote: "One doesn't realise heathenism till one sees for oneself what it is, and then it comes as a terrible revelation. To-day at mid-day the boys came and told me that a woman was being burnt alive at a place within sight, but about two miles away. I didn't believe it, having been told that Kalanji did not allow burnings to take place here, but on the boys persisting that it was true I went off to see. When I got near the place I saw all the grass in flames, and there came a horrid whiff of burning flesh, and on reaching the place I found the body lying on a heap of ashes, face downwards, with the charred remains of the skull, the hands projecting and fastened to a tree, the feet having been apparently fastened to another. The body was still burning, frizzling and spitting in the flames, a horrible sight, such as I never thought to see in my life.

"It was a ghastly spot; skulls and bones lying on the ground, and the trees festooned with the bits of calico and other offerings which these people make to the spirits of the dead. The people had all gone away, but I afterwards heard that the woman was accused of witchcraft, that she was not one of Kalanji's people and he knew nothing about the burning; and, I suppose, even if he had he could not have done anything, as she was not one of his people.

"Facts like these impress upon us how great is the need of this Mission to the Yaos. It brings to my mind

the burnings which took place at Likoma in the early days of the Mission. May this burning here, like those at Likoma, be the last that Unangu will ever see.

"The school is increasing, we are not without cause for thankfulness."

Progress.—In the same year, 1895, the Rev. A. G. B. Glossop paid a visit to Unangu, and wrote: "A little more than a year ago I first came here with Bishop Hornby, and how changed the station now is. There are five houses instead of one, a little garden, with two or three wells, banana trees in fruit flourishing right up to the house, and things look bright all round, and with the Rev. Yohana Abdallah to help Dr. Hine we hope the work will go on surely. But in none of these places is it likely that the people will run to hear you; hard, patient work, must overcome prejudice. Remember, too, that Unangu is one of the chief towns on the great slave route, and Kalanji is the only chief whose dhow* yet remains to him.

Dr. Hine worked two years at Unangu, and after a visit to England was consecrated Bishop of the diocese. Yohana Abdallah, who was still a deacon, was left in charge. He was ordained priest by Bishop Hine in March, 1898.

In 1897 Dr. Hine paid an episcopal visit to Unangu, in which he naturally took a deep interest. He was delighted with the progress which had been made, for before he left Unangu to go to England he had had most trying experiences. Kalanji took bhang, or Indian hemp, largely, and when under its influence would come and toy with a loaded revolver. He allowed and even encouraged thieving from the Mission store, and Dr. Hine had often to get up and watch in the night. On a sudden the chief's attitude became different. A very fine sheep was sent to Dr. Hine as a present, and a message from the chief's elders to ask forgiveness for any lack of respect, as he (the

* A vessel used for carrying slaves.

chief) had been badly brought up. The meaning of this did not transpire until some time had elapsed, and then it came out that Kalanji had heard with incredible rapidity of the triumph of the English over the slaving party at the north end of Lake Nyasa, and that Lozi's (the chief of the gang) head had been put on the mast of the Government steamer.

It was after this, when Dr. Hine had gone to England, Padre Yohana begged Archdeacon Johnson to come up to Unangu and demand satisfaction from Kalanji for stolen goods which he had in his keeping. It was with some misgivings that the Archdeacon went to prosecute the chief in his own village, with nothing stronger than moral suasion, and it spoke volumes for Padre Yohana's influence that he was able to conduct the case successfully, and though the Archdeacon made the penalty as light as possible, a number of stolen articles were restored, and two oxen (not very large certainly, but oxen are very few in that part) were actually paid to the Mission; after this there were no more robberies, and the chief remained on friendly terms, while the Mission was increasedly respected.

First Baptisms.—Out-schools, with resident teachers, had been started, a new church built, very simple but nice, and the services were reverent and devotional. There were classes for hearers and catechumens four days in the week, and on S. Matthew's Day Bishop Hine baptized the first-fruits of the Mission in Western Yaoland.

The Church.—The work now went surely forward. A good church, with stone walls and buttresses faced with brick, was built by Mr. George, and dedicated by Bishop Hine on All Saints' Day, 1900.

Describing the church the Bishop wrote: "The pleasing exterior had not prepared me for the still more pleasing interior. A comely altar of stone, suitably carved, stands out about four feet from the east wall, and with its furniture presents a very stately appearance, and is the prominent feature. The roof-beams are all of wrought timber, and in the sanc-

tuary these have been oiled, so that the rich colour of the wood is seen to perfection. Over the door and in other places some beautiful carving is to be seen, *all the work of Africans.*"

It was very evident that Padre Yohana and all his flock were in a high state of satisfaction with their new church, which was really needed, as the old one that had done duty for so long was on its last legs.

At that time there were 140 Christians, 51 catechumens, 217 hearers, and over a dozen teachers working in pairs in a circle round Unangu.

A Yao Hero.—The visitor to the church at Unangu is at once struck by the evident reverence and earnestness of the Yao Christians, and especially of those who take part in the service of the sanctuary. "I always remember with admiration," writes Rev. W. B. Suter, in 1904, "a Christian named Isaya, a man of splendid physique, not tall but so well built. It happened that on my visit to Unangu I was called upon to convey the Blessed Sacrament to the Bishop, who was ill. Before the conclusion of the service I left the church, and made my way across the quadrangle to the house where the Bishop was lying. In front of me walked Isaya, who was cross-bearer, and I think gratefully of the reverence and decorum which he displayed. I do not only remember him as a reverent servant in God's house, but as a hero under very different circumstances.

He was foreman of the *machila** team which was carrying the Bishop back to the lake, and almost at the end of a very long day's journey, while Isaya was taking his turn at one end of the machila pole, he slipped heavily in mounting a large piece of rock. He saved the machila from coming to the ground, but at the expense of a big gash which he received in his leg. In spite of the extreme pain caused by such a terrible wound he continued his journey uncomplainingly. I mention the case of this man, as showing of what fine stuff the Yaos are made."

* Hammock.

Survey of Work.—Space will only allow us to take a very brief survey of the work which has been done at this station in the last ten years, which in spite of wars and raids between the native chiefs and Portuguese Government, with the consequent trials and difficulties, has gone steadily on.

It was Bishop Trower's custom to visit Unangu every year at least, and to hold a confirmation there. Each year he took with him one of the English members of the staff, and asked them to give their candid opinion of what they saw, whether they thought the native priest was held in respect and did his work efficiently, and in every case they were full of enthusiasm and wonder at the way the station was managed, and the work progressing.

One of Padre Yohana's plans is to choose men and women from among the older Christians, and send them once a month to tell the Good Tidings among the scattered villages, thus teaching his people that it is their duty to hand on the good things they have themselves received. As many as twenty have been engaged in this evangelistic work.

Writing in the *Nyasaland Quarterly** in 1908, Padre Yohana says: "This year we have had some wonderful developments here. Many teachers have been sent to different places, while two readers have gone to S. Andrew's College to prepare for the diaconate, and four teachers are gone to Chisindo. Easter brought us much blessing, seventy-eight people were baptized and 205 made their communion." There are 117 boys in the school and sixty-three girls, some of the latter went for a time to Likoma for higher education, and an account of them is given in another chapter†

The old chief Kalanji, who has been mentioned in these pages, died in 1907. Though he remained a heathen, he always upheld the Mission, and helped in

* The Diocesan Magazine printed at Likoma.

† See Chapter VI.

the repairing of the church at one time when there had been a fire.* Not so very long ago he paid a visit to Likoma, and was much impressed by all he saw.

A feature of Padre Yohana's work has been that he brought with him to Unangu several people from his own village near Masasi, including his brother Gilbert and a boy named Michael, to work with him. Gilbert and Michael after doing good work as teachers, were in due course entered in the *Chauncy Maples* and made readers; they subsequently went to S. Andrew's College, and after the usual probation were ordained deacons.†

A Picture of the Station.—The following is a picture of Unangu drawn by one of the workers—"The journey from Mtonya to Unangu took us two-and-a-half days. The path lies through the forest, we saw a good deal of game but no elephants, though some years ago Bishop Hine saw forty on this road.

"The station looked charming in the distance, with green trees, the church tower, and all the houses whitened with lime, in fact we thought that this was the most truly Eastern looking of all the Mission stations in the Nyasaland diocese.

"The church stands very well, and the white ants do not appear to have done much damage to the structure.

"Padre Yohana made us very comfortable, and gave us his house, the walls of which are covered with picture

* Easter, 1904.

† Archdeacon Johnson says: "It is very impressive to see what hold Padre Yohana has on those round him. The chief Mataka, at Mwembe, has maintained friendly relations with Padre Yohana, but his obstinate opposition to the lawful Portuguese authority, has up to now made it impossible for the Mission to re-occupy his village. Padre Yohana sent a teacher there to sound Mataka, and he came on to Likoma to report, but had not made much way." Mataka, the Yao chief at Mwembe, forty miles east of Mtonya, is the one big native chief who has not in any way submitted to the Portuguese. He is quite distinct from Mataka, a Nyasa herdman opposite Likoma, under the Portuguese. Malinganile is another Yao who has not submitted to the Portuguese, but he has been driven away from his old haunts, and has this year been followed up by Dr. Lage, the Portuguese Commandante, to near the Rovuma, and has probably now escaped into German territory.

postcards, that he brought back from the Holy Land.* Undoubtedly great progress has been made in the work."

Later news† from Unangu comes from the pen of Padre Yohana. He tells of famine and smallpox in the land. Four of his people had died of the latter and seventeen of famine. On Easter Eve sixty people received Holy baptism, and on Easter Day 173 made their communion.

He then gives an account of the various villages he had visited ; speaks of his joy in having deacon Leonard Kangati to help him, to whom he had given over the charge of Chisindo and the smaller villages connected with it, and concludes with a very pæan of hope—

"Perhaps after two years a crusade will start consisting of thirty priests, fifty deacons, and three hundred teachers, facing due east to attack the Yao capital!"

Such is the splendid optimism of the African. May it make us remember, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, believing, ye shall receive."

D. Y. M.

* Padre Yohana visited the Holy Land in 1905.

† Received in November 1910.

XXV

A RECENT RAID NEAR MTONYA

The following pitiful tale is told by Archdeacon Eyre. It is typical of an age-long state of things which we hope is passing away. When we see an African start at a sudden noise or movement we smile, forgetting the hideous background which to him is so real and to us so shadowy, save when we come face to face with a concrete instance of it, like that at Mtonya.

On November 30th, 1909, a Mohammedan teacher, belonging to Fort Maguire, came through Mtonya from Mwembe, Mataka's village, and reported that a war-party were on their way to Mtonya.

This of course caused a scare, and the women and children left the villages on the east side of the district, which are nearest the route to Mataka's, and kept in villages further west.

Scouting parties were sent out by the chief Chiwaula to reconnoitre for about ten days, but as they neither heard nor saw anything of any war-party they returned to their homes.

The very next morning Massenjele's village was raided. Villages are often taken by surprise in this way, as it is impossible to know when the raiders will come. The chief and several others were killed, including one of the school-boys who was a Christian, and a number of people were carried off captive. About half-past four in the morning those on the Mission station at Mtonya heard firing to the north, and shortly after saw the flames of burning houses about three miles away. Most of the schoolboys left the station immediately, together with the herd-boys and the cattle, and went towards Lungwena on the lake, as they had been told to do in the event of a raid. Mr. Tom Hallson, the

teachers, one or two school-boys, the work-boys and a few others remained. The villagers all mustered, and pursuing the raiders, caught them up eventually, rescued the prisoners, and killed about thirty of Mataka's people. Several Mtonya men were killed and some wounded in the fight. The rest of the raiders managed to get away, perhaps about twenty of them, though the exact numbers are not known. Mr. Hallson was able to dress the wounds of those who were willing for him to do so, and one man who was badly hurt was brought to the hospital.

The teacher, Isaiah Auzi, was in his house, with his wife and two little children, one of them a baby, when the village was attacked. His house was set on fire, and the men stood outside with their guns ready to shoot him down when he came out. His wife went out first with her two children, as she was unable to bear the heat and stifling smoke of the burning house. She was immediately seized and carried off, but was afterwards rescued by the Mtonya men. The dormitory was also burnt, and the boys seized as they ran out, but some of them managed to escape. One, who was taken for a man, was shot; he ran a few yards and then fell. He was found after the raiders had gone, but died very soon. His body was carried to the Mission and buried in the evening.

The teacher, Isaiah, stayed in the burning house as long as he could, and prayed to God to help him in his extremity. He then rushed out with an axe in one hand and a knife in the other, and managed to get away, though all the men fired at him as he ran.

Afterwards a man, who had been engaged in burning and enslaving in another part of the village, met and fired at Isaiah, wounding him severely in the leg. He fell, but got up again, and the man, seeing his axe, and not having had time to load his muzzle-loading gun, made off, so Isaiah was able to get away. He was sent to Malindi hospital in a *machila*, and eventually to the doctor at Fort Johnston,* who fixed him up, and he is

* There being no Mission doctor.

now back teaching in the school; he had the comfort of seeing his wife and children safe before he left Mtonya.

Everything in the school, dormitory, and teacher's house was burnt, except a few articles that the raiders were able to annex before the burning roofs fell in. The school bell, a slate, and a few books, were afterwards brought to the Mission by those who found them on the ground when the raiders were overtaken. A bee clock was picked up in the ashes of the school, of course in a ruined condition. Mr. Hallson did all he could to assist the wounded, and showed both courage and judgment at this critical time.* He had a very trying day, walking several times between the Mission and Massenjele's village, making arrangements and helping the people.

No one knew at first whether or not a raid would be made on Chiwaula's village, which is nearer the Mission, but happily it escaped. The official in charge of the Government station sent some soldiers to assist in the pursuit, and did what he could to help. Some of the boys got as far as Lungwena, and returned to Mtonya the next day with the cattle. The poor old chief, who was shot, was very friendly with the Mission. His house appears to have been the first that was set on fire, and he himself was shot down dead in the doorway as he was coming out. A new Government station has now been built on the north-east side, and the soldiers have been reinforced to protect the district in case of another raid. It remains to be seen whether Mataka will try and avenge the loss of so many of his people. We shall hope to start work again at Massenjele's after the rains.† May the time not be far distant when it will be possible for the country to be freed from these marauding tribes, who keep the people in a perpetual state of unrest.

C. B. E.

* Archdeacon Eyre himself, much to his regret, had gone down to Lungwena the day before to meet the steamer on her way to Likoma.

† The school was re-opened in September 1910.

XXVI

CHILDREN AND SCHOOLS

The children are the delight of the Mission station; it would be a dull place without them. Who can help their hearts warming towards those quaint little objects, who, in delightfully scanty raiment, are so fond of paying calls on your verandah at inconvenient times, so mildly surprised if you do not appear to want them, and so easily made happy if you condescend to tolerate them? It is not much use to be "not at home" to their constant "*Hodi*."* We sometimes try that on, and hear various conjectures. "She sleeps." "How so? Has she not even now entered the house?" And then they try again, and in despair you answer their "*Hodi, Hodi*" by calling them in.

Our children have many good points; they are no more quarrelsome than English children, nor any lazier at their lessons; they quickly learn obedience and answer to discipline, although such a thing is an almost unknown quantity in their own homes. Also they really respond to kindness, though not in a demonstrative manner.

The boys are extraordinarily like boys at home in their games together, the way they chaff each other, and in their tremendous vitality, which must be worked off somehow. They are like, too, in their quickness to be hurt in their vanity, in their obstinacy, in their sense of justice or injustice. They have a keen sense of humour, and one of their best characteristics is their generosity in sharing good things with each other. For instance, if one child gets a piece of sugar-cane his companions come up as a matter of course to help him to eat it.

* *Hodi* is equivalent to a knock at the door, and is the African way of asking leave to enter.

It is not difficult to understand the boys to a certain extent, though whether one ever *thoroughly* understands the African is with most of us a moot question, but the girls are harder. They seem to have less life in them, and that is no doubt because they have been so kept under for generations, and from such an early age are called upon for really hard work in the fields, and at home, grinding the family corn, carrying water, and doing the various other jobs which it is not the custom for the menkind of the family to burden themselves with.

But the girls repay any trouble taken to try and know them, and they often surprise you with glimpses at depths of character carefully concealed, which sometimes rise to the surface.

The babies of either sex are a constant joy—soft, round, affectionate little people, and often quite pretty.

School is the place *par excellence* in which to study the children, and school work is a most important feature of Mission work in general. We thankfully remember the conversion of many adults, but it is chiefly to the children we look for the Church of the future. In Likoma the second and even the third generations are now being taught in the schools, which are very large, the girls' schools alone having an average attendance of 400. In Kota Kota, at the central station, there are three schools for boys, girls, and infant boys; at Malindi and Mponda's at the south end of Lake Nyasa, one for boys and another for girls.

The sexes are not mixed in school as in village schools at home, except sometimes when it is unavoidable in an out-station where there is only one teacher.

The station bell rings to call the children from the village at 8 a.m. Some of them are already on the station, as in many of the new places both boys and girls, after they become catechumens, are obliged to sleep in the Mission dormitories. This is a great safeguard, for unless their homes are thoroughly Christian the risks they run are serious. After the bell has rung it is the duty of the monitors, who teach the infants and

lowest standards, to go down into the village and call the small ones personally. This gives the monitors a certain wholesome responsibility, and has been found a help to keeping up regular attendance. At 8.15 or 8.30, as the case may be, all the children ought to have arrived; but Africans have a lofty disregard of mere minutes, which is not surprising, as they have always been accustomed to go by the sun.

School opens with prayers, and next there is general repetition for half-an-hour, the Ten Commandments or Two Duties, or perhaps some passage in Scripture. Then the children divide into classes. There are standards, as at home, and the level of attainment of each standard is somewhat similar to that at home, but considerably lower. The girls and infant boys are always under the superintendence of a woman member of the staff at the European stations: the boys under that of the priest-in-charge, or perhaps his "curate," if he has one.

Let us take a peep inside the boys' school at Kota Kota. It is a long building of brick, with a thatched roof, divided by a wooden partition, the big boys having the lion's share, the infants what is left. They are rather crowded out, and two of the classes are held on the wide verandah. The big boys have forms to sit on and tables to write at, very superior indeed; the infants sit on mats on the floor, their teachers on empty packing-cases. The first class of infants has the distinction of a bench in front of them for their books or slates.

The scene is a busy one, and in the boys' proper there is very little real slackness, all seem at least fairly keen; at one table you hear reading, turn by turn; at another, dictation; at another, sums are in progress (arithmetic is a weak point with many); at another, the geography of Africa or the Holy Land, etc., etc. If we penetrate beyond the partition we promptly come across the fascinating babies sitting closely packed on their mat, chanting with great gusto A B C, or 1 2 3, doing their little kindergarten tasks, or perhaps having a gentle

scuffle to relieve the monotony. Of course some of these do not trouble much about climbing the ladder of learning. Why should they? There is plenty of time, but they get a little wholesome discipline rubbed into them, which is something. The infants are by no means all babies; some are biggish boys who have begun late to attend school, or are specially backward. Some of them go on later to swell the dunces' class in the big boys' school.

Once in the morning they are turned out of doors for drill, big and little, and Petro, the teacher, gives them a singing lesson. But the chief lesson of the day is religious instruction, which is given according to their status —Christians, catechumens, hearers—separately. One feels tempted to give an extract of the syllabus, but perhaps that would hardly interest the general reader; only it may be said that the Christians are taken through the principal facts of the Bible in a two years' course, the catechumens through the greater part also. Then the Christians are taught (with thorough explanation) the Church Catechism. Of course, those preparing for the catechumenate, or Baptism or Confirmation, have extra separate instruction.

School lasts three hours, and then comes call-over and dismissal, and out they rush whooping and shouting, overjoyed if a soft-hearted Padre throws them a football. But alas! footballs wear out, for they cannot last for ever, and even the kindness of home friends does not keep up the supply as much as we would really like, for football is so good for them as well as delightful.

The out-station school-children go through the same syllabus as those at the central station, with modifications; and where possible, those in the higher standards come to the head station to finish their education. Those who seem likely to prove capable of themselves teaching later on, and who have a taste that way, become monitors, and act as pupil-teachers. They attend afternoon school by themselves, teaching in the morning. The boy-monitors' next promotion is to S. Michael's College, the training-school for teachers, which stands on the mainland just

opposite the island of Likoma. Here they remain two or three years, until they have earned their certificate, and then they begin their career as junior teachers. The Nyasa girl-monitors work for their certificate at Likoma, and we have a succession of pupils from Yaoland; but while no Yao girls have yet become teachers, many Yao boys have gone to S. Michael's.

No paper on the children in Nyasaland would be complete without mentioning the manual labour done by them. In Kota Kota especially, there is a considerable amount of this. The Mission there, standing as it does in the middle of the native town, has, necessarily, a fair amount of land of its own, so as to escape too close proximity with the native dwellings. The land must be kept under cultivation, or else wild animals would come uncomfortably near; so this means work, and the children are always eager to earn a few pennies or cloth. They are paid at the rate of a half-penny for a whole day, a farthing for the afternoon of a school-day. Even the small ones are of use in pulling up weeds, or cutting grass, which last is done with a thin lath of iron about one-and-a-half feet long. They are fairly industrious if well superintended, not otherwise, as a rule. Sometimes they work for the kisibaus people are so kind in sending out to us, sometimes for prayer or hymn books to use in church. They are nearly always paid in *kind*, unless it is what they call *an offering*, for to teach them the duty of almsgiving they are paid a small sum in money to give in church at festivals.

Our children often have to stand the opposition of heathen relations. It has been found a good plan at Kota Kota not to give the cross, that is, receive them into the catechumenate, without the consent of their parents, or those immediately responsible for them. This is especially necessary in the case of girls, to ensure their not being forced into the improper dances of early womanhood, which are absolutely forbidden to Christians or catechumens. In Likoma there is less fear of this, as there, such things are happily becoming extinct.

Many of the children are proud possessors of friends or patrons in England; sometimes a whole English school will adopt one child, and sometimes an individual. The children know then that they are prayed for, which is a real satisfaction to them, and the letters or presents they receive are a very great joy.

Only those who have had the happiness to work for them can realise thoroughly how loveable these boys and girls are, and how strong one's love for them becomes.

C. T.

XXVII

WOMEN AND GIRLS OF NYASALAND

The life of women and girls in Nyasaland is of the greatest interest, and their training of the first importance in the work of bringing Africa to the feet of the King of Kings.

It is difficult for the women of England to realise truly the blessings that have come to them through the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, and perhaps, by contemplating the lives of their African sisters, they may be better able to appreciate these blessings.

The woman of Central Africa is expected above all things to make herself a very useful member of the community. The baby, at the early age of fourteen days, is taken on its mother's back to the fields, there to share the troubles and discomforts of cultivating the soil under a tropical sun, while it is quite a pretty sight to see the child of three starting off with the company, balancing a small basket of seeds on her head, or returning at night with her miniature bundle of sticks gracefully poised in the same position.

A girl of seven years is often quite an adept at hoeing, and as December, with its rains, draws near, one hears little sighs and murmurings from the children over the approaching labour expected from them, and one cannot but wish they had more of the amusements that come to English girls.

At early dawn on a December morning the little companies of women and girls may be seen starting off, with hoes and baskets, to dig up the soil and prepare it for the seed, which needs to be put in quickly in order that it may have the full benefit of the rains while they last.

Very hard indeed is the first hoeing, when weeds and

long grass have become cemented into the soil from the effects of a tropical sun and no rain for several months. First the cassava fields must be attended to, as their produce is the staple food in many parts of the country. The mounds that were raised the previous year are levelled down, the remaining roots taken home to be stored and used when required; fresh mounds are raised, and small shoots from the old stems are cut and placed in these mounds to take fresh root.

Then the maize and millet must be planted, both of which will provide a change from cassava, while the maize cobs, if blessed with plenty of early rain, will be something of a luxury after the ordinary diet.

When young and green these cobs are boiled or roasted, and in some parts are eaten as pop-corn. This is especially useful on a journey, when a small piece of iron on which to roast the corn, and a goat's skin full of maize, will provide a meal for several people in a very short time.

Millet and maize are used in making beer, and young and old find much pleasure in extracting the sugar from the stem of both, with nothing to aid them but their excellent teeth.

There is also sugar-cane to plant in the swamps, which will be eaten in the same manner when it has reached its ripeness.

Then there are ground nuts and sweet potatoes to plant. The former is useful both for the oil that it gives, and for a relish to the otherwise tasteless porridge made from cassava.

The oil is extracted by a persevering and laborious process with pestle and mortar and hot water. There are also tobacco, pumpkins, cucumbers and beans of many kinds to attend to, each of which will provide a relish in its turn.

Lastly, in Kota Kota and similar districts, there are the rice-fields, often more correctly swamps, where children may often be seen in the day-time up to their knees in water, clapping their hands, or beating a piece

of old iron with stone, to keep away the birds; and at night their elders, in a very simple shelter of reeds, provide themselves with stones to keep off their more disastrous enemies the hippopotami.

Later in the year, about May, there is the reaping, when each single stalk is cut by itself, and then follows the threshing and selling of all that is over and above the needs of the family and the yearly hut-tax.

Much of the rice at Kota Kota provides food for the armed forces at Zomba, and some is bought by the Mission for their boarding schools.

After such a weary day of labour all the women are ready to welcome the approaching sunset, for they are beginning to feel that this time last evening was the time of their last meal; so gathering up large bundles of firewood for those who have no other burdens, they begin to tramp single file over the mile or two that they covered at dawn.

But it is useless to be in a hurry, for most likely there is yet the flour to pound with a pestle in the rude mortar that their own hands have fashioned from a substantial tree trunk, and then the flour has to be sifted before it is ready to throw into the pot of water waiting ready on a fire of sticks—if the girls have been doing their duty of carrying water from the well.

A very few minutes will now finish the cooking, if there is a little dried fish ready on the roof of the hut, which often answers the purpose of a larder. The men may now be called to have their food; baskets are spread for them containing a portion of sticky porridge with a small piece of the fish on the top, and not till they have eaten may the weary women sit down to their well-earned meal.

It is considered the work of a woman to go out into the uncultivated bush and bring in firewood, and when a reed hut wants daubing with wet mud it is always the women who are called in first—to mix the earth with water and make soft, juicy, black mud, and then to throw this mixture on the walls, and very good shots

these women make at filling up some little space or hole with a handful of wet mud, they seldom miss their aim. Another part of their work is to mud the floor, often stamping it down with their feet till it forms a level surface.

The women and girls draw water from the river in huge earthen pots, which are balanced on the head and carried some considerable distance without a rest being required, though a little mat of reeds is often placed on the head underneath the article to be carried.

One of the river transport companies always employs young women to carry the passengers' hand-luggage over that part of the country which has to be traversed by land. These girls will go the 38 miles in a day, and if there is anything to be carried back the next day, well and good; if not, they walk back empty-handed to the chief office and receive 4½*d.*; if they carry back a load they receive 9*d.*

At the top end of the lake most of the unloading from the steamers is done by women, who walk into the water with only a waist-cloth on; generally they step in up to their knees, sometimes higher, and carry the various bales of calico or boxes of stores on their heads to the warehouse.

The dress of our women and girls is a very simple affair, and consists of a waist-cloth fastened high under the arm-pits. Bracelets of heavy brass are worn round the wrist and on the ankles, sometimes as many as eight or ten. Necklaces of beads are fashionable; if only two or three beads can be procured they are worn on a piece of string knotted round the neck. Bright blue beads are great favourites, but the fashions change from time to time. The Likoma girls wear a *chepini*, or nose button, and quite little girls have their noses pierced for this, and the hole is gradually enlarged till it can hold the *chepini*, which is made of lead. The lip-ring, which had such a disfiguring effect, is not so much worn as formerly. Tattooing is practised, and various little dark marks are stamped on the face, neck, and chest of

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African girls in threes or fours to form a pattern. Two lines are also cut on the face parallel with the nose and near the ears; these used to be made to distinguish one tribe from another, and each tribe had its own special pattern.

It is quite pitiful at times to see how the women fear the thought of becoming Christians; it means cutting themselves off to a certain extent from their fellows, and breaking with the customs that mean so much to them. Sometimes too they give as an excuse that they have too much work to do to learn, or to think of anything else.

It is indeed no small sacrifice that is made when women and girls come forward to devote some of their time to instruction in the Christian Faith, and give in their names as hearers for the time of probation and supervision, which it is necessary they should have, in order that they may learn where the tradition of their ancestors is at variance with Christianity.

At Kota Kota, with its ten thousand inhabitants, a place especially noted for its wickedness and degradation, the girl catechumens and Christians are expected to attend morning school and sleep in Mission dormitories, while in addition to their daily Scripture lessons in school they have two weekly instructions from the clergy or native readers.

Christian women and girls attend all the ordinary services on Sunday, and catechumens part of them, while the children in the Mission dormitories attend morning prayer daily, but evensong is quite voluntary, on account of the labour that falls to the lot of a woman or girl at that time.

School holidays are arranged to give them as much time as possible for hoeing during the rains.

As Christian parents grow up we hope they will rise to their responsibilities in training their girls; it is even now possible to baptize infants born of Christian parents. A true Christian wife is our aim, one who is not ashamed to labour in the home and in the field according to the

customs of her own people; while like Monica, St. Augustine's sainted mother, she is training her own family to be the future saints, upon whom will depend in a great measure the destiny of that once dark continent of Africa.

M. N. M. B.

XXVIII

WOMEN TEACHERS IN NYASALAND

A girls' school in Africa is even more unlike an English school than the one for the boys. The chief reason for this may be expressed in the one word, "babies."

Go into the big girls' school any morning at Likoma, and you will find babies from a few weeks old up to those whose names are on the infants' register, and who slip back to mother or elder sister when the white teacher is not looking.

It is quite impossible to think of our women teachers and forget the babies. Charming as the dear little bright-eyed brown chubby things are, they certainly do not help towards school order or efficiency. Here is a teacher taking a reading class; her baby is amusing itself with the ball-frame. When counting-time comes and the frame is wanted, a fried fish will be offered as a substitute. If the weeping baby refuses this, one of the pupils will have to take him out and comfort him. Another teacher has a writing class, and her little two-year-old is sitting in the middle of the table, and making herself happy by producing ear-piercing squeaks with a slate pencil on a slate. Even when all seem happy and hard at work, a voice at one's elbow may ask, "Can I take Teacher Mary's baby to your house for a drink of water?"

As time goes on one wonders at the mothers' patience, and also at the clever way they divert the children's attention. Babies may not be altogether a drawback; they bring the motherly spirit into school.

Personal experience makes me feel strongly that, as a rule, a native woman-teacher will keep a large class of very young children happier and more orderly than the

man teacher, even though he may know far more than she does. We had very few native women teachers at Nyasa till a few years ago, as the schools were much smaller. But at Likoma, from quite early days, we had one *mwalimu*,* Kathleen Mkwarasho, who was an old Mbweni girl trained under Miss Thackeray. After her marriage she came to Nyasa with her husband, Nicholas, the printer. Kathleen has been teacher in the girls' school for twenty-three years, and when there were no ladies at Likoma she took charge alone. Perhaps old readers of *Central Africa* will remember how the school prospered and increased in numbers under her care. Now two of her own daughters are among the younger teachers—Faith Kachumila† and Florence Mkwarasho. We also had two old Mbweni girls working at Kota Kota as teachers.

As time went on, and more teachers were required, they were taken from among the best and steadiest of the old school girls. After a consultation with Kathleen, the matter was referred to the priest-in-charge. His approval gained, the proposed teacher was sent for and asked if she would like to teach ; that was all the preparation. There was a training college for the men teachers, but the girls had home duties, and married young, and the two years in college were not possible or desirable for them.

One of these untrained teachers, when asked why she had accepted the work of teacher, naïvely remarked, "The wages are the same, and if you are a teacher you sit in the shade ; other work has to be done in the sun !"

It may be imagined that they needed much guidance and direction. A little group of teachers is rebuked for leaving their classes for a gossip. They explain in self-defence—"But it is writing lesson, *dona !*" When you do not accept that as a sufficient excuse, they explain that having provided each pupil with a slate, pencil, and

* Teacher.

† Faith is now at Litete, and Florence at Chigaru ; they are both married to teachers.

a set copy, there cannot be anything to do till the bell rings for another lesson. A slate which the little scholar has completely covered with *M's*, or even *Mn's*, instead of the correct *mibeja zitatu* (three hooks), will perhaps convince them that more is needed. I once objected to $\frac{2302}{4653}$ as a subtraction sum set on a blackboard. "Why not?" asked the teacher, "when they find they cannot take the bottom line from the top, they will just take the top from the bottom."

When giving a class on method to girls beginning to teach, it is necessary to say, "When you are teaching children the alphabet, they must all sit where they can *see* it." One realises the necessity for reminding them of this, when, after having heard a class read a whole sheet correctly, you take one child away, and the rest are all at sea.

Over and over again you find the native teacher allowing one child to read, while the others look about anywhere. Then again, they too often give the most attention to a promising child, while the stupid ones are neglected.

A few years ago we felt something more should be done towards helping and training the native women teachers.

With this end in view we met together at the time of a diocesan conference, so that Kota Kota and Malindi were represented as well as Likoma, and a scheme was prepared. It was proposed that for the future, girls wishing to teach should be required to pass an easy examination. That, where possible, classes should be arranged, and other examinations follow at intervals of a year at least, till five should be passed. The syllabus for the first examination was purposely arranged so that it might be possible for women who had had no European teaching to pass it. For that reason no needlework was required. It consisted of:—Genesis (*viva voce*); S. Luke (*viva voce*, and three written answers). Reading as to a class, and reproducing subject-matter. Writing (including copy-setting) and very easy arithmetic. The second

examination included easy geography and sewing. When all five should be completed, the teacher would have passed an examination in all the historical parts of the Bible, and one Epistle, besides secular work. At present (December 1909) many teachers both at Likoma and Kota Kota have passed the first, or "preliminary examination," and quite a nice little number have accomplished the second.

At first the scheme was tried tentatively, then it was approved by the Bishop, who himself gave certificates to the successful candidates, and for the first time the women felt they were real *walimu* (teachers).

The women who were already teaching when the scheme was begun, were quite willing to compete in the examination. Some who had taught at least four or five years did not even grumble that such an unexpected thing should be asked of them.

After three months' warning, during which classes were held on the Gospel of S. Luke and arithmetic, the date of the first examination was fixed. Saturdays (their free morning) had found most of them struggling with sums during the three months. Alas, so hard is arithmetic to them that only six passed, the rest had to try again later on. All who entered passed well in S. Luke, and nearly all in Genesis.

It was at that first examination that they realised that it was possible to come without babies. "No babies," was an item in the notices given out. In spite of that, for the last few minutes before the examination frantic mothers were rushing about, trying to find impromptu nursemaids for their children. But at last we got into school and began. Even then there was an occasional murmur, "I am sure I hear my child crying."

An amusing incident happened when one candidate was being examined in mental arithmetic, another teacher came up to ask a question of the examiner. When about to return to her place, she was begged to stay by the first candidate, who said, "I was using your toes!" Bare feet are very useful when arithmetic is

shaky, as it is less confusing to use toes, and not have to count fingers twice over!

Now, however, they are getting used to examinations, and they are quiet and orderly, quite ordinary in fact.

Since the examinations and regular teachers' classes were held, school has certainly improved. The teachers take a higher view of their work, and, also, what is most important, begin to realise how much they still have to learn.

That they might not value unduly the greater knowledge, certificates, and as a consequence the increased wage they were getting—the first Quiet Day, or rather Quiet Morning, was held for the women teachers in Likoma Cathedral during Whitsun Week 1906.

How strange it was in Africa to see a congregation of women only! Between the addresses the teachers (after a glance to see that the babies were all right, and a short break) were gathered together for Intercession, and those women, who with their husbands were teaching far from home, were specially remembered, as well as those at other stations, Kota Kota, etc.

There was great simplicity about it all. Being urged to pray for the children they taught, there was much borrowing of pencils and scraps of paper, and lists of names were made lest any one should be forgotten.

One hopes they are really learning to realise that their teaching is work to be done for Christ's sake, and not only to be chosen because it can be "done in the shade"!

Useful as the native teacher can be, and is, in the big schools for girls at Likoma and Kota Kota, one perhaps appreciates her more at a smaller station.

At Malindi, for instance, where the only other European lady is a nurse, with her own work and time fully occupied, the teaching *dona* has to decide between the claims of boarders in village schools and the elder women. But with such a teacher as Lucy Sudi things become more possible. A little arranging of the time-table and twice a week the boarders will be happily busy in school

all the morning with Lucy, and so five villages get visited in turn which would otherwise have had to be neglected.

Lucy took her teachers' preliminary examination in Yao, though she is not a Yao but a native of Likoma. She prepares her Scripture lessons in her own Chinyanja language, and then gives them in Yao to the girls. Questions answered well and clearly prove how well she does it. Nor is she useful only in school hours. She has made the girls love and respect her, and the boarders often spend a happy half-holiday with her, which is far better for those who come from a distance than visiting the heathen relatives of their school-fellows in the village close at hand.

At present very few Yao women can read, but among those who are teachers with their first certificates are a few girls sent down from Unangu by Padre Yohana to finish their education at Likoma.

It is very important that these teachers should be trained and helped, their sense of responsibility increased, and their ideal raised. If, as regards women, it may seem that too much has been said, let it be remembered that it is to these women that the Christian school-girls look for example. How often have I heard it said in the village, "*Mwene mwalimu adachita chimwechi*"—(the teacher herself did so). Often have I found how what she did or said has been copied and noted by the older women as well.

The women-teachers greatly need our prayers, that they may not be afraid to speak out for the right in the village as well as in the school, that while they increase in knowledge and efficiency as teachers, they may not neglect and despise home duties, nor look down on the women who know less than themselves.

H. M.

XXIX

THE MAKING OF AN OUT-STATION

Mention has several times been made in these pages of out-stations. What are they? and how do they come into being?

First picture to yourselves a European station, *i.e.* one worked by white missionaries, and containing in itself the various principal departments of the general work. There is the church, the school, hospital, dispensary, store, perhaps a carpenter's shop, or a printing press. There are also the European houses, dormitories for boys and girls, and a certain amount of garden, and land under cultivation. But long before things have got as settled as this, the station has begun to put out its feelers. Probably it had been planted in the first place in a populous part of the country, provided it was where good water could be had, and was not a particularly unhealthy spot; swampy lands and rice-fields are avoided, because they breed mosquitos and consequent malaria.

Within a few miles radius there will be found many villages in small clusters of huts, and here the missionary goes on walks of exploration; at first the people are frightened, and may run away if not accustomed to a white face, hiding themselves in their huts, so that he seems to be walking through groups of deserted habitations. But it is not long before they summon up courage to investigate. They may bring something they want to sell, having heard that the *Wazungu* (Europeans) have always immense supplies of cloth with which to barter. Curiosity too is aroused, and very likely by the third time that the missionary visits a certain village the inhabitants have heard enough of him from their neighbours to be anxious to come to closer quarters.

They may even be ready to hear him speak to them a little, and tell them why he is there at all, and to listen to his invitation to send their children to be taught like those at the original station.

It may be a long time, however, before the people respond, and if Mohammedanism is already in that village its advocates will not be behindhand in strong opposition. The Mohammedanism of Nyasaland is a worthless form of that religion. Its teachers are sent broadcast over the country; they set up small schools, teach a very little Arabic and a little of the Koran, without at all explaining it; they do not insist on abstinence from alcohol (or if they try to, they are certainly not obeyed) although this is one of the principles of the followers of the Prophet, and they are not particular as regards the marriage question even from their own lax point of view. The heathen find it a beautifully easy religion, one which suits them down to the ground, as they need really give up nothing which they like, so they go through the ceremony of initiation, and manage to keep Ramadhan, the annual fast, and that is about all. But from that time forward they consider themselves superior to their neighbours, whether heathen or Christian, and this is what makes it such very uphill work to start an out-station in any place where Mohammedanism is at all strong. The thing is to get in first, and often it is a neck-to-neck race between the Cross and the Crescent.

But to go back to the beginning of things.

The priest makes a point at the outset of consulting the chief, or big man of the village, for very little can be done without his countenance. If he is merely neutral, things are possible, but if he is actively hostile to the Mission that village may have to wait, for his power is great; and if a native teacher were sent to begin a school against the chief's wish he could very soon make the place too hot to hold him, and the children would be too terrified to come. On the other hand, the chief will often come himself and ask for a teacher, having seen

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the advantage of schools in other places, but so far there have been very few converts indeed among chiefs.

Let us suppose that the chief is inclined to favour the Mission, and that Mohammedanism is not in force (in Likoma Island it is practically non-existent), what is the next step?

A married teacher is chosen, an empty hut procured for him, a raid made into the school store, resulting in the despatch of a blackboard, chalk, A B C sheet, a few slates and pencils, and a "Hearer's Catechism," and the teacher opens school forthwith. At first it is often held in the shade outside his house, with an empty box for his seat. The boys begin coming, probably more from curiosity than from any wish to learn. A thirst for the Gospel at that early stage is, I think, unknown in those parts, and the girls never come until afterwards. The boys solemnly chant A B C; they try hard to copy figures or letters written on the blackboard, and they learn the beginning of the Catechism. Names are not written down in the register until they have shewn that they really mean to continue coming, then it is explained to them that now they are Hearers, and therefore expected to come on Sundays also for instruction.

But this embryo school is not the only task the teacher has. It occupies the morning hours only, and if he is at all keen he will try to get to know the people, and perhaps preach in the village as he finds opportunity.

A padre comes occasionally to see how the teacher is getting on, and he goes to the central station at stated times for his Communion, to make reports, and to receive his month's wages.

For quite a year he must plod on, and then perhaps there will be some boys ready to be received into the catechumenate, when they are given a small cross to wear, the outward and visible sign of their profession.

It is a great day in that little out-station when the first-fruits are gathered in, for to be a catechumen is to take your side definitely with Christ and to renounce

the bad customs and gross sins of heathenism. Perhaps by this time things have prospered, and a school has been built, the people themselves contributing to the buying of the piece of land, and giving their labour and sometimes the material.

The teacher's wife may be qualified to teach in an elementary manner, and if so there is more hope of getting girls to school, and women to hear on Sunday. A good Christian woman may be a power for good, but the women have been so much kept under for generations that we cannot expect great things all at once.

As soon as there are catechumen boys, some sort of dormitory must be provided for them. It is the native custom for boys to leave their home quite young, and to have a house to themselves for sleeping. But the risk of falling into sinful habits is very great, and therefore it is a universal rule in the Mission that all Christian and catechumen boys and young unmarried men shall sleep on the station, the teacher being responsible for them.

So a little group of buildings makes its appearance, and the next thing to be thought of is the church. Up to this point services conducted by the teacher have been held in the school. The church is not built usually until the first baptisms take place; it is only a wattle-and-daub affair, but it is quite wonderful how church-like they can be made to look, even if the altar is only mud, with a turkey-twill frontal, and the cross and candlesticks native-made of wood.

There is generally a light wooden barrier at the back of the church, behind which is the place for the catechumens; a few prayer and hymn books are supplied for those who can read (they have to earn them by work, as that is found better than making them a free gift), there is one chair for the priest when he comes, a kneeling stool, and perhaps something in the shape of a lectern. Glass jars for altar vases, and a large flat basket for offerings in kind, complete the church furniture, together with the mats for the congregation to sit and kneel upon, the floor being only mud. White ants

destroy these last dreadfully, and they always have to be rolled up at night, also everything that is of wood must stand upon a piece of tin, or they are promptly destroyed by these over-industrious insects.

The teacher, who is allowed by the bishop to read the service in the absence of the priest, wears a long white garment called a *kanzu;* the priest brings his own vestments and all that is required for the celebration of the Holy Communion each time he comes.

Then the great day of the first baptisms draws near. All the candidates are prepared at the finish by the priest-in-charge of the central station, and of course it is not unusual for some among them to be put back to wait longer, perhaps for another year. We have to "go slow" in making Christians; and they must, unless the circumstances are very exceptional, have all been catechumens for quite two years.

The following description of the first baptisms at Sani* on September 8th, 1904, was given by the priest then in charge of Kota Kota:—"It was unfortunately a windy day, and considerable waves were rolling in, so we had to choose a sheltered pool. It was a most convenient one, with a nice flat rock for us to stand on, and the water from the lake only just rippling in after the waves, the rock having broken their force. Booths of grass had been erected close by, where the candidates for baptism could change their clothes. We walked in procession to the brink of the lake, about three hundred yards: first the two Sani teachers, the priest-in-charge, the bishop in cope and mitre carrying his pastoral staff, then the Christians, who mostly came from Kota Kota, with some teachers who were to be witnesses, then the candidates themselves, followed by the rest of the catechumens, not far short of two hundred in all.

"A number of heathen and hearers had assembled from the villages round, and stood on the rocks and sandhills at a respectful distance.

* One of the Kota Kota out-stations.

"The candidates lined up in order at the edge of the pool, the bishop behind them, and half the people standing round, while the rest took up their position on a rock on the far side, and I, who was to baptize them* stood on another rock with the witnesses behind me.

"I had to raise my voice as much as possible to be heard above the wind and the ceaseless roar of the waves, and the candidates made their answers clearly and distinctly. After the blessing of the water, each candidate was led down in turn by his own witness, and knelt in the water which came up to his shoulders. Then, laying my hand on his head, I immersed him three times, in the Name of the Blessed Trinity, after which he passed to the booth to change his old cloth for a clean white garment, while another candidate came in his turn. When the last was baptized we sang a hymn, and by that time all the candidates were arranged in their symbolic white clothing, and the bishop received them individually, marking upon their forehead the sign of the cross as the prayer-book directs. I then read the rest of the service, and we returned in procession to the church as we came, singing 'Onward, Christian soldiers,' the newly-baptized now taking their places with the Christians."

There will have been many vicissitudes in that lonely little out-station during the three or four years since its first beginning, and many disappointments; perhaps the most promising scholars have failed, or dropped out altogether. In some cases the teacher will prove the disappointment, unequal to the strain put upon him. It is a very serious strain, and calls for most earnest prayer from all who have the true welfare of the African at heart.

Imagine what it must be for a young man to live surrounded by heathenism and the blackest temptations, left unavoidably, for weeks, it may be, at a stretch, without the help and encouragement of priest or Christian

* The bishop was not well enough to perform the ceremony.

friend; think how much strength he needs to keep straight, and witness bravely for his Lord. And the African by nature has not much backbone. It is only grace that enables him to stand firm. All honour to those who do come safely through the ordeal; and when they fail we must not wonder, but rather blame ourselves as a Church for laying on them too sore a burden, just because we are so slack in helping on the work Christ Himself left for us to do.

Baptism is quickly followed by Confirmation if the Bishop is able to come, and in due course the new Christians are admitted to the highest privilege of all in the Holy Communion. Now there is really a small Christian family in that out-of-the-way spot, and the actual pioneer work is over. But perhaps the hardest part is yet to come At first all is fresh and beautiful to these new Christians, but that in the nature of things cannot last, and as the first freshness wears off some of the keenness goes to. The falls of Christians are sadder than those of catechumens, and discipline has to be exercised, for occasion has been given to the enemy to blaspheme. As the school grows, it becomes more difficult to supply it with a sufficient number of teachers, and the under-teachers are generally monitors from the central school.

Then the difficulty of marrying the Christian boys has to be faced, for the women are always behindhand for the first few years, and there are not enough of even catechumen girls for the boys to marry, to say nothing of Christians. So they have to wait, for they may not marry heathen, and that is often a great stumbling-block to them. But still the work goes on, though not without many breaks. Sometimes an out-station will have to be closed altogether for a time. The first Christians may have moved away, or the school attendance so fallen off that it is not worth while keeping a valuable teacher there, as the children who are keen can walk to another station to be taught.

In spite of all drawbacks, this special branch of

the work is always growing. Kota Kota alone yearly increases its number of out-stations, and they now spread over the country for many miles.

In Yaoland, in spite of determined Mohammedan opposition, out-stations have taken firm root, and far away down the river Shiré it is the same story.

May they go on increasing, and be the means of bringing an ever larger number into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

C. T.

XXX

A CHRISTIAN WEDDING IN NYASALAND

Weddings out here often cause us much sadness and anxiety, because the Christian ideal of marriage, as set forth in the Church Service, differs so tremendously from native ideas and practice, and too often matrimony is only the beginning of a long period of storm and dispute, sometimes ending in painful separations and distressing situations.

So when my servant Julius was going to be married, I felt like an anxious father launching his only son into strange and stormy waters.

But let me try and give some account of the wedding itself, and leave other matters alone.

I was spending that one day in the Mission house, and my boy Julius came and stayed with me until the wedding was over. On Saturday evening, after I had had dinner, he came to me in rather a state of mind, he had fully intended to be married at *his* village, but on reaching the bride's village, he found that she and her relations were equally set on the marriage taking place there. I told him that with us it was usual for the bridegroom to go to the place the bride chose. However, to make matters easy, I interviewed the chief of the bride's relatives, and it was decided that Julius should pack off at once to consult his relations. He said he didn't mind himself, but unless his relations were willing to come, he would let the marriage slide! I was much tickled at that.

Fortunately they agreed to come, and Julius got back to me with the happy news after I was in bed.

Next morning, when we were in church, the bridal party began to arrive, and there was a great cooking in the open air close to the Mission buildings. The happy

bridegroom was here, there, and everywhere, and obviously as nervous and excited as an English bridegroom under similar circumstances.

After matins I retired to my house to study the Chinyanja marriage service, which I had never used before. Meanwhile Julius was busy putting on his wedding finery in the back room, a more private apartment than mine. He wore the usual loin-cloth, new, and slightly decorated by pretty bands of colour, and above this was a long white garment called a *kanzu*. To crown all he had a white cap, and round his neck a coloured handkerchief, neatly folded diagonally, with the two corners hanging trimly down behind. The general effect was pure white, with a dash of bright colour about the shoulders, and I'm bound to say he looked very nice, and I felt proud of my eldest son.

When I looked in on him to see if he were ready, he was sitting in a corner on a mat, hiding from the rude curiosity of the villagers, who were trying to steal glimpses through what we call a window, but which is really a hole with bars across. I went in and shook hands with him, and wished him 'good-bye' as a bachelor, and then I began to stir round to get people into church. As soon as they understood that the ceremony was only waiting for them, the church quickly filled. The bride and bridegroom were hiding, more or less, among the congregation, but I soon had them up before me, properly arranged, with a "best man" and a Christian relation to give the bride away.

The amusing thing was the shyness with which the chief persons interested regarded one another. I could hardly get them to kneel close enough together for the hand-joining part of the ceremony, and even then their faces and shoulders were half averted from one another. We went through the service without a hitch, and when they were actually made one, I led the way out of church and told them to follow me to my house, where the register was spread out waiting for their signatures. To what would have been my intense amuse-

PREPARING THE WEDDING FEAST.

THE WEDDING PARTY. [*To face p.* 206

ment at any less solemn time, they came out by different doors and arrived separately.

Julius, of course, could write, so could his "best man," but the others had to make their mark under my guidance. The bride and bridegroom did not kiss, and I believe they would have gone to the feast one after another, as if they had no connection with one another, but that I reminded Julius that they were man and wife, and ought to go hand-in-hand. They then solemnly processed hand-in-hand, a friend walking by the side of the bridegroom and holding an umbrella (a very much second best, one of my own, bought for *6d.* some months ago at a village on the mainland) over the bride's head.

As they walked in state the female relatives rushed out, *tululuta*-ing in shrill voices, cutting the most extraordinary capers, throwing handfuls of flour or sand over their own heads, while some, more energetic, rushed down to the water's edge, and scooping up water in their hands, poured it over themselves in the same way. One or two friends were armed with guns, which they fired off two or three times by way of *feu de joie.* I did not follow to the feast—I wasn't invited—but of course my other boy went, and was one of the stewards.

The guests sat in several circles round cooking-pots or dishes, two to each circle, one for the native porridge and one for the "relish" (meat, fish, or some tasty bean). They weren't very long over the feast, for quite soon the happy bridegroom was back and ready to accompany me to the village where they were going to live. I was very keen on going to see the joyful entry of the happy pair, but I had not intended to separate them. However, I was assured that the bride would not be offended, so off Julius and I went together, and left her to follow at her leisure. She must have followed *very* leisurely, for we had time to go out of our way to inspect some new buildings before she arrived.

When we got to the village I sent Julius back to meet his wife and bring her home. I tried hard to get

news of their approach soon enough to meet them and see their triumphal entry, but after all I missed it. So I went round to the house, and there I found the bride standing like a statue at her own door, while her groom was still playing truant, but in a minute or two he turned up. I expected to see him lead his wife inside the enclosure surrounding the house; but no, he took no more notice of her than if he had nothing to do with her. I thought all this rather strange, and began to fear I was in the way, so I shook hands with the bride and said good-bye, Julius escorting me to the lake-side, where I was to find the boat.

I found out afterwards that what had seemed so strange to me was quite correct. It is the custom for the bride, on her way to her new home, to call from house to house and ask for beads or other small presents, and the bridegroom is expected to dance attendance on her patiently in this slow progress. Arrived at her house, she does not enter without first waiting at the door for her friends to have a chance of giving her more presents. Anything may be sent, and no contribution is refused, from a goat to a spoonful of beads. I contributed what was left of the salt I had brought over with me, tied up in a yard of red cloth; but I didn't present my contribution in the orthodox manner, but merely gave it to Julius when we parted.

After I had started I saw my precious second-best umbrella lying in the boat, so I promptly put back and handed it ashore as a present for the bride. It was of no great value, but as they had thought it worth borrowing I imagined they might think it worth keeping.

H. B.

XXXI

A BOY TEACHER'S LIFE

We will call him Louis, and suppose that he has received his certificate from S. Michael's College, and that the *Chauncy Maples* has conveyed him to his home for a short holiday before commencing his work as a teacher. If he lives at one of the villages upon the east coast of Lake Nyasa, he will await the arrival of the steamer, when Archdeacon Johnson, or one of the clergy, will sound him as to his wishes for the future.

As far as possible he is allowed to choose the spot where he wishes to teach. Some prefer to work upon a European station, for though more strictly looked after, there will probably be a little less work to do, and a greater chance of receiving some present from England; others, who do not wish for European supervision, think that they will be happier working under a teacher of their own nationality. Louis decides for the latter, and is, perhaps, offered the choice of a place in German territory up north, where he will have to speak Chimpoto, or to go down south and work among the Yaos, or to remain in his own district, where he can speak his native tongue Chinyanja.

As the work is new up north, he decides that upon the return of the steamer he will come aboard and grapple with the new dialect, of which there are no grammars, and a very imperfect vocabulary, to help him. The day arrives, and he comes aboard with all his worldly belongings done up in a mat made of native reeds. There will be an old blanket that was given him at college, a spare piece of calico, a prayer-book, a Bible, and a few books containing notes on sub-

jects that he had been taught at college. He generally has absolutely no other possessions. In due course he is landed at his village, which we will call Patara, and is introduced to the head teacher, William Chiboko. He is shown the dormitory, one end of which is partitioned off, and within this he will sleep, so that he can keep an eye on the boys who attend the school. Arrangements will be made for his food, generally the teacher's wife undertaking to cater for him for about eight yards of calico a month; by this agreement she buys the food, and cooks and dishes it up for him with her husband's meals.

Louis' first duties will commence at dawn or soon after, when he will have to see that the boys get up and go down to the lake-side for their morning wash—in the cool season many will evade their ablutions, if possible—and one boy will have to be sent round the village with a drum or bell to summon worshippers to daily matins.

Service is held in the church (if there is one), or in the school, and Louis will kneel somewhere in the front, for probably it will fall to his lot to read the lessons. Generally there is not more than one surplice on a Mission station, so that the young teacher reads the portion of Scripture in whatever garment he may possess, and more than once his senior has been rebuked for officiating in an old European military tunic. There are no seats or desks, so that Louis has no opportunity to loll in church like some people in the old country.

Shortly before nine, as far as one can tell by the sun, for there is as a rule neither watch nor clock in the village, the bell will again summon the boys for general instruction and education. Louis' share will probably be to look after the under-classes, and perhaps give an eye to the writers. There are some classes that the head teacher takes himself, and which the whole school attend as one class, in which circumstances Louis would be expected to sit by and listen and help to keep order,

but sometimes the junior teacher takes this opportunity to get a rest outside.

Scripture, singing, and drill are usually taken in this way: some teachers take the Bible lesson and hymn singing for the senior boys in the church, and the junior is left in charge of those who are not up to the high level of the others. Two or three classes will have to be taken at once, and perhaps he himself mispronounces some of the words in the English reading books. The perseverance with which these young teachers will go on cramming A B C into dull heads is almost past comprehension, their patience being an example to many an impetuous white teacher.

At mid-day Louis gets his first meal, though he may have nibbled a corncob, or partaken of a few monkey nuts earlier in the morning. He will wash his hands over a little bowl of water and then squat down on his haunches with the head teacher William, and perhaps any friend who may happen to be passing, for all meals are eaten outside the house, and hospitality is pretty general. The meal consists of a tasteless yellow porridge eaten with the fingers, all helping themselves out of the common bowl. There will also be a plate of sun-dried fish which is taken as a relish, or if fish is not forthcoming, beans of various kinds will be substituted, and occasionally rice takes the place of porridge, the whole washed down with a drink of water, and on great occasions beer.

It is not the custom for the men to feed with the women, who eat afterwards,—even Christians practise this custom, which shows a want of courtesy to the women; and so these two male teachers day after day dine in solemn grandeur apart from their women-folk.

Afternoon school begins at two o'clock, as far as the time can be told by guessing it from the sun. Perhaps there is an out-school to be taught some two or three miles away, and one or other of the teachers goes out on his daily tramp, leaving the other in charge of the home school. Probably it will be Louis who sallies forth with

his mark-book and his pencil, not returning until it is nearly time for evensong.

At times he will be told to teach the commandments, or anything else that they are learning, to a class of heathen or catechumens; the words will have to be repeated again and again to the old women, who are eager to learn but decidedly dull of understanding. The marking of the register at the close of the lesson brings a respite to all. Evensong follows, and then the second meal of the day; after that the teacher can rest from his duties.

Louis will most likely join in a game of football, which takes place every day as long as the ball exists, but what with the thorns, and the ever-constant practice, the life of a football is generally a short and a merry one in these villages.

Temptations arise very quickly in the young teacher's career, for he has to uphold Christianity in the face of heathen practices and Mohammedan rites. Sooner or later in the village there will be one of those ever-recurring dances, many of which too often end in drunkenness and immorality. Some of these dances are harmless, or practically so, and Louis will be jeered at with the taunt: "Are you the missionary's slave, that you can do nothing of your own will, and have to ask leave for all your amusements?" If he is strong he will hold aloof, and try to stop his pupils from attending these functions, but more than one has gone to these dances, quieting his conscience with the thought that he will go away and take his boys with him as soon as there is anything wrong, or when it is time for evening prayers to be said; but alas, experience proves that his will is not strong enough at the right moment, and that he who should lead others aright has succumbed to the temptation in company with those who look up to him for direction. But many, thank God, do boldly resist these evils.

Once a month or so the steamer calls, and Louis will receive his wages, which begin with 10 fathoms a month,

a fathom being reckoned at 8*d.* in value. Louis will come aboard and get his wage book, and go to the layman who has charge of the work. He can be paid in money if he likes, but he generally prefers to take out his wages in kind. Perhaps he takes four fathoms (8 yards) of unbleached calico, one half-bar of soap, two cups of rock salt, a coloured cloth, and the remainder in coin to make the full total, as half-a-bar of soap costs 8*d.* and salt is 4*d.* a cup. Some of this, perhaps all the calico, he will have to pay to Edith, the head teacher's wife, for procuring and cooking his food, and some will have to be sent home or put by for his coming marriage, so that the budding teacher has but little spare cash. Louis is anxious to marry, most Africans are. He may while at college have become engaged to some girl at his home, or where he was educated. Our teachers all know that we will not recognize marriage with a heathen, so that if the girl is one, she must put herself under instruction, and the would-be-husband has to wait until she is a catechumen. We will suppose that Louis has become engaged to Tawetela, who hopes to be baptized shortly. He will have to come to terms with his *fiancée's* relatives, the custom being to pay over to them a certain dowry, perhaps six goats, or so many yards of calico, and then the marriage can take place. This custom is supposed to make the marriage more binding. If the man misbehaves or divorces his wife, there is an end of the matter; but if the wife runs away, and refuses to return and live with her husband without sufficient reason according to native law, then her relations have to return to the injured husband the equivalent of the amount paid at the time the marriage was contracted. As they are very often without any visible wealth, they frequently, when marriage squabbles arise, urge the woman to return to her husband, so as to avoid paying the amount due if the divorce is insisted upon. The Mission, of course, does not allow divorce, but among the heathen a woman in her lifetime has often had many husbands.

Louis then is putting by so much of his monthly wage until he has paid the dower due, and saved enough for the wedding garments both for himself and his bride. As Africans do not indulge in much furniture to start house, this does not cost a great deal, for the wife will probably have made all the earthenware utensils for cooking and keeping the food in, and the Mission provides the teachers with a house.

After his marriage Louis will be considered competent to look after a station, for we never put out a young single teacher to live by himself. Perhaps he will have a pupil teacher to live with him to help in the work, and then will come the real test as to whether he is a capable and energetic teacher.

The Mission will hold him responsible now for the whole work of the village, that is, teaching in the school, holding the service, preaching in the open-air, taking the various classes for the heathen, the catechumens, and the confirmees. It will be his duty to keep the Elders of the Church up to their work, and to rebuke all appearance of vice among his followers. He will also have to coach the boy candidates for college, and prepare them for the set papers. When the priest-in-charge visits the village, it will be his duty to see that his house is in proper order, to call the communicants to class, to report all news, whether good or bad, to produce his registers for inspection, and to be generally at the beck and call of the visitor for whatever is wanted.

Many of our teachers stand this test very well, and are to most intents and purposes the minister of the parish, and Louis rises to the occasion and is a credit to his training.

After a time a little girl is born to the happy couple. Tawetela took the name of Etheldreda at her baptism, and so her little daughter, being the child of Christian parents who are teachers, is eligible for baptism, and when the Padre makes his monthly visit she receives the name of Helen when she is enrolled a member of the Church.

After perhaps two years at his first station Louis is moved to a more important post, and takes charge of a village well-known for its cantankerous inhabitants. Here we will leave him, until he is ready to go to S. Andrew's College to be trained as a Reader.

A. G. De la P.

XXXII

THE NATIVE MINISTRY

Every missionary cherishes the hope that some day there will be a regular Native Church, officered and controlled by the natives themselves, amongst whom he is now working as a foreigner and a stranger.

He looks forward to the day when one more race will take its place in the Catholic Church, bringing its own peculiar tribute of gifts and graces into the common treasury of the Kingdom. And with this goal before him everything he does—his work, his hopes, his fears—have reference to this end.

True, as a pastor or as a lay missionary, he has the needs of particular souls always in his mind. For these he does what he may, as a foreigner, and as one who often finds it hard to enter into the peculiar difficulties and temptations which there seems little hope that he may ever fully understand.

It is these units, and such as these, of whom the Church of Christ is to be built; and as he sighs over his own inability to reach the inner recesses of their mind and character, he longs proportionally to see men of their own race doing what he cannot do—preaching the Faith once delivered, in the new atmosphere of another race and other customs.

We of the Universities' Mission, all of us, long for a native ministry—apostolic in mission, fervent in zeal, sound in morals and doctrine. Then only is our hope on its way to be realised of a Native Church, a well-organised spiritual body, wherein individual souls may be brought to know the Lord Jesus, to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, and to enter into the full inheritance of the Saints.

What, then, are we doing to forward the native ministry in the diocese of Nyasaland? The earlier stages of development are probably well known. To Zanzibar we owe both the men and their earlier training. The three Padres—Yohana, Eustace, and Augustine—all came to us from the college at Kiungani. How Archdeacon Johnson worked in their further training must also be well known. To him Padres Eustace, Augustine, and Leonard Kamungu owe the greater part of their training.

But I take it that my task is to tell of what is being done to-day, not to re-tell a tale better told in the history of the Mission. Now, given an earnest desire to develop a native ministry, those in authority have a most difficult task; they must steer between Scylla and Charybdis. The Apostle gave a warning against laying hands suddenly on anyone, and the experience of all missionaries has emphasised that warning. Yet on the other hand, it is a manifest duty to do everything that is possible to help those who are really called, to realise that calling. We try to do this by a gradual process of sifting out those obviously without a vocation, and encouraging and promoting the remainder.

As things are now, the more promising boys from the different stations are passed on to S. Michael's College to be trained as teachers. It is put seriously before them that even a teacher, in existing circumstances, is in a truly ministerial position. He must often teach hearers and catechumens. If he is at an out-station he must read prayers in church, he must preach, and must also have enough backbone to report backsliders to the priest-in-charge. But as a teacher he is not bound to his work. If he really feels that he has no vocation, he can withdraw honourably and seek some other path in life. Or he can fill the post of teacher usefully without any desire for higher ministerial work. At the same time, if the vocation is there, their daily life must be a continual help to them to find this out, where so much of their time is spent in doing what is really

ministerial work. If this be the case, a teacher may apply, after at least five years' service, for admission to the order of Reader or Catechist. Of course, no hard and fast rules can be laid down. The bishop judges each case on its merits, after consultation with the priest-in-charge under whom the postulant is working. If all is well, the candidate then enters S. Andrew's College, Nkwazi.

S. Andrew's College was opened in October 1905. It was my privilege to be the first Principal. The crisis which produced S. Andrew's came about rather oddly. Up to that time candidates for Holy Orders had been taught by Archdeacon Johnson on the *Chauncy Maples*. The two candidates under instruction were, poor fellows, the worst of sailors. People at home often fancy that our lake is a sort of Derwentwater, where the worst storm cannot be very appalling for a steamer of over 200 tons—at least I used to think so. Alas! how different is a lake as long as all England. Moreover, there is something in these short, fresh-water waves which sometimes causes disaster to stout-hearted sailors who have never hitherto succumbed. When a theological lecture is punctuated by sudden and frequent withdrawals of the pupils, one can readily imagine the result. Also, when one considers that in a single trip the *Chauncy Maples* visits villages 300 miles apart, and that the priests on board are bound to be on shore a week here and a fortnight there, one sees how hard the task of preparing candidates for Holy Orders must have been for the Archdeacon. It should also be remembered that the steamer clergy, in their pastoral work alone, are far the hardest worked in the diocese. This was the question which faced the Bishop when I arrived on the scene in June 1905.

There is at the south end of Likoma Island a most beautiful little church, built on Coptic lines by the Rev. E. Bucknall Smith. There was also a good house hard by. The situation is simply perfect, and the view from the verandah is a continual *sursum corda*. Since Mr.

AFRICAN CLERGY IN NYASALAND DIOCESE.

Leonard Kangati, Michael Hamisi, Gilbert Mpalila, Yohana Abdallah, Augustine Ambali, Leonard Kamungu, Eustace Malisawa.

S. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE CHAPEL.

[*To face p.* 218

Bucknall Smith was invalided home in 1902, the house had been uninhabited, as no priest could be spared to live at Nkwazi, and the church was rarely used. The bishop decided to make use of these buildings for a theological college. Greatly to my surprise he called on me to take charge. We began work on October 4th, the deacons, Eustace Malisawa and Augustine Ambali being the first pupils. The bishop kindly allowed me to choose a patron saint for the college. At the moment, forgetting Kiungani, I quite unwittingly followed the example of its founders, and chose S. Andrew, in filial piety towards my own theological college at Wells. I don't know how I came to forget the precedent of Kiungani at the time, but so it was, and thus both our theological colleges, independently, look to the dear mother college under the Mendips, hard by the crystal springs, typical of the fountain of the Water of Life.

At S. Andrew's we have pupils of all three grades. First, there are those who have been approved for the office of Reader. They only come for a short three months, which is more of a retreat than a period of scholastic training. They are away from their ordinary cares, and have opportunity for spiritual preparation and devotion. They also read a course of simple theology, and have some New Testament work. The bishop expects them to pass an examination before he finally admits them to the Readership. Secondly, there are those who have proved themselves useful and trustworthy in the office of Reader, and who feel that they are called to Holy Orders. Even then they come to college on the express understanding that they are not pledged to anything, and also, that the Principal must report to the bishop whether he considers that they show real signs of a vocation or not.

These enter upon a two years' course of study, very much like the deacon's course at a theological college in England. There is one notable exception however, Greek is not a prescribed subject. It is true that I always found time for two Greek classes a week, but

it was most elementary, and did not figure in the examination. It is only fair to say, that all my pupils were tremendously keen to learn Greek, if only there had been time enough.

The standard of learning at S. Andrew's is probably not very high, but the examining chaplain, Rev. A. J. Douglas, tells me, that he thinks all those who have been ordained could have fairly passed a deacon's examination in England, Greek excepted. So far we have had no failures. Lastly, there are those deacons who are called to the priesthood. These come for another year to college. I think with pride and thankfulness of the three who have read with me—Padres Eustace, Augustine, and Leonard Kamungu.

Of our manner of life at S. Andrew's I must say something. Firstly, wives are left at home. I know this is a vexed question, and we do not follow the Kiungani custom. At least, it gives the student a freer time for study, and the men themselves warmly approve of the bishop's ruling. In one or two cases wives have been cared for at Chipyela, so modifying the separation.

The first houses were simple and native-built; there the students lived exactly as in their own villages, providing their own food and other needs. The bishop held it to be most important that the candidates should be willing to live as their brethren in the villages where they hoped to work, and so care is taken that at S. Andrew's they shall not acquire European ways.

It is unfortunately true that Nkwazi is such an ant-ridden place that the old houses were soon destroyed. New ones were then built, with stone pillars instead of poles, but with that exception they are to-day practically native houses.

While reading at the college the students are allowed three-quarters of the wages which they were receiving at the time of entrance. This sounds all wrong to European ears, but with wives and familes to support, and their own wants to supply, it is a mere necessity in Africa.

In our daily round we are very much like an English

theological college, except that more time is given to lectures. This is necessary, as there are practically no Chinyanja books to read, and though some of our men can talk English fluently enough, very few can wrestle with a hard theological book.

The church is at once the parish church and the college chapel. A certain amount of pastoral work is done by the students in the villages, but in my time I am afraid it was not very much. I felt that most of my men had had long experience of pastoral work as teachers, readers, and deacons, and therefore, felt the need for it at Nkwazi to be little.

Our college year is divided into two terms of five months each, a month's holiday coming between, or as near to a month as the difficulties of getting about in Africa allow. My time as Principal was brought to a close at Easter 1909, when the bishop called me to take Mr. Glossop's place at Chipyela. Dire shortness of men kept S. Andrew's shut up for nearly a year. Now it is once more at work again. The Rev. Dennis Victor is the present Principal. Readers Petro Kilekwa, Yohana, and Lawrence are preparing for the diaconate, the two former were old pupils of mine when they were preparing to be Readers. I cannot say how thankful I am to see S. Andrew's at work again, and everything going so happily under the energetic Principal.

This is our scheme for providing a native ministry in Nyasaland, as finally arranged by our late bishop. It provides an "educational ladder" from schoolboy to priest. It only requires the men themselves, and as far as one can see, the prospect is distinctly encouraging. I should like, however, to say a word about the circumstances of these native candidates for Holy Orders, some of which are a help to them, and others a hindrance in becoming good pastors.

First I would speak of their special dangers.

There is a great temptation to desire a position of dignity and consideration—I mean more than a minister can fairly expect simply as a minister of God. I am as

far as possible from wishing to blame my native brethren too much for this tendency.

It is just one of the perennial difficulties where black meets white. A native sees the European in a strangely exalted position; he lives in a fine house, wears, to his eyes, magnificent clothes, and eats four times a day of delicate fare—the native does not always eat twice, and that of porridge, with a little relish of some sort. Also he is waited on hand and foot, he orders people about in an aggressive way—probably he means to be entirely polite, but it is in the English, not the native way. Above all these aristocratic beings he sees the priest-in-charge. I suppose where the work is mainly spiritual, the priest must be the head of the station, but it works oddly enough at times. Have not I myself, in my second year only, been in charge of a large station, including such experienced laymen as Dr. Howard and Mr. George? The case of the white priest being so, can we be altogether surprised if the native padre expects a similar position? I do not mean to charge this disposition against my native brethren, but it is a real danger. At Nkwazi I could only point out, that to reach the heart of their brother, they must not approach him as Europeans—and sham Europeans at that; Christianity is the Catholic faith, for all races, times, and circumstances. It is theirs to show that an African, living in a grass hut amongst his fellow villagers, can be just as good a Christian as his white brother, and a good citizen of his village as well. To do this is their own peculiar privilege. A European cannot do it. God made them Africans. Let them be good Africans as well as good priests. If they live so, they will get all the respect that they ought to want, for an African can distinguish a good man just as readily as a European can.

To say this seems a truism with us, but it must often be galling to meet with the unintentional slights of well-meaning white men, and at times pure contempt from the ill-conditioned. God help our African clergy to rise above this difficulty.

A second real hindrance is to be found in their lack of business capacity. No work, even the most spiritual, can be done well without some attention to method and details. This lack will of course be supplied in time, but at present it is obvious enough.

One of my very best pupils at Nkwazi came on to my verandah one evening, and said with a slightly aggrieved air, "I have no rice—I have no salt—I shall do how?" He had watched his rice and salt wasting away. Any day, if he had told me, I would have seen that he got some, yet it never occurred to him to say anything till the last moment, and he seemed to think it was a good deal my fault that he had had no mid-day meal!

Another, who shall be nameless, never turned up with his candidates for Confirmation at a neighbouring village a few miles away, as had been arranged by the Bishop. When asked the reason, he replied, "Please, my lord, I had a stomach ache." It never seemed to occur to him that he could have sent the candidates with a note to explain his sad case, nor that the Bishop would be kept waiting, nor that the *Chauncy Maples* was lying off a lea shore with no harbour. This lack of forethought must do harm in the management of a station, in the arranging and sifting of catechumen classes, in the offertory and station accounts. Of course in time things will improve, but at present I must confess that this one difficulty seems to put the hope of a Native Church, officered and worked by natives themselves, somewhat beyond the farthest horizon.

But to turn to the brighter side, there are certain peculiar gifts common to the native clergy which we may well envy. They are all gifted with the most remarkable eloquence. If the Saxon parson at home sometimes envies the eloquence of his Celtic brother, far more may the European envy the native in this respect. If two tiny school-boys have a row, and the padre calls them to see what is the matter, these two tiny men settle themselves down and give the most graphic account

of the affair, eked out with appropriate gestures and inflexion of voice—alas, too often differing *in toto* from one another! I shall never forget hearing a teacher teach an enormous class of hearers at Chizumulu the story of Naaman. He walked about, half acting the story. As Elisha he somewhat contemptuously sends his message to Naaman. Naaman receives it with lordly scorn, crying, "Sa!" (the appropriate expression of pained surprise.) The villagers hung on his words, and sighed with relief when Gehazi's treachery is discovered, in spite of his hypocrisy acted to the life. This is a wonderful gift. True, therein lies danger of unprepared sermons and inaccurate teaching. Still, rightly used, it is a tremendous asset.

The native has also a marvellous gift of patience. How often have I tried to patch up quarrels, and to my distress seem only to have embittered them! The native, on the contrary, goes and sits with the backsliders, listens with infinite patience, and is extraordinarily successful in bringing about a reconciliation. I know no one to equal Reader James Rubadili in this. Now, in all really anxious cases I apply to him for help. No trouble seems too much if he can succeed at last.

Then again, noises and other distractions do not seem to worry a native teacher. He keeps cool and unmoved, where we of feeble nerves are nearly distracted. I have tried to preach while I have seen in the corner of my eye a dignified Church Elder cannily stalking a stray dog. I see the pounce made, the consequent scream of terror from the startled cur, the vicious snap only just baffled, and—well, the thread of my sermon is gone, and I alone seem to be the only person in the slightest degree moved. What would one not give for this nerve and patience?—surely no mean reflection of the divine calm and patience which daily bears with man's unending provocation and folly.

On the whole I think we may be full of hope, especially when one considers that those clergy we now have are all of the first generation of Christians. They

must have temptations calling back from the old heathen times and age-long customs, with an insistence which we can but faintly guess. Nor have they had the advantage of what is called a "liberal education" as a background to their theological studies and to widen their outlook.

That there are plenty of mistakes through lack of forethought and energy, we know, but for all that we are filled with thankfulness and hope.

G. H. WILSON.

AFRICAN PRIESTS AND DEACONS IN NYASALAND.

Name	*Tribe*	*Deacon*	*Priest*
Yohana Abdallah	Yao	Aug. 4, 1894	Mar. 6, 1898
Augustine Ambali	Nyamwezi	June 17, 1898	Dec. 21, 1906
Eustace Malisawa	Yao	"	"
Leonard Kamungu	Nyasa*	April, 1901	April 18, 1909
Leonard Kangati	Nyasa	Dec. 21, 1906	
Gilbert Mpalila†	Yao	April 18, 1909	
Michael Hamisi‡	Yao	"	

Two more Readers either have been, or shortly will be, ordained deacons.

* The first Nyasa to receive priest's orders.
† Brother to Padre Yohana.
‡ One of Padre Yohana's relations.

XXXIII

THE TRIBES WE WORK AMONG

The principal tribes among which the Mission first worked were the Wa-Nyanja, or Nyasa, and the Wa-Yao. Now we have schools among the Angoni, behind Kota Kota, and the people at the north end of Lake Nyasa in German territory, whom we call Wa-Mpoto.

Wa-Nyanja.*—For some time after arriving at the lake, the Mission, in the persons of the Revs. W. P. Johnson and Charles Janson, devoted itself almost entirely to work among this lake tribe, a peaceable people living along the edge of its shores.

Not being organised under a big central chief, their villages have easily been made subject at different times and places to the more warlike tribes on the hills; for instance, the Atonga on the west side became subject to the Angoni, and those on the east side to the Ma-gwangwara, to whom the Wa-Nyanja paid tribute when the Mission began to work on the lake-side, opposite to Likoma.

The distinguishing feature in the life of the Wa-Nyanja† tribe may be summed up in the one word *Fish.*

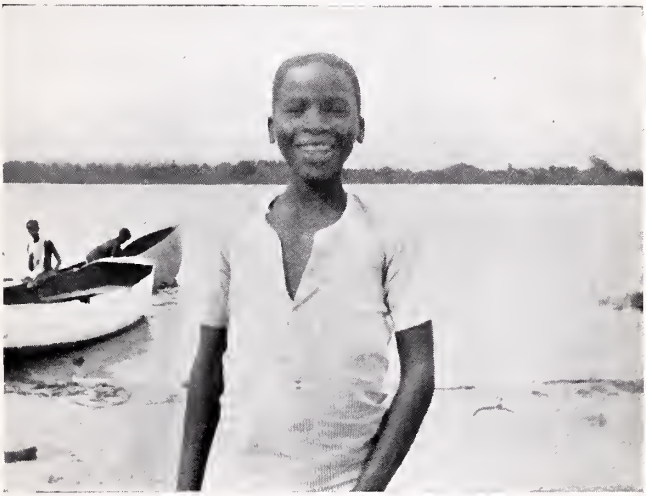
They are a fish-eating people, and excel in water-craft, while the Wa-Yao are landlubbers. When the people go down south to get work they miss their fish very much, and besides the African's natural love of home they long for the fish-pots of the lake.

Fishing.—This fishing with nets, of which there are

* *Wa* is the plural personal prefix, and denotes the people of the particular tribes, *e.g.*, Wa-Nyanja (Nyasas), Wa-Yao. It will be noted in other chapters that many of the Mission members leave out this prefix, especially when writing of the Wa-Yao, and I have thought it better in each case to leave it as they have written it.

† The Wa-Mpoto and Atonga are also fishermen.

A NYASA BOY



A YAO BOY. [*To face p.* 226

several kinds, involves a great deal more work than the words imply. In Nyasaland there is no shop or market where you can buy your net, they simply don't exist. You first have to "sow" your net. Which means that you have to plant and grow the *tingo* bush from which they make the string, and then make the net. This industry has one great social advantage which must be credited to the men of the tribe. It gives them a certain amount of regular labour, so that they are not the idle and unemployed community that they are popularly supposed to be. When sitting on the sand outside their huts by the shores of the lake their hands are generally busy, either twisting the string itself, or making the many yards of netting which are required for the village *koka* or net.

At the Mission station of Chipyela, Likoma, we have our own *koka*, which provides food for the apprentices and hospital patients, who are fed twice a day.

The stage property for fishing belongs to the community, all of whom contribute their share to it.

From cutting down the big trees that form the dug-out canoe, to dragging it down to the lake shore, the navigation of the canoe and the fishing from it, is the work of the whole village and not of an individual. So also the care of the *tingo* plant, and the string making, must be shared by all the young men.

Besides the natural loyalty of the tribe to this arrangement, they have the incentive that when the canoes return with a full net-load after a successful day's or night's work—for they often toil the whole night—the fish are divided by the head man among all those in the village who have a vested right in it.

One wonders if the labour dispute in our English shipbuilding trades may yet be solved by this co-partnership scheme which works so admirably in East Africa.

A law-abiding Race.—The Wa-Nyanja are a comparatively peaceful and law-abiding race. Few things give them so much pleasure as to thresh out a disputed law case, and they delight in spending hours turning inside out all the *pros* and *cons* of a case that the time-driven

westerner would settle in as many minutes. I think that these *milandu*, as they are called, are the only opportunity the people get for exercising a little intellectual power.

Fighting.—Exception to their pacific ways is nearly always caused by the beer-drinking, which is so common during the dry and hot season, a time when there is no agricultural work to be done and the fish seem to cling to the bottom of the lake, which is in places over two hundred fathoms deep.

To see the wounded after one of these village fights, which are carried on with sticks in Irish fashion, is a sight to be remembered.

When they come to the dispensary, the nurse's great difficulty is, that they don't wish to have the dried-up blood removed from their bodies, as it is a valuable witness at the inevitable *mlandu* on the morrow. So much more blood means so many more goats as compensation, but hospital training takes no account of this.

Language.—As to the Chinyanja language, it is quite easy, and, as someone observed, "even the babies learn it."

Dances.—The chief obstacles in the way of Christianity are the initiation dances, polygamy, and the horrible practice of the *Afiti* in rifling graves, a form of cannibalism which is still common among them; the dread of witchcraft also darkens the lives of the people. No doubt, they attribute greater power to these *Afiti* than they possess, and imagine more evil to be due to witchcraft than is really the case. But these men certainly use evil medicine, and have an undoubted evil influence, and it is not until you really know the native mind that you can at all realise how great a part fear takes in his daily life.

The Wa-Yao.—This is the tribe which was known as the Ajawa in the early days of the Mission, when Bishop Mackenzie and Dr. Livingstone unfortunately came in contact with them.

Territory.—They live on the higher ground on the hills, and occupy the south east side of the lake in Portuguese territory, and southwards towards Blantyre in British territory.

A MLANDU.

MAKING NETS. [*To face p.* 228

Characteristics.—As might be expected of a hill-people, the Wa-Yao are vigorous in body and keen in intellect, while they are proud and independent in spirit. They are great hunters, and love a free, roving life. In the vast forests which surround their homes they have abundant opportunity for indulging in their love of hunting, and in travelling one often comes across the remains of temporary encampments built by these hunters.

At first the Wa-Yao appear hostile to the white man's influence, and this is partly the reason why Mohammedanism spread so quickly among them. From the first, Bishop Maples recognised their superior qualities, but his untimely death delayed the plans for evangelizing Yaoland. He left money to be devoted exclusively to this purpose. One of our most remarkable native priests is Padre Yohana Abdallah, the son of a Yao chief, and this tribe has also supplied some of our best Christians and teachers. Bishop Smythies wrote of them: "I believe that the Wa-Yao are some of the most promising people with whom we have to do, and the most steadfast, thoughtful, and earnest when they are once converted," and experience proves the truth of this testimony.

The Women.—While the men spend their time in hunting, the women occupy themselves in their fields and in household cares. They are, to a great extent, held back from Christianity, which makes very slow progress among them.

The Angoni and Magwangwara.—These tribes, originally of Zulu blood, trekked away from the great Chaka organization, and, travelling north of the Zambezi, reached Lake Nyasa.

One *nduna** settled with his followers on the hills behind the western shore of the lake, and were called the Angoni; the other passed on further, and, going round the north end, planted themselves on the hills north-east of the lake, and are known as the Magwangwara.

* Chief.

Wherever this tribe went they became over-lords to the neighbouring races.

The advent of the Angoni, and their gradual submission to Christianity, is well described by Dr. Elmslie,* who founded the Presbyterian Mission at Ekwendeni. Indeed, the submission of this warlike tribe to the more peaceful ways of the Gospel and civilization was mainly due to the excellent work and tact of Dr. Elmslie in those risky days, when a word from an offended chief might have cost the Doctor and his wife their lives.

Hut Tax.—It is only recently that the Government have felt themselves strong enough to treat the Angoni in the matter of hut tax in the same way as the other tribes in British East Africa.

To those who know the history of the Mission the Magwangwara are a familiar tribe, and they will remember the famous raid on Masasi in 1882, and Canon Porter's courageous dealings with the chief, when he successfully redeemed most of the Christians who had been carried away as slaves.†

Rev. George Atlay.—It was at the hands of this tribe also that George Atlay met his death in 1895, when taking a holiday in the hills opposite Likoma. Unwittingly he made his camp right across the track of a party on the warpath, who killed him before they knew that he was one of the Mission, with whom the chief was then on quite friendly terms.

Though Mr. Atlay had his rifle in his hand, loaded in all ten chambers, he made up his mind that he would not save his life at the expense of the lives of his murderers. The boys who were with him saw him cover his face, and heard him say "Amen," and then his assailants speared him among the palm trees, and throwing him in the water, held him down with a bamboo.

The Rev. George Swinny and Archdeacon Johnson

* Of the Free Church of Scotland.

† See "History of the Mission" and "Memoir of Canon Porter."

have visited this tribe, but as yet no regular work has been started among them, and we ask with Archdeacon Johnson: "Are we never to reach our old friends the Magwangwara? I met one of them a short time back chewing *betel*, and trying to look like a coast man. It was some time before I recognized in him an old warrior, and now they and their country are the highway to Kilwa and the German coast. Can't anyone start teaching there? Must our half-starved raw natives from here plunge into solid Islam?"

The Wa-Mpoto.*—This is the tribe among whom we have made our latest development. They occupy the north-eastern shore of the lake, now in German territory.

The People.—The people are similar to the Wa-Nyanja, and like them, paid tribute in old days to the Magwangwara. Some of these people build very large houses, with four or six partitions inside, and there is often a family in each, one part being reserved for the goats.

Others of the tribe live in caves, and place a fence of reeds and bamboos across the front, through which the smoke from the fire within escapes.

Their clothing is of the scantiest, and would on no account pass muster, even in a crowd, for respectability. Their bracelets, however, are extensive, and one large one will often reach to the elbow.

In time of war they retire to little island rocks, so as to be safe from the night attacks of their raiding enemies. They have shewn quite a refreshing independence in their appreciation of the principle of self-support with regard to Christianity, which they have sought with considerable avidity. Just before leaving for England Bishop Trower was able to hold his first Confirmation in this district, when Archdeacon Johnson presented the candidates. The people are still rather wild and shy, but some of their sick folk have been bold

* Of the north.

enough to come to Likoma hospital in the Mission steamer, and, returning home cured, have done much to increase the confidence of others. One of the dispensary boys now in training is a northerner, and the Likoma nurses say they find these people from the north much more generous and grateful than those on the island.

A. G. B. G.

NOTE.—*Mlandu* is the singular, *milandu* plural. *See* page 228.

XXXIV

THE VULGAR TONGUE

"Is it not a very difficult language? I know I should never learn it!" How often we hear these remarks. When one thinks of the difficulties which missionaries in China or Korea have to face, our African languages may well seem easy. Of course one has to realise that things African are from the European point of view topsy-turvey. Till that is accomplished a page of Chinyanja,* or Chiyao, may seem alarming to the beginner. First, then, we must get rid of the idea that words change at the *end*, for though some few may be so erratic as to do so—most of them change at the beginning! In English we add 's' to make a plural, Africans alter the beginning; so that *chipula* is *one* knife, *vipula*, many knives. We may say, *three bad boys* —they will say, *boys bad three!* Then pronouns and tense signs are prefixed to the verb. *Sinimpache*—*I will give him. Sinim* means, *I will him*; *pache* is the verb itself.

It reminds one of the puzzles in magazines, "Behead me and I become so-and-so." In African words you must behead them, and you will then know what to look for in the dictionary!

In the Nyasaland diocese our work is among people speaking three languages, Chinyanja is spoken at Likoma and all along the mainland opposite, going southwards. It is also spoken in parts of the west side of the lake, with a slight difference. Chiyao is spoken by the Yao tribe, who live in the hills east of the lake right away to Masasi in the Zanzibar diocese, and also just at the south

* *Chi* denotes the language of a tribe, *e.g.* Chi-Nyanja or Chinyanja, Chi-Yao or Chiyao, Chi-Mpoto or Chimpoto.

end of the lake, where the Yaos come right down to the shore. As the *Chauncy Maples* extended her district northwards of Likoma she reached the Wampoto tribes (*i.e.* Northerners), and now parts of the Prayer-book have been translated into their language, Chimpoto.

All these belong to what is known as the Bantu group, which includes East African languages from Uganda to Zululand. They all seem to have more or less the same formations—they use prefixes, and some of the roots are the same or similar to the Swahili spoken at Zanzibar and on the coast, which is also one of the Bantu languages, though it has now adopted a large number of Arabic words.

Chinyanja is perhaps the easier language to learn; it has so few exceptions to the general rule of pronunciation that it can be learnt to a great extent before leaving England by anyone accustomed to study languages.

Chiyao is more difficult, and at present there is no grammar to help a student of Chimpoto, which is chiefly distinguished by its many "*H's*."

One especial difficulty is the native way of answering a negative question. "Has not the teacher come yet?" you ask. "Yes," says a child, meaning "Yes, you're right, he is *not* here yet." *Patali* means *far*, if said in an ordinary tone of voice. The more the voice is raised, the farther off is the place indicated. Interjections abound, and are most expressive.

When one of these languages has been learnt it is far easier to acquire another.

Many words are the same in Chinyanja and Chiyao, but there are pitfalls for the beginner. The same verb has quite a different method of forming its tenses in the two languages. Some words are the same in sound, but differ completely in meaning. "Where is so-and-so going?" I asked soon after reaching Mtonya. "*Kumlanga Dona M*——," was the answer. In Chinyanja that would mean "to punish Miss M——." I afterwards found '*Kumlanga*' in Chiyao is "to take leave of a person politely,"—rather a different thing!

Mkucha in Chinyanja means the day after to-morrow. The corresponding Yao word means one day later still. So in changing from one district to another one gets rather misled in giving directions as to when a person is to come to a class or dispensary again.

Both languages are weak in numerals; there are only words for 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 10; the word for 10 is probably Swahili in origin. Five and one is used for six, while ninety-nine is "five tens and four tens and five and four."

In school work we use Swahili numbers, but there, too, all the higher numbers are wanting, and were supplied from Arabic, slightly modified. As new things come into the country new words are wanted. The Yaos usually prefix "*li*" to foreign words in the singular; *li-boksi*, represents box, one hears *li-jug*, *li-kettle*. The Nyasas try to say the singulars as they are, but usually prefix *ma* as a plural, so we have *ma-stima* for steamers, *ma-church* for churches. Consonants at the end of a word present a difficulty, and an extra vowel is added. Once *visel* was accepted as the plural of the English word 'chisel,' Chinyanja words in *chi* taking *vi* for a plural.

Perhaps, after all, the greatest difficulty in these languages is the lack of words to express religious and abstract ideas. A whole sentence has to be used where one word would do in English. The nearest equivalent must be found and agreed upon to express some new idea. New nouns must be made of the infinitives of verbs. Even so, some words remain untranslatable, and the foreign word must be explained again and again till thoroughly mastered. 'Church,' 'Katholiko,' 'Apostoliko,' are such words.

Language is a most fascinating study, and much more might be written about these African tongues. The interest, though, is its least important aspect. How often someone in difficulties will confide in a worker who really understands what he says, and so can be guided and helped to avoid temptation.

Those whose work may seem most secular have a

thousand opportunities of helping on the work of Christ when once they have mastered the language. How often evil can be checked at its beginning, if those who have the care of the children really understand what they say to one another. No one should be content with learning just enough to carry on their particular work; if they do, they will realize too late how many opportunities they have missed of speaking a word in season, a word which might make all the difference to some struggling soul.

"We are indebted chiefly to Archdeacon Johnson for his translations in the Chinyanja and Chimpoto dialects, and in the former the Rev. A. G. B. Glossop has given considerable help. Perhaps in Chiyao most translation work has been done by the Rev. C. Davies and the Rev. W. B. Suter. The Rev. H. Barnes is a mine of information as regards dictionary work,* and Miss Woodward's little book in the past has been a godsend to many beginners." †

H. MEDD.

* Among other valuable translations we are indebted to Mr. Barnes for the revised Chinyanja Gospels and the revision of Miss Woodward's exercise book.

† Rev. A. G. De la Pryme.

XXXV

ABOUT RELIGION AND NATIVE CUSTOMS

Beliefs.—I was asked when I was last in England, as I have often been asked before, "How do missionaries begin to teach in Nyasaland? What religious ideas have you to appeal to in the raw heathen?"

This is a very difficult question to answer, for it is almost impossible to gain any ideas from the *raw* heathen as to his beliefs. Whatever the Bantu religion is, it is not a proselytizing religion. Perhaps the heathen native scarcely formulates his beliefs in his own mind; he certainly does not seem to teach them to others. The traditional stories told round the fire in the evening do not, as a rule, seem to be religious stories; they generally deal with hares and elephants and other animals, who talk and act like men for the time being. Occasionally they are legends in which the moon and stars are personified, and these perhaps may be considered as in some sense religious myths.

It is almost equally difficult to learn from a Christian native, for he is disinclined to speak about what he believed when he was, as they express it, "in darkness." The most he will generally say is, "People *may* believe so and so."

But at least it is obvious that the religion of heathenism is one of fear; and one thinks it can scarcely be fancy, that even the faces of the little Christian children are without the shadow that is upon their heathen comrades.

This contrast between heathen and Christian is particularly marked at the time of death. It is wonderful to see an old Christian woman, whose intellect seems unable to grasp the simplest fact, rest in the comfort of the Gospel in her last moments. Then, too, after death

the Christian mourning is in striking contrast with the heathen lamentations and hopelessness over the dead.

Some of the natives believe that the spirits of the dead flutter about in the form of insects, such as the praying-mantises with their uncanny appearance.

Religious observances take the form of offerings of flour or beer to spirits. The heathen believe in the existence of one God, but consider Him as far away from the world, and therefore He scarcely takes a large part in their religious beliefs. They scarcely look beyond this life.

The spirits seem to be ill-inclined to the race of human beings. They are supposed to cause madness, and help the witch-doctors in their wicked deeds. One of the greatest fears the native knows is that of the *Afiti*, or witch-cannibals.* They are said to be able to take the form of lions or leopards at night-fall; as the girls say, "It is a dreadful thing to think one's own brother, who has just eaten his porridge near the house, may be one of the number." It is difficult to know how far these *Afiti* are supposed to be human beings, and how far supernatural. They certainly are said to be endowed with supernatural powers, and epidemics and deaths are attributed to their agency.

Christianity brings relief from all these terrors, though the weaker Christians are inclined still to trust to charms and spells. To do right because it is God's will is, I suppose, an entirely new idea to them. The heathen idea of right and wrong is his duty to his tribe. But, as in old times, the teaching of Christianity is largely the teaching of the power of the Resurrection.

To accept Christian teaching the native has to give up very much, more than is often realised. Polygamy is the usual rule in this country, and many natives

* "The *Afiti* are depraved persons with a craving for putrefying human flesh. The idea among the natives is that they will the death of certain people in order that they may eat their dead bodies. Supernatural powers are ascribed to them, and they are believed to be able to make themselves invisible, and to fly through the air."—Sir H. JOHNSTON.

hesitate for long before they take the decisive step of sending away their wives.

Even the children have to give up their dances, many of which are quite unfit for any Christian to take part in, and this means a great deal to them. For to them dances mean dressing up and crowds, and noise is so dear to the African mind that it is a real sacrifice to give it all up. On Likoma Island the actual dances are a thing of the past. It is true that if a girl or her parents are set upon her being danced, it is easy enough for her to go over to the mainland, but it is of great advantage for the natives to know of one place where dancing has quite gone out.

One of the African Readers gives the following account of some of the superstitions and customs of the country. He refrains from mentioning what the dances have become during a long period of heathenism:

"**Divination.**—People practised divination of two kinds. (1) They consulted the oracle if a person was ailing without apparent cause, though not mortally ill; or if an animal were ill, stolen, or strayed; or if a man's belongings disappeared mysteriously. (2) They consulted the oracle also in the case of a man's death. For this form of divination it was necessary to get a figure of the person, decorated with various kinds of beads, called *ngoza*. While consulting the oracle the man held in one hand a palm-leaf fan, and in the other an arrow, or a quiver of arrows, in which there would be different kinds of charms. During the process of divination the wizard gave charms, called *nkupu*, while those who came to consult him paid certain fees. If they went to discover about a death they took a fowl in a cage as an offering, but if it were only a matter of a fishing net, or some small thing, they took flour or some similar payment. Divination very often caused a man's death, or led people into slavery, thus causing much distress and suffering among the people, and a continual dread of one another.

"**The Poison Ordeal.**—When a man was wrongfully

accused, either of theft, adultery, witchcraft or slander, he had recourse to trial by poison. If after drinking the poison he was sick, everyone believed that he was innocent. (Nevertheless, people did not cease to doubt him.) Thus the poison ordeal rescued various people from the hands of their enemies. But if the accused died under the ordeal the accuser gained his case, and if his relations could not pay up they were sold into slavery, while those who could pay might redeem themselves.

"**Witchcraft.**—There are in Africa certain evil persons known as witch-doctors. These witch-doctors scatter charms about, and people resort to witchcraft for the following reason. . . . If a man deliberately wounds his neighbour, and then refuses to pay compensation to his victim's relations or mother, then the latter can take charms to bewitch the village of the man who has committed the injury to his neighbour. They put this medicine into the beer, and when the man drinks the beer he dies, because, when inserting the charm, they state the cause, namely, of the wound. And this is called the reason or cause.

"If, on the other hand, the man who has injured his companion *does* pay up, and afterwards the man dies in his village, they consult the oracle, and if it assents, then there is a trial. The accusers say, 'What is it? What was the matter with the payment we made? If you are not satisfied, why did you not say so? We could have added to our payment.' At the court the case is stated, and first they say, 'You must all go to the oracle.' If the oracle declares against the accused when appealed to they must pay up; but if they have not sufficient wealth with which to pay they are reduced to slavery; if they are wealthy they redeem themselves. In the same way, if men die in the village where presents have been received, it is said: 'They are killing us because of their wealth.' The judgment is the same as is mentioned above. Thus slavery abounded in this land by these means, and in the state of war which resulted many witch-doctors, besides other people, were killed.

"**Njilizi** was a very ancient charm used in time of war, that one might not be hurt by a bullet, spear, or arrow, and also to prevent the attacks of wild beasts, or death by the medicine of the witch-doctor. People believed that they could prevent death by this means, and prolong life.

"**Mchila.** *(A Tail.)* This charm is used to drive away war, to make soldiers light of foot, and to prevent their being wounded. Men walk round their stronghold with the tail to charm it against war and the approach of wild beasts. It is also thought that its use renders a village invisible to its enemies.

"**Initiatory Dances.**—The headmen of the villages instituted these initiatory ceremonies long ago, for various purposes. Each year every village and township held an assembly, and people from other villages came to the chief of the township to ask him to initiate their children. Perhaps the chief gives notice that the dance is to be held this season for girls arrived at years of discretion. This dance is not exactly part of the people's religion, but a man would be afraid to die without having had his children initiated. A man uninitiated is accounted a fool, and is thoroughly despised, and a girl would be considered quite unfit for the duties of married life unless she had been through this dance.

"There are different dances for different classes—one for small children, called *mbiliwili*, one for older girls, known as *mikanda*, another for adults, and yet another for married women. Until a girl is herself initiated she may not take part in any of these ceremonies.

"**The Graveyard.**—Another native custom is one known as *kulambula ku mainja* ('to sweep the graveyard.') This was part of the religion of the people. If the rain failed, or there was a famine, or a scarcity of fish, or an outbreak of disease, people went to the burying place of their village, to tidy it up and to offer prayers. In the prayers one man led, the others responded with the word 'pardon.' A great many people would gather together for this purpose, and mention anything

they wished to pray for, and the others would join in with the response."*

Teaching.—Truthfulness is not a native virtue, neither is a native offended at being told his words are not true, and this lesson of truthfulness is perhaps the one the young Christian is slowest to learn.

It is clear that the most careful teaching is necessary before natives who wish to be Christians can be brought to baptism. A sort of incipient faith comes first: the native expresses a wish to be a Christian, perhaps knowing little of what his wish implies; then is the time for elementary moral teaching.

So the first teaching is from the Old Testament, and this may last for eighteen months or more. In Mohammedan districts, where the natives have acquired some religious ideas, definite Christian teaching can begin earlier. On Likoma Island, too, where practically all the children wish to be Christians, and where many of the parents are already baptized, this period of preliminary teaching may sometimes be shortened, but, generally speaking, eighteen months at least is necessary. After this the hearer may become a catechumen, and "receives the cross."

Catechumens.—The catechumen course of teaching lasts two years at the least, and consists largely of lessons on the life of our Lord; when the time of baptism draws near, there are special lessons on the Creed and the Lord's Prayer.

The testing of the would-be Christian is thus very severe, but experience has proved it most necessary. The candidate is examined from time to time as to his knowledge, and at stations where there is a central school the young people of school age are expected to be able to read the Bible more or less fluently before baptism, but this is a rule that is often passed over where a real desire is shown by one who is no scholar.

Confirmation and Communion.—Confirmation and

* Translated from the Chinyanja by Miss Hodgkinson.

Communion follow almost immediately after baptism, and then the newly-made Christian goes forth fully equipped to wage his fight with the powers of this world.*

Mohammedanism.—The faith of Islam is with us in Nyasaland, as in other parts of the Mission, and is the great rival of the Gospel, partly because it is essentially aggressive in character, partly because there is a theory among Government officials that it is a religion which does very well for Africans and raises them above heathenism. But the change which Islam brings into the lives of Africans, and the utter uselessness of it for any true conversion, is well shown in the following letter from the Rev. A. M. Jenkin :—

"Without any doubt Mohammedanism is increasing in Central Africa, though it is not the Mohammedanism of Zanzibar and elsewhere. Very few natives understand anything about it, and the rules are not kept properly. The Fast of Ramadhan is observed after a fashion, and the feast which follows, with a vengeance, beer drinking and dancing go on day and night for days.

"There are some first-class Mohammedan teachers scattered about the country, who come from the coast of Zanzibar, and these men travel about a good deal, and keep the faith of their converts alive.

"Then there are other teachers to be found in nearly every village amongst the Yaos, and also in some of the Nyasa and Angoni villages. There are a great number of mosques, but as far as I know they have not built any schools.

"The teacher of Islam goes twice every day to the mosque, at sunrise and sunset, and calls the people to prayer, but very few come as a rule. Even at Mponda's, where Mohammedanism is strong, I seldom saw more than twenty. The teacher may be one of the natives in the village who has learnt Arabic; men and boys come to him for lessons, and pay him one shilling or more to learn Arabic.

* Contributed by Miss Bulley.

"Mohammedanism does *raise the native in a sense;* he begins to think something of himself, wears a white cloth slung over his shoulder, and another wound round his head. He learns to despise Christians; several times I have heard them spit on the ground after I have passed them, and sometimes when we meet on the same path they only make room at the last moment.

"But Mohammedanism here does not raise character, but rather degrades it by developing new vices. It accommodates itself to men in order to gain adherence. As Dr. Mozley says: 'It always takes the measure of man, and it is the measure of satire. Man is weak; God therefore makes religion easy. God *knows:* He has infinite experience of man's frailty, and He is therefore easy towards them. Without an Atonement a pardoning God becomes an easy God, and an easy God makes a low human being. Islam provides no Atonement for sin, and therefore secures no redemption of character.'

"This argument shows that while Islam must remain attractive to the heathen, it is useless for any high purpose, and makes it likely to become the worst foe of the Gospel.

"Islam has strengthened the power of heathenism and not weakened it. It is the present problem for the Mission. We can only hope and pray and work that its progress may be stayed."

The Rev. W. B. Suter, in a letter written last year, says much the same thing. "Here* I am surrounded with Mohammedanism; there is no doubt about its debasing influence. It confirms the heathen vices and leaves the superstitions untouched.

"As an instance of the nonsense taught by Mohammedan teachers, I have just heard that one of them asserts that he has learnt from the Koran that the village will be visited this year by leprosy, and that he is prepared to furnish everybody with an amulet which is to be worn round the neck as a preventive. This

* At Namwera's.

charm consisted of passages from the Koran written on paper. Several of the villagers begged pieces of paper for this purpose from my boys, but their requests were of course refused. No doubt the Mohammedan teacher was paid for writing his charms, and this is how Islam works on the superstitious fears of the people.

"Looking at the question broadly, one fails to see that Islam exerts any uplifting influence on the African, and although it is supposed to put a check on drunkenness, this sin goes on unhindered, and in some territories raiding, killing and cruelty of all kinds are practised by people who profess themselves to be followers of the prophet."

XXXVI

HOW WE ARE GOVERNED

Once upon a time there were a heap of school-boys as greedy as boys can be. They saw in the distance a big cake, full of plums. Of course they rushed for it, tumbling over each other, and saying to each other nasty things, as each tried to push the others out and grab for himself the plummiest bit of all.

The cake, of course, had an owner, but none of the boys gave the owner a thought, because he was only a poor old silly. And that is one reason—but only one—why, as we travel round this African lake, we are able to head our letters "*British* Nyasaland," whilst in another few days we may be writing "*Portuguese* Nyasaland," and before the round is done we shall have a visit also to "*German* East Africa."

There is certainly no disguising the fact, that thirty years ago or so we European Powers were behaving with a really disgusting greediness about Africa. Great Britain, Germany, Portugal, France, each was doing its best to shove its neighbours out. But this was not to last. There came a year, 1885, when we all agreed, "though we may be greedy, we must be dignified; we will all sit round the cake in conference, and cut it up by amicable agreement." So the Powers met at Berlin. All interested in African history should remember that year 1885—the year of the Berlin Conference, when, for better or for worse, Africa was formally partitioned up into European "spheres of influence."

Fancy, in cool blood, taking a big slice out of another boy's cake and calling it your sphere of influence! And all the time the poor old silly didn't so much as know that there was a conference, until the big boys told him that it was all settled and the cake was no longer his.

And when he asked, as he really did ask, "How's that?" they told him that it was all for his good, but that he was too muddle-headed to understand.

That is one story of the European occupation of Africa down to the year 1885; first the scramble and then the conference, allotting to each Power a sphere of influence.

The three Powers with which the Nyasaland diocese has to do are Portugal, Germany, and Great Britain. But "sphere of influence" was too indefinite a term to prevent misunderstanding between neighbours; so when a few years later Sir Harry Johnston, a great authority on all that concerns Central Africa, came into the country as the representative of Great Britain, he found it advisable in 1889 to proclaim a more positive and definite "Protectorate" in the Shiré highlands, that portion of the British sphere which lies immediately south of Lake Nyasa.

Shortly afterwards, by a diplomatic visit to Kota Kota, which at that time was under the rule of Jumbe, the Sultan of Zanzibar's representative at Nyasaland, and by a further journey to the north end of the lake, the British Protectorate was established within its present bounds.

The name has been changed from British Central Africa to British Nyasaland, but the bounds remain the same.

What are these bounds? They embrace all the country along the west shore of the lake, and further westward to the borders of the new diocese of North Rhodesia; then the Protectorate curls round the south end of the lake, embracing the Shiré highlands, and it ends some miles up the south-east shore, just beyond the village of Lungwena. So our Mission stations of Kota Kota on the west, Mponda's near the southern entrance to the lake, Malindi at the south-west, as well as Likwenu in the highlands of the river Shiré, are all under British Government.

But travelling northwards from Malindi up the east

coast of the lake, as soon as we pass Lungwena we find ourselves in Portuguese territory, and going ashore to service in the church we pray as loyally for our King Manuel* as at Lungwena we prayed for King George.

The Government of Portuguese Nyasaland differs from that of British Nyasaland and of German East Africa, in the fact that the territory is under the control of a company, whose headquarters are at Ibo on the East African coast; but the company's headquarters on the lake are at Mtengula. Here resides the *Bwana Mkubwa*, the general name for the most important man of a district. There are other Portuguese government stations at Mtonya, Unangu in the Yao hills to the east of the lake, and also near S. Michael's College, opposite the island of Likoma. It is curious to note that whilst Likoma is under British rule, S. Michael's College, separated from it by only five miles of water, is subject to the Portuguese.

But once again as we travel northwards along the shore of the lake, having left S. Michael's College two day's land-march behind us, we find ourselves under another flag; and as we prayed for King Manuel yesterday so we must remember to pray for the Emperor William to-day. We have crossed the line and are in German East Africa.

Near the lake shore it is only an imaginary line that separates the governments of Portugal and Germany, but further to the east there is the substantial dividing line of the river Rovuma, which empties itself into the Indian Ocean.

So here we all three are, settled round the lake, Britains on the west, south and south-east, Portuguese in the east-centre, and Germany on the north-east and north, each of us having our headquarters, Zomba in the Shiré highlands for the Britishers, Mtengula for the Portuguese, and Langenburg for the Germans.

So much for geography. But now another question:

* Written before the Republic was proclaimed in Portugal.

Who are those that govern? There is first, of course, the head European official. At Zomba he was formally known as the Commissioner; now he has the title of Governor, and to assist him there is a legislative council. Under the head and scattered through the country are European district officials, known in British territory as Collectors, and under the Collectors are the native chiefs of the villages. Many matters of dispute among the natives are still settled in the native chief's court, which is generally held in front of his house or under a big tree; but criminal cases come before the European magistrate, and in all cases his is a court of appeal. A European official's quarters are universally known as the *Boma*. The wise *Boma* official in passing sentence will generally aim at a happy combination of native usage with European law.

Protectorates are—unless the word is a farce—established for the welfare of natives and their country. Did not the big boys tell the poor old silly that it was so? And, to give only one example, was not the German gun-boat, *The Wissmann*, sent out originally by the German Anti-Slavery Society? And is not the increasing readiness with which natives take their cases to the *Boma*, where they are sure of an impartial judgment, a proof that after all there is truth, perhaps a good deal of truth, in what the big boys said? If then it really is for the African's well-being that he should be dominated by European government, it is only right that he should, according to his means, contribute to the support of the system that makes for his country's good.

This, then, is the legitimate, though possibly the only legitimate, ground for instituting a hut-tax. Under none of the three governments does the tax exceed six shillings per hut per annum, and in British territory, with the desire to encourage labour, the government reduces the tax from six to three shillings in all cases where the owner can show that he has worked for a European for one month.

This three-shilling tax seems to people in England a

ridiculously small amount, but in reality it is the month's wage of an unskilled workman. Some governments try to procure the tax-money in coin, and, owing to the increasing number of Nyasas who find their way down to South Africa and back again, there is a vastly larger circulation of hard cash in Nyasaland than there was a few years back. But even to-day many taxes are paid in rice and flour, which the governments need for provisioning their armed forces, whilst the Universities' Mission consumes a not inconsiderable supply.*

Diseases.—Lately the Government has issued to our medical authorities strict injunctions about serious diseases, such as small-pox and sleeping sickness. The native, unfortunately, is the very opposite of keen in the matter of carrying out State regulations; and it is often only after the punishment has been made to fit the crime that pressure can be brought to bear upon him and oblige him to be a law-abiding inhabitant of his village.

Owing to the indifferent manner in the past that many employers of labour showed in the matter of housing and feeding their employees, any native can now, on appeal, get redress through the Government if he considers that he has a grievance in this respect.

Advantages.—The African does not always recognise the advantage of being under European government. There is now growing up a generation that only knows of the slave trade and all its horrors by hearsay, and cannot realise what it was to live in perpetual dread of the arrival of the Arab slave raider, or the sudden descent by night of the Angoni or Magwangwara tribes on the war-path. But an educated native, who had been at work at Johannesburg, said that he fully appreciated the value of European protection. He had returned from work and found things just the same as he had left them, his wife and children awaiting him, all his goods secure and his cattle safe. Of old, he said, his wife would have been married to another by compulsion, his children dead or

* Written by the Rev. A. J. Douglas.

half starved, and all his belongings gone; while his only redress would have been to bribe the chief heavily, and then, probably, he would not have got back half of that which formerly belonged to him. Now, if anything should be missing, he simply applied to the nearest magistrate, and punishment on the wrong doers was swift and sure.

The Hut Tax.—About the year 1900 the Portuguese leased their land round the lake to a company called the Nyasa Company. There were many regulations on both sides, some of which have lapsed—for instance, the importation of families to till the land. An excellent book was published putting forth the advantages of the country, but somehow the place is almost devoid of a European population. The company was managed by two committees, one at Lisbon and the other in London, and the officials on the lake are all Portuguese. At first a sergeant of the army was placed in charge, but latterly either an officer or a civil official of some standing has been commandante at Mtengula, their head-quarters, which stands on a lofty promontory overlooking the lake. As before this the natives had never paid any hut-tax they somewhat resented having to do so, especially as the amount was rather higher than in British territory, and there was no work procurable in the district, so that those who were unable to pay had to travel far in search of work.

This occasioned conflicts at the first, indeed, so much so, that whole villages were deserted, and for months the people encamped in booths upon the hills, or often in woods snugly nestled away, so that detection was almost impossible. If the men came down to fish, or to see to their crops, it was the recognised thing to go armed, and to fire on any soldiers they might meet. Then a conference was held at the college by Mataka, the head chief, whose home was at Kobwe, and some hundred or more head men attended, the only white man present being the writer. There were three alternatives put before the meeting:—

1. Should they continue fighting—which meant being homeless, and the impossibility of producing crops, with the result at least of great shortage of food.
2. Should they surrender, and return to the lake shores, rebuild their villages, and pay their taxes; or—
3. Should they emigrate to British or German territory.

Most of them were for war, and the Padre had a difficult and delicate task to bring home to them that in the end the European must conquer, even though for a time they had the better of him. The conference broke up with no settled plan of action, but finally wisdom prevailed, and now they are law-abiding citizens as much as their neighbours who pay tax to the other Powers.

The Officials.—Our relations with the officials are friendly, and our steamers have often carried their sick folk to the Mission hospitals, and their magistrates from one village to another. Their offers of hospitality also are always more than we can accept. To get over the difficulties about work, the Portuguese allow the taxes to be paid in kind, and then re-sell to the Mission, who are only too glad by this means to feed the apprentices and sick at Likoma and the students at the college. Occasionally we have had to appeal to the Commandante on some question or other, and we have always received the greatest courtesy, though we have not always gained our point.

Official Requirements.—The German Government require that we should teach a little Swahili and German in our schools, as these are the two languages they recognise, and they provide us, free of cost, with books for that purpose. The greater part of our teaching though is carried on in Chinyanja or Chimpoto.

All the governments, for various reasons, have demanded that we shall make a return to them, generally monthly, of the natives we move from one territory to

another. There has also been trouble over redeemed slaves who want to cross the boundary in order to return to their old homes.

Natives also returning from the mines at Johannesburg, or from the work down south, bring back many treasures, and desire to evade the customs, and more than once have tried to avoid these regulations while getting a passage home on one of our steamers.

We are required by our own government to pay import duty on practically everything that we bring into the country, even on school materials. The Portuguese allow us free entry on all such articles, and permit us to pay our wages from the steamer to our teachers free of duty, though stations such as Mtonya and the college, where there are resident Europeans, have to pay. The Germans grant us books, and encourage the people to have the Mission planted in their midst, and it is much to be hoped that our own government will before long see fit to alter their rules.*

* Written by the Rev. A. G. De la Pryme.

XXXVII

GROWING THINGS & LIVING CREATURES*

Gardens.—It is most important that every Mission station should have a garden, and we of Nyasaland ought to be very thankful to Archdeacon Johnson and Mr. Sim for having planted our gardens so many years ago. On the Portuguese side of Lake Nyasa there are three gardens for fruit—Ngofi, Utonga, and Mluluka—all of them were planted by Archdeacon Johnson, and they supply the steamer and Likoma with large crops of guavas, oranges, lemons, limes, and pineapples.

At Kota Kota Mr. Sim planted lemons, mangoes, custard apples, and cocoanuts, and all but the last bear fruit now, and are a great help in the commissariat department. In these enlightened days every station has its garden, though some are only in their infancy, and will not have trees bearing fruit for several years.

On the Lake Level.—Gardening on the lake level is anything but easy. We have rain from December to May, roughly speaking, and then dry weather until December comes again. Thus you plant out young trees in the wet season, and they look well and healthy, but as soon as the dry weather begins, unless you keep them shaded and carefully watered, they will fade and die.

Watering.—The natives never grow anything that wants watering, so they are not satisfactory gardeners, except after long and careful training under a European. You engage a boy to water certain trees, and explain that it is to be done every day when the sun is going down, and he may do it all right for a week, and then you find him pouring on the water about one o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun is so hot that all moisture

* This paper does not pretend to deal with the trees, flowers, beasts, etc., of Nyasaland generally, but only with some of those commonly found *where we live.*

dries up almost immediately, and by sunset the leaves are drooping.

If this happens very often, probably your tree will not survive. So that you cannot reckon on more than half your young trees living through the dry season at the most sanguine computation.

Vegetables.—With vegetables it is even worse. The native boy will prepare nice little beds in which to sow them, raised from the ground with ditches round them to take off the torrents of rain which will presently sweep down on them. As soon as the seedlings make their appearance you shade them with a grass roof supported on posts. For a few days they flourish, and then one morning you go round and find that most of the tiny leaves are gone, and the remaining few are quickly being devoured by innumerable little caterpillars, just the same colour as the leaves. And though these creatures are perfectly visible to you, the native does not seem able to see them. Cabbages, turnips, beetroots, and all green vegetables suffer acutely from this plague, and we are very seldom able to get anything like a good crop. Tomatoes we generally sow in boxes and plant out; you choose a cloudy morning for this process, and then to your horror just when you have finished planting, out comes the sun in all his splendour, and in less than half-an-hour your thriving young plants are hopelessly lying down on the hot earth, in all probability never to recover. With great care and immediate shading, however, we do get splendid crops of tomatoes.*

Gardens on the Hills.—That is the sort of thing that happens on the lake shore, but in these days we have some gardens in the hills, where we can grow anything, even strawberries and peaches with success, and at Mtonya the cauliflowers have actually flowered!

Flowers.—In the hills we can grow roses and carnations, and almost any sort of flower, but on the lake

* In one of his letters Archdeacon Maples calls them "the most useful vegetable there is."

level we have to be content with zinnias, marigolds, and sunflowers, except on the shady verandahs of our houses, where we manage a few more varieties.

Of flowering shrubs we have a fair number, hibiscus, plumbago, red acacia, poinsettia, and others, but these are all imported and liable to be attacked and killed by the white ants at almost any period of their existence.

So far I have only spoken of cultivated things.

For a great part of the year on the hills, and everywhere in the wet season, there are wild flowers in abundance. Many of these are of the lily type, there is a beautiful tall red lily which grows in all the stream valleys of the Shiré highlands. There are gladioli, red, pink, and purple, and what we know in England as red hot pokers, which grow among the tall grass on the mainland, and when the flower spike is in full bearing, with the many little tube-like scarlet flowers lightening into yellow, it makes a fine show of colour. There is a small hibiscus growing wild with yellow flowers, but the larger kinds in the Mission gardens have been brought from Zanzibar. The common ground orchids are red, mauve, and sulphur-coloured, and the ground in some places is covered with bright blue lobelia which grows like a weed. But the only flower that really flourishes at all seasons on the lake level is a small yellow marigold, and this alone seems able to withstand the long, dry season.

Trees: the Borassus, or Fan Palm.—This is perhaps the most useful tree growing on the shores of Lake Nyasa. Its trunk is very straight, smooth and tall, sometimes reaching a height of more than fifty feet. The fruit is as large as a child's head, and the husk a pale yellowish green when ripe. The kernel is of little use. The fronds of this tree, which are very large and stiff, form a semi-circle, and make the well-known palm fans. The natives use these leaves for making ropes and mats. Rope is made by twisting several strands of the fibre into a single plait: it is very strong and durable. Native bedsteads made of wood are laced with this rope.

For making mats, the leaves are torn into strips and plaited into a broad band about five inches wide. The strip, when long enough, is sewn together; both the needle and thread used are made from the palm fibre. In this way a kind of tube is made, which is cut open and laid flat, and the rough edges are bound together with another piece of plaiting, and the mat, which is about two yards long and one wide, is complete. They are used for mattresses, and so little do natives value time that they consider sixpence a good price for all this labour. The trunk of this palm, which is known in Nyasaland as *Mlaza*, is used for pillars to support the verandahs of the houses. In old days, before salt had been introduced into the country, it was obtained from the ashes left after burning pieces of *Mlaza* wood.

The Chiwali or Raphia Palm is a most beautiful tree, generally found on river banks, or in damp marshy places. The fronds, which often exceed thirty feet in length, are so wonderfully graceful and picturesque that it seems a sort of desecration to cut them down and strip them of their glossy green leaves for anything so prosaic as house-building. But we have to be practical, and the mid-ribs of the fronds, which are a rich amber colour, are so strong and light that they make admirable rafters for roofs of houses.

Excellent doors also are made of strips of the outside shiny part, neatly nailed on to a light frame, and the natives make little boxes and bird cages out of the soft fibrous inner part, cutting it in strips, which they bend into shape, and fasten with tiny pegs made out of the fibres themselves.

For church decoration there is nothing more effective than these long graceful fronds, though the sharp prickles with which they abound makes the handling of them a somewhat painful business. A Palm Sunday procession at Likoma or Kota Kota is a sight never to be forgotten when once seen.

The Baobab Tree abounds on the islands of Likoma and Chizumulu. Its enormous bulk, for they sometimes

measure eighty feet in girth, has nothing inside its hard rind but soft, fibrous, pithy wood like a cabbage. The gouty limbs spring from this massive trunk, which looks most majestic, and is covered with a shiny, dirty, leprous-looking bark. The flowers are handsome, but tarnish and turn brown almost as soon as they open. The seed vessels are covered with grey plush, and contain a white pith with an acid taste: the children eat them as we do an acid drop.

Acacia Trees beautify some of the harbours on Lake Nyasa. They grow right out over the water, and throw delightful shadows with their long drooping branches. They have clusters of bright yellow flowers, which seem to blossom when all other trees on the shore are languishing for rain. The glorious scarlet acacia has been imported from Zanzibar, and bursts into flower just at Christmas time.

What we call the **Ninepin Tree** is rather common in these parts. It is a handsome, large tree, with dark green foliage, and produces quantities of fruit in the shape of hard, grey gourds, which somewhat resemble ninepins. They are very heavy, and absolutely useless; they might, perhaps, serve as missiles in time of war, and would certainly do a fair amount of damage.*

The Maples Tree.—There is one curious tree at Likoma, known by the members of the Mission as the Maples tree, which is most characteristic of the up-side-down ways of Africa. When everything is parched with drought at the end of November, this tree suddenly shows signs of coming into bud. The Mission workers keep a strict look-out daily for its blossoming, for it must be caught like the early worm. Then comes a morning when the boys who go down to the lake at 6 a.m. to bathe run back to report that the flowers of this tree are all in blossom, upon which the staff sallies forth to see the tree in its full glory, covered with masses of yellow flowers like small roses. Hardly has the sun been up an hour

* Written by Mrs. Howard.

AN ANT HILL.

THE MAPLES TREE.

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when they begin to drop to pieces, and when sunset comes all the ground is strewn with petals like yellow snow, and no trace of a flower remains upon the tree. Afterwards, from where the petals hung, the leaves emerge, they resemble those of a box tree, and a design of them was worked into the wrought iron cross which stands over Bishop Maples' grave, hard by the altar in Kota Kota church.

For some time it was believed that this was the one and only tree of its kind on the island, but on a prize of threepence being offered to anyone who could produce a similar specimen, two or three boys brought them. These were planted and were coming on nicely when a Retreat for all the workers took place, and there was no one to water them, so of course they withered and died.

Many other trees bare myriads of tiny blossoms which smell very sweetly but are so small as to be hardly noticeable.

The Ebony Tree.—Growing on the sides of the hills the ebony tree is found near Malindi. Its height is only about fifteen feet, and it is very insignificant-looking, with a crooked trunk not often more than fifteen inches in diameter. The wood, which is black, is too hard to be much used by the natives.

Castor oil grows like a weed, and the oil, when fried, is used in all parts of the country for dressing the hair!

This plant is popularly supposed to have been Jonah's gourd. Its growth is extremely rapid, and a small hairy caterpillar of the woolly-bear sort, flourishes on its root, causing it to wither in a day. The infants at Likoma were fond of sitting under the shade of these bushes, but the caterpillars proved such a source of irritation to them, that there was nothing for it but to root up the uncouth and awkward-looking bushes.

The Euphorbia is a grotesque thing which flourishes in the plains, it has a cube-like stem with a few flat segments branching off it; the species which grows in the hills does not reach to anything like the size of the monster of the plains. The branches are like nothing

so much as the tails of scorpions. The flowers are green.

Strophantus.—This well-known poison shrub, or creeper, yields a seed which is in great request in England for affections of the heart.* There is something extraordinary in the position of its two-seed pods, which grow exactly at the end of the stalk, and opposite to each other, so that they look like one large pod placed at right angles to the end of the stalk. The natives use this deadly plant for poisoning the points of their arrows.

Grasses and Reeds.—There are many beautiful grasses and reeds; one of the most striking being the Phragmites reed, with its great white flower-plumes. The leaves are very stiff, and have a strong sharp point at the ends, so that forcing one's way through a brake composed of these reeds is a matter of great pain as well as difficulty, and often makes travelling anything but pleasant.

Chiteji.—This is a terrible little plant; it bears a small velvety bean coated with tiny hairs, these drop off and float in the air, getting into your clothes and boots as you pass along. As soon as they touch your skin life is not worth living, the irritation is so frightful, and the only way to relieve it is to scrub yourself with dry earth. The natives, however, know of certain leaves which allay the irritation. Round Mponda's there are acres of this bean mixed up with the grass. Strange to say, no rash is left by the irritation.

The following extract from the letter of a worker† at Malindi gives a good description of the country after rain, and introduces us naturally to the concluding part of this chapter:

"We have had a good deal of rain lately, and now the forest is lovely and teems with game. The trees are all covered with fresh green leaves and shoots; the young grass is a rich green, interspersed with lilies and other flowers; the butterflies are becoming more nume-

* Digitalis. † Mr. A. Shannon.

A MUD FISH.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY SHOWING AN EUPHORBIA TREE.

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rous, and the birds are singing beautifully; it is just like an English wood in springtime, except that every now and then there is a crackling among the branches, and if your eyes are very quick you may catch a glimpse of a handsome shaggy-coated water buck or dainty dniper. Every now and then in the forest you come to a grassy glade, the favourite feeding grounds of antelopes.

"Snakes are very numerous, especially puff-adders, but nobody here remembers a single death from snake bite, either among Europeans or natives. The lizards are many of them very beautiful; there is a tree-lizard with a brilliant blue head, changing to yellow on the back and tail.

"Insect life is tremendous, and they are such a nuisance you get quite tired of them; most of them seem to bite, scream, or sting. The crickets are deafening, and there is a certain insect which makes a noise like tinkling bells, really quite musical. Others croak like corn-crakes or bleat like sheep, and some make a noise like bricklayers when they are using a trowel."

White Ants.—There are two insects among an innumerable host which seem to call for special notice, the white ants or termites, which have been well called 'Master destroyers in Africa' and the Kungu fly. Millions of the first mentioned of these little creatures are ceaselessly at work, perforating timber, bamboos, and any other part of buildings not made of stone or metal, with tunnels that eventually take all the strength away, leaving only a shell. These ants object to light, and only work in these tunnels, which they make for long distances, till they arrive at something to eat. Thus a substantial looking building may be so perforated with them that it is ready to fall down before its condition is discovered. The ants seem to live in an organized society under a queen, they have also a king, soldiers, and workers.

The Soldiers.—The soldier ants have a very large head, about as big as the rest of their body, their jaws are very powerful, and they are blind. Defending

the workers seems to be their chief business. If the tunnel or nest is disturbed, these soldier ants at once rush out and attack the enemy with their mandibles, with which they can inflict a sharp wound. When the enemy has been driven off they strike the ground as a signal for the workers to come and repair the damage done to the nest.

The Workers.—The worker ants are far more numerous than the soldiers, and they also are blind; their chief work is to look after the queen and do all the building of the numerous tunnels.

Nests and Tunnels.—These nests are large and often many feet high, and look like pointed tents made of earth. The ants get hold of small pieces of earth in their forceps and sterilize it so that it becomes very hard. Each worker brings a load of earth and puts it on the tunnel they are building and plasters it down, making it nice and even. This earth is used as mortar at Likoma.

The King and Queen.—The queen, who is confined to her cell, is as long as a man's finger, and is supposed to lay about sixty eggs per second. The king is kept imprisoned in the queen's cell, which is perforated with small holes through which food is put and the eggs removed. There seems no means of really getting rid of these tiresome creatures.*

The Kungu Fly.—This is a small fly which comes in great clouds resembling columns of smoke. The natives make them into cakes and eat them, and declare that they are really good. They make a buzzing noise like a swarm of bees, and are caught in a basket by a quick movement of the hand.

The Water Buck.—Among beasts the water buck already mentioned is very common *where we live.* There are several species of this animal. The common water buck is very hairy about the neck, and this is more marked in the female than in the male, the former has

* Mr. F. George.

no horns. These animals have a strong, coarse smell, the natives can nearly always smell them before they see them. The flesh is coarse and tough, and not at all liked by Europeans, though the natives eat it. Other varieties are the reed buck, eland, kudu, and bush buck; the flesh of the latter is very eatable, as is also that of the reed buck.

Antelopes.—Every variety of African antelope is to be found. The beautiful sable antelope is as large as a small ox, with the graceful shape of a stag; the colour of the male is jet black, and snow white about the head, the female bright chestnut-brown and white. The head is surmounted by a pair of magnificent curved horns, specimens of which can be seen at the office of the Mission. The long neck has a fine black mane, and the tail is tufted.

Baboons.—Yellow baboons are quite common, they are very bold and cunning, and rob the people's plantations, the males grow to the size of a large mastiff. When they raid the plantations one of their number always stands as sentry to warn the others of any danger. They are not at all shy unless you carry a gun.

Of Savage Beasts there are a serious number: lions, leopards, and hyænas are responsible for many sad cases in our hospitals, and in all quiet waters, where there are rocks, crocodiles abound, not only in the river, but also in lake Nyasa, with the consequence that deaths and terrible accidents are constantly occurring.

A side result of the rebellion in German East Africa was, that many animals not actually man-eating became so, owing to their having devoured the bodies which had not been buried; and the increased number of cases in the hospitals from leopard attacks was quite marked that year.

Space will only allow us to name other animals such as buffalos, otters, rodi rabbits,* and mongoose,

* "The coney of Scripture."—Archdeacon Maples.

and, indeed, they are so well-known that description would be superfluous.

The Scaley Ant-Eater.—This creature lives on white ants and other insects: it is very common in Nyasaland, and in well-wooded districts. Its powerful claws, small head and general squeezeability enables it to escape from almost any place of confinement. When shy and annoyed it rolls itself up into a ball, and if you touch it when in this position your fingers may get severely pinched in the sharp-edged scales.* Bishop Hine has lately sent home a good specimen of the skin of an ant-eater, which can be seen at the office of the Mission, and Miss Fielding, at Mponda's, keeps one for a pet! There are also a great variety of lizards, and those strange creatures, chameleons.

Hippos, of course, abound in the river. A member of the Mission gives the following graphic description of her introduction to them: "It really made us shudder when the river grew shallow, and now and again one of these huge beasts stalked solemnly from one sand-bank to another. The boat seemed so miserably small and insignificant. One evening, when grey shadows were creeping over the river, our tiny house-boat grew suddenly dark. A gigantic hippo had risen and put his front paws on the stern of the boat! He had been looking at us through the window, and we surprised him in the biggest yawn it has ever been my lot to behold. Such a cavern of a mouth, and such rows of gleaming teeth—we felt thankful Mr. Hippo was a vegetarian, and would have no desire to exercise them on us. During the day the hippo floats idly on the water half-asleep in the sun, and dives deep when he hears a boat approaching. But at night he wakes up, and, marching on shore, tears down branches of trees with his tusks, tramping through the native gardens, and levelling everything to the ground with his heavy tread. Just after we left Port Herald† our boat was attacked in

* Sir H. Johnston. † They were travelling to Likoma in 1893.

mid-stream by a furious bull hippo. He came with his full force against the boat, smashing the side, and driving his great tusk through the woodwork, then rushed off to try and upset another boat. Fortunately we were able to patch up the hole and continue our journey, and were not much the worse for the fright."

Birds.—There are a number of small singing birds which do not call for particular notice. Among the larger kind, in the district worked by the Mission, the most remarkable are the fish eagle, crested crane, pelican, spur-winged goose, and the crow.

Fish Eagles.—A beautiful specimen of one of these very handsome birds can be seen at the office in Dartmouth Street. Plumage of a rich chocolate-brown, with snow-white head and breast, and lemon-coloured beak, legs, and claws, make him a most striking object as he sits perched on a rock or tree resting or eating his prey, while his cheerful screams can be heard at intervals all through the day on the banks of the Shiré. These eagles eat the fish which they have just caught alive. Circling high up they watch for them as they come to the surface of the water, then, descending like a hawk, they grip their prey with their deadly talons and retire to some high perch to devour it.

The Crested Crane is found in the low-lying parts of the country; it is very graceful, and the crest on its head is even more beautiful than that of the peacock. They walk about with wide-spread wings, taking long strides and bowing their heads in a peculiar manner. They live on locusts, grubs, and insects, and are very good to eat. Sir H. Johnston has pointed out what splendid gardeners they make if tamed.

The Pelican, which is to be found on the lake, is of interest to us owing to the beautiful legend which depicts it in sacred art as a symbol of the Christ—feeding its young with drops of blood plucked from its own breast.

The Spur-winged Goose is a fine, large bird, with dark plumage shot with bronze green and a white patch

on the throat and breast; it has a crimson beak with a knob. It derives its name from a powerful spur, sometimes over an inch long, on the joint of its wing, which must be a most useful weapon, though it has never been known to use it against a man. It is to be found in the marshy land round Kota Kota.

The Crow.—The Likoma crow is a much finer bird than his English cousin. He wears a beautiful suit of black, with a snowy-white shirt front, and looks like some dignified old gentleman dressed for dinner. He has one of the harshest croaks ever heard, and croaks all the time. A pair made their home near the house of the then priest-in-charge, and for five weeks the fourteen young ones screamed for food from earliest dawn till night. He has one great virtue—he stands by his friends in danger, which is proved by the following story: "I was sitting on my baraza one day, when I heard a most awful commotion. All the crows in the island seemed to have met together, and were wildly flying about and screaming. I got my glasses, and found that they were all mobbing a great eagle. They flew at him, and at last beat him to the ground, and then I saw that he had a poor crow fast in his claws. The eagle was a great, fierce bird, and could kill a crow with one stroke of his sharp beak, but the crows were not going to forsake their poor friend, and at last the eagle was so hard pressed, though he fought fiercely, that he had to leave his victim and fly away. Alas, the poor crow was quite dead, with just one drop of blood on his beautiful white breast." *

* Rev. G. H. Wilson.

THE END.

MAP OF LIKOMA ISLAND, SHOWING THE VILLAGES.

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